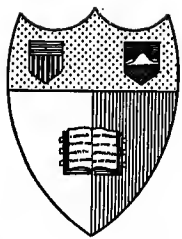
READINGS FROM THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT ROME

DORA PYM



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READINGS FROM THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT ROME

In Preparation

READINGS FROM THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE

By Dora Pym. *Uniform with this volume*

A Roman Mountain Road
The Furlo Pass
Photo Alinari

Fr.

Readings from the Literature of Ancient Rome

IN ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

BY

DORA PYM

FORMERLY SCHOLAR AND CLASSICAL LECTURER
OF GIRTON COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

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A land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand ;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea,

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome !
And even since, and now, fair Italy !
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree.

BYRON

PREFACE

THE purpose of this little book is to bring the life and thought of the people of ancient Rome to the understanding of those who would otherwise never know them. Those whose school life has ended at the age of fourteen, and those whose longer education has not included the study of Greek and Latin, may find in these pages some part of what they have missed, and some encouragement, I hope, to read in complete translations the books from which quotations alone are given here.

It may be that this book, and the companion volume of Greek literature which is intended to follow it, can bring even to classical students plodding an uninspired way to an examination something of the reality of life in the ancient world which grammar and unseens have successfully withheld.

I have tried to make the book suitable alike for a graduate in science or mathematics or for a member of the English Workers' Educational Association or American Workers' Educational Bureau. It is also designed for use in schools of all kinds, particularly for boys and girls whose scheme of education or professional training allows no time for the study of classical authors in the language in which they wrote. Though the whole book is simply written, and there are parts of it which would be appreciated by children, it is not primarily intended for readers younger than fourteen.

My selection from the large field of Latin literature has been always guided by the capacity of any particular author to interest and please readers who know no Latin, without at the same time involving them in a maze of unfamiliar names and references which would destroy both interest and pleasure. This explains, for instance, the omission of Propertius and Tibullus from a book which includes two passages from Ausonius.

Classical scholars may think that I might have taken all my passages from the large number of existing translations. My reason for making fresh translations in many instances was the fact that nearly all translations of the classics have been made for people who know the original language, and in many small points which constantly recur they are unintelligible to the reader who knows nothing. I hope that the reading of this book may serve to bridge that gulf between the average reader and the standard translations of the classics.

The book is arranged in the following way: a short essay introduces the passages quoted from each author, and there are also short introductions to many of the individual passages translated, explaining anything likely to cause difficulty to readers who are not familiar with classical history and terms. These introductions are printed in the same type as the translations which follow them, and a small blank space marks where the introduction ends and the translation begins.

For permission to quote in this book a large number of copyright translations I am indebted to the courtesy of the following authors and publishers:

Miss Phyllis H. Taunton for a hitherto unpublished translation from Virgil; Mr C. J. Billson and Mr Edward Arnold for a translation from Virgil; Sir Robert Allison

and Mr A. L. Humphreys for a translation from Lucretius; Mr L. L. Shadwell and Mr Basil Blackwell for a translation from Horace; Mr R. Kennard Davis and Messrs G. Bell and Sons for four translations from Catullus; Mr R. Kennard Davis for his hitherto unpublished translation of the *Pervigilium Veneris*; Mr A. L. Taylor and Messrs MacLehose and Jackson for a translation from Horace; Mr F. Coutts and Mr John Lane for three translations from Horace; Mr W. H. Fyfe and the Editor of the *Oxford Magazine* for a translation from Statius; Mr Fairfax-Taylor, Mr R. Martin Pope, Mr R. F. Davis, and Messrs J. M. Dent and Sons for translations from Virgil and Prudentius; the Executors of Sir Theodore Martin and Messrs Wm. Blackwood and Sons for a translation from Catullus; Messrs Macmillan and Co. for a long quotation from *Marius the Epicurean*, by Walter Pater; the Executors of the late Dr T. Hodgkin for a translation from Claudian; Mr H. W. Garrod and the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for a translation from Statius.

DORA PYM

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Readings from the Literature of Ancient Rome

The Commonwealth of Kings

WE have all had to learn English history, and it seems a long history when we look back over the centuries to those 'ancient Britons' who are the first figures to cross the stage; it was a little more than fifty years before the birth of Christ when they gathered with their spears and chariots on the cliffs of Kent to drive back Julius Caesar's soldiers. Yet the city of Rome, whose armies were fighting hundreds of miles from their own land, could that day look back on a history already seven hundred years long.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
  Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
  As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died
  At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
  The sunlight and the sward.

There are still signs left in modern England of the coming of the Romans and their conquest of the ancient Britons. The figures on many clock faces are still truly called Roman. The capital letters of the alphabet we learnt laboriously to make and recognize were passed on to us by the Romans, who got them from farther

East. But this is not all ; at Bath, famous even in Roman times for its medicinal springs, there are still portions of the Roman baths ; in the north of England there are ruins of a wall between England and Scotland built more than seventeen centuries ago ; there are ' Roman roads,' the Watling Street, the Fosse, and others, which were first cut through forests and bogs by the engineers of the Roman armies ; the names of some English towns show where the Roman strongholds stood ; Chester means ' camp,' and ' Eboracum,' the Roman name for York, survives in the name ' Ebor,' taken by all Archbishops of York. Such words as ' empire,' ' martial,' ' pacify,' ' grave,' ' firm,' ' family,' ' virtue,' and many others in the English language are derived from Latin. Modern law is very largely based on ancient Roman law, and English literature is full of references to the achievements, the history, or the literature of ancient Rome.

On the continent of Europe you are even more conscious of the influence of the Roman people ; in France, in Italy, in Spain and Portugal, the Latin language " though dead yet speaketh," for in those lands the conquering Romans so impressed themselves on the inhabitants that, in spite of later invasions of other peoples, the French, Italians, Portuguese, and Spanish are still called ' Latin races,' and their languages, though all different, are all the children of the Latin spoken when Rome ruled Europe. The Continent has its Roman buildings and its place-names too ; Cologne is really the Latin name for ' colony ' ; in the plains round Rome are many ruins of the arched aqueducts which brought fresh water from the hills to the city in Imperial times ; in Southern France are amphitheatres where the great circus shows were held.

This people, whose influence has been so deeply felt in Europe, made in the misty beginnings of their history a settlement on one of the Seven Hills of Rome; the date given by tradition for the 'founding of the city' was 753 B.C. For over four hundred years this tribe of shepherds and farmers struggled and fought with other tribes of the Italian peninsula till finally they had conquered them all. To understand the importance of the position of Rome it is necessary to realize what the geography of Italy means. The lofty rampart of the Alps shuts off the peninsula from the rest of Europe, but on the northern side the Alps are easy to climb, which means that Italy has always been the prey of invaders. At the foot of the Alps lies a region of slow-gliding rivers and fertile plains, the antechamber of Italy; for this region is shut in by yet another range of mountains on the south, the Apennines, which form the inner wall of Italy. For many centuries the Apennines were considered to be the northern boundary of Italy, and the fertile lands between them and the Alps were called by the Romans 'Gaul-this-side-the-Alps.'

A glance at the map will show that the power which leads and controls Italy must lie on the west, for the gaunt, bare range of the Apennines slopes in such a way that all the larger rivers flow toward the west, and all the long eastern coast is harbourless. About half-way down the long 'leg' of Italy the Tiber, the largest river south of the Apennines, flows into the sea at Ostia. Rome stood on this river just far enough inland to be safe from pirates and just where the road going north from the fertile lands of Campania crossed this main waterway of Central Italy. So the tribe which held this strategic position gained little by little the control of the peninsula

and the leadership of the other no less brave and hardy Italian peoples. By a system of roads radiating in all directions, and secured by military strongholds, Rome was made—what she was fitted by position to be—the citadel of Italy.

In the next phase of her history Rome had to face invaders, as she was brought into contact with the life of the Mediterranean world; chief of these were the Carthaginians of North Africa, against whom she fought a series of wars for a hundred years, and was finally victorious; at the same time the report of Roman power was spreading, and armies were sent west to Spain, east to Greece and Asia Minor, and north to France, so that, more than a hundred years before Julius Caesar's invasion of Britain, Rome was controlling large territories outside Italy. Yet the machinery of government which had fought these wars and was administering the conquered lands was in reality the machinery of a city and not of a nation or an empire. The form of government had been a republic for centuries; all the executive officers were elected fresh every year, and the actual number of voting citizens was comparatively small, because only a few of the Italian tribes and cities conquered by Rome had been admitted to full citizenship.

The next hundred years were filled with civil war and strife both at home and abroad. The Italian cities and allies fought for full rights of citizenship and won them; military leaders, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and finally Julius Caesar, took advantage of successes gained in long wars to attach their armies to themselves personally and to dominate the home Government. By the middle of the last century before Christ the Republic was tottering to its downfall. The problem was practically insoluble;

the old form of government, in which every official held office for one year only, was practicable when the duties of those officials lay within Rome itself or even in Italy. But suppose a man were sent as governor to Spain or Asia Minor, and besides governing the province had probably to conduct military operations on its frontiers, he had hardly time to learn his work before he had to retire in favour of yet another ignorant official; and even if the governors happened to be honest and conscientious no amount of goodwill could make the system anything but hopelessly inefficient. The alternative was to give what were called 'extended terms of office,' and this was fairly frequently done during the last years of the Republic; but then the governor was secure in his possession of authority for several years; he might be far away from Rome, and there was no Press, no railway, and no telegraph which could enable effective criticism of his administration to be made; he might be idle or inefficient without any fear of being recalled by the home Government; then the province was in even worse plight than under the yearly system. On the other hand, he might be so efficient and become so powerful that he would be a danger to the government at Rome.

So it came about that, after a long term of excellent administration and generalship in France, Julius Caesar was able to march on Rome with an army trained by himself and devoted to him as leader; this gave the final blow to the republican form of government. Twenty more years of civil war and bloodshed followed, and out of the ruins there grew, moulded by the hands of the first Emperor Augustus, the Imperial system, which was more like a modern state with its permanent civil service and its standing armies. By this system the Empire was

governed, and governed efficiently, for another four hundred years; then, when its frontiers had been pushed far north into Scotland and south into Africa, hordes of barbarian tribes began their attacks, before which the whole structure gradually crumbled and fell. Three stories by Rudyard Kipling in *Puck of Pook's Hill* give an imaginative account of the first shocks of these invasions as they were felt in Britain, describing how the Roman legions had gradually to be withdrawn from the outposts of the Empire to meet the new enemy.

Rome's gift to the world was essentially law, order, good government; the Roman people were before all else practical, makers of roads and aqueducts and laws, soldiers, and tillers of the soil. A Roman road is always a straight road, connecting the two places it joins by the shortest possible route. The same determination which drove those roads through forest and swamp, over hill and valley, carried the Roman people through all the difficulties of power and government which attended their development from a small town to a great Empire in which people of many races lived and were contented under one law.

From this slight sketch of Roman history in its relation to the history of Europe, and even without a description of social life and customs, for which there is no space here, it is easy to guess that the Romans were not by nature artistic or literary. Their ability was expressed more in practical affairs than in imaginative creation. So the development of Latin literature comes very late in the history of the rise of Rome. Not till nearly five hundred years after the founding of the city are there traces of any attempt to use Latin as a language for literature. Indeed, the very nature of the language

itself, which was too unwieldy and too poor in words to express more than practical thoughts, and the fact that different dialects were spoken all over Italy, tended to restrict the development of Latin. After 260 B.C. Rome came gradually more and more into contact with Greece and Greek literature. The literary education of Romans was in Greek hands, and knowledge of the art of Greece stimulated Italian minds to imitation of Greek models. At first all the early writers could do was to struggle with their intractable language to make it into a possible instrument of expression in prose and poetry. After two hundred years the Latin language could be used in the poetry of Lucretius and Catullus and the prose of Cicero; then begins what is called the 'Golden Age' of Latin literature. Latin came to be the spoken language of Italy and gradually of the whole Empire; enriched and developed, it became for many centuries the language of the Christian Church and the tongue in which educated men of all European nations habitually wrote and conversed. Indeed, the history of Latin literature, like the history of Roman government, is a story of difficulties conquered through indomitable perseverance.

In spite of the great influence of Greek literature on Rome, Latin literature is not simply an inferior copy of some of the world's great masterpieces. It has not the amazing originality and freshness of Greece; in other words, Romans were not Greeks, and Latin literature is an Italian creation. There is much Latin poetry and prose for which there is no space in this book, and many writers whose names are not even mentioned, not because they are unworthy, but because this can be only a book of fragments. It is intended chiefly for people who have never learnt Latin and probably never will; no translations

can give the whole beauty or force of the original, but at least there may be gleams and reflections; and, if any feel when they have read this book that reflections do not content them and that they wish to read the originals, let them not be held back by the idea that Latin can be learnt only by classical scholars or the 'clever' people who are going to spend their lives at it. Anyone who can learn to read French can learn to read Latin, well enough at any rate to capture something of what translations cannot give.

Better than all, for those who can spare the time and money, is the land of Italy herself, where the beauty of river, lake, and mountain which the old writers knew is eternally fresh in spite of the long pageant of history. Of course, Italy is not only the land of the Past, and her people are not occupied in their thoughts with Virgil and Cicero any more than the average Englishman is constantly thinking about Shakespeare. Yet those who watch the Italian peasant at his work and try to understand his mind, or climb the slopes of the Alps to see the military roads the Italians made in the Great War, or slide down from the Mont Cenis Tunnel on the electric railway, will be able to learn from living people as well as from books and a 'dead' language the spirit which made ancient Rome, and in making Rome influenced centuries of Europe's history.

The Rise of Rome

THE story of the 'Decline and Fall' of the Roman Empire has been told by the great English historian Gibbon. The story of that Empire's rise and growth from a small settlement on the banks of the river Tiber cannot so easily be read by English-speaking people, for the history of Livy, the one great writer who described it, is written in Latin.

Livy was born in 59 B.C., four years before Julius Caesar first invaded Britain, and he died seventeen years after the birth of Christ; as a boy he heard how Julius Caesar had finally given the old republican form of government its death-blow and seized the reins of power; he grew to manhood amid the civil war and disorder which followed the death of Caesar, and the greater part of his life was passed under the rule of Augustus, the first Roman Emperor. So, standing on the summit to which the Roman Republic had climbed through more than seven hundred years of toil, when the Roman Empire was as yet hardly born and had no history, Livy was well fitted to look back and record the steps of that ascent.

Padua, in the north of Italy, his native city, was said to be old-fashioned and republican in its views, and it is certain that Livy regarded with great admiration the character and spirit of the old Roman Republic; this was more the admiration of his country's glorious past than a political opinion, for he was friendly with Augustus,

and accepted with approval the peace and order of his rule.

Livy settled in Rome when he was thirty and became a teacher of rhetoric, which in those days included the teaching of literature as well as the art of oratory. In three years he began to write the history of Rome from the foundation of the city in 753 B.C. to his own day: this history was published gradually in parts, and finally extended to one hundred and forty-two books. Of these only about a quarter have survived to modern times. In his lifetime Livy's fame was so great that a man travelled all the way to Rome from Cadiz in Spain to see him, and, when he had seen him, went straight back home, because he felt that Rome could offer no greater sight.

Livy was not a scientific historian; often the details of his accounts cannot be accepted as wholly accurate, for he did not sift evidence carefully or trouble to examine conflicting statements made by earlier chroniclers. It is in the art rather than the science of history that Livy is supreme; he saw with a poet's eye, and felt the dramatic significance of the great epoch in the world's history which he recorded, and his brilliant pictures and stately language light up and bring to life the chronicle of events which seem dull and tame in the pages of the writers from whose accounts he drew his facts. Even if he adorns those facts with stories whose source is doubtful, and with traditions drawn from the partisan records of some of the great Roman families, even if he is untrustworthy in details, yet it is from Livy that we may learn the ideals, the ways, the character of the men who built the Roman Republic, and in Livy's history we may see a great picture, true in all its outlines, of the rise of Rome.

HOW HORATIUS KEPT THE BRIDGE

THE old Roman story of Horatius is well known through Macaulay's poem in *The Lays of Ancient Rome.* It may, as Livy himself says, have been only a legend, but even so it is a good picture of the kind of character admired in ancient Rome. The city of Rome was founded in 753 B.C., and was governed by kings for about a hundred and fifty years; then a republic was established; the Tarquins, the royal family who were deposed, tried by all kinds of plots to recover their kingdom; at last they secured the help of Lars Porsena, Prince of Clusium (the modern Chiusi), a Tuscan city one hundred miles north of Rome. Lars Porsena gathered a great army and marched on Rome to restore the Tarquins; he encamped on the Janiculum, a high hill to the west of the city, and separated from it only by the river Tiber. The city of Rome was clustered round two hills on the opposite bank of the Tiber—the Capitol and the Palatine.

There was great panic in Rome and the country round about; there was only one bridge over the river, and Horatius volunteered to hold back the enemy while this bridge was being destroyed so that the enemy should not march over it to attack the city. In gratitude the citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the Comitium, the place where they met to hold elections and transact affairs of state.

Modern Rome has spread over to the west bank of the Tiber and up the 'Janiculo,' as the hill is still called; on its crest, from which there is a fine view over the whole city, stands a huge statue of Garibaldi on horseback; for it was here that the Italian patriot, like a modern Horatius, fought in June 1849 with his 'red-shirts' to

hold the Janiculo and defend the new and short-lived Roman Republic against the French who were besieging the city.

When the enemy approached every one sought safety by going into the city from the open country; the city itself they strengthened with guards. Most parts of it were protected either by walls or by the barrier of the river Tiber; the Sublician Bridge would have offered an open way in for the enemy if it had not been for one man—Horatius Cocles: he was the bulwark that the good fortune of the city of Rome had on that day. He happened to be posted as sentry at the bridge, when he saw the Janiculum Hill taken with a sudden rush, and the forces of the enemy pouring down its slopes, while a terrified mob of his fellow-citizens abandoned their arms and broke their ranks; he rebuked them one after another and tried to stop them, swearing solemnly by the faith of gods and men, and calling them to witness that it was useless to desert their posts and run away. "If you leave the river unguarded behind you," he cried, "there will soon be more of the enemy on the Palatine and the Capitol than there are on the Janiculum now. Destroy the bridge with tools, with fire, with anything you can! I will hold back the enemy as long as one man's body can keep them at bay."

Then he went to the far end of the bridge and stood out above the vast crowd of fugitives, whose backs were turned to the foe; for he faced them with his arms ready for a hand-to-hand fight; by the very miracle of his boldness he stupefied the enemy. Two men, however, driven by shame, kept beside him—Spurius Larcius and Titus Herminius, both of them men of high birth and reputation.

THE RIVER TIBER AT ROME
Photo Brogi

With these for a little while Horatius endured the first storm of danger and the fiercest part of the battle; then these two also he forced to go back into safety, for only a small part of the bridge was left, and the men who were cutting it down were calling them back. Then he rolled his fierce eyes threateningly round on the Tuscan princes and challenged them to single combat; then he taunted them all, shouting, "You are slaves of proud kings, and forgetting your own liberty you come to attack the liberty of others." They hesitated for a little, while they looked from one to another waiting for some one to attack him; at last, moved by shame, they raised a shout, and all together they hurled their spears at their single foe. He caught them all on his shield, and with the same determination kept his feet firmly planted on the bridge when they tried to bear him down by the weight of their attack.

Just then the broken bridge cracked and the Romans shouted with joy that the work was finished, and a sudden panic stayed the onrush of the enemy. Then Horatius cried, "O Father Tiber, O river-god, I pray thee, receive a soldier and his armour with kindly wave." So, armed as he was, he leaped down into the Tiber, and, in spite of the shower of spears which fell about him, swam safely across to his own people—a daring deed which later generations admire even if they do not quite believe it.

The city was grateful for his bravery; they set up a statue in the Comitium, and he was given as much land as he could drive his plough round in one day. Besides these public honours, individual citizens showed their gratitude; for each man, in spite of the general scarcity, contributed something in proportion to his means as a present to Horatius even if he had to go without himself.

A HERO AND A HEROINE OF ANCIENT ROME

ALTHOUGH Horatius saved Rome from being immediately captured by Lars Porsena, he could not prevent the siege which followed the first attack. The stories quoted here show the daring of the young men of Rome during the siege, and of the women after it.

The Senators were a council of the older men of experience, who governed the city with the help of officers elected every year, and with the approval of the whole people.

The 'Sacred Way,' where Cloelia's statue was placed, was a road winding up from the Forum, the principal open-air meeting-place of the city, where affairs of state were discussed and courts of justice held, to the top of the Capitol Hill—the citadel of Rome.

There was a blockade all the same, and a scarcity of provisions, which were very dear. Porsena was hoping to take the city by siege, when Caius Mucius, a young noble . . . resolved on his own responsibility to make his way into the enemy's camp. . . . He went to the Senate and said, "Fathers of the people, I want to cross the Tiber and enter, if I can, the camp of the enemy —not to plunder or to avenge their devastation of our land; I have in mind a greater deed, if the gods help me." The Senators gave their consent, and he set off with a dagger hidden inside his clothes. When he reached the camp he stood in the densest part of the crowd near the King's throne.

It happened that the soldiers were being paid, and a clerk was sitting beside the King dressed in almost the same way; he was hard at work, and the soldiers kept

on going up to him; Mucius was afraid of asking which of the two was Porsena lest he should give himself away by not knowing the King, so he cut down the clerk by mistake instead of the King; in this way the chance of fortune drew his blow on to the wrong man. Then he tried to escape by cutting a way through the frightened crowd with his blood-stained sword, but men rushed up at the sound of the tumult, and he was captured and dragged back by the King's body-guards; as he stood alone before the royal tribunal in the midst of great and threatening dangers, men seemed to fear him more than he feared them.

"I am a citizen of Rome," he said. "My name is Caius Mucius. I wished as a foeman to kill my foe, and with the same courage with which I attempted his death I am ready to face my own; we Romans are brave in our deeds and we suffer bravely. Nor am I alone in making this resolve against you; behind me is a long line of men eager to win the same glory: so, if it please you, make ready for a struggle in which from hour to hour you must fight for your life and meet the sword of a foe even on the threshold of your royal tent. This is the war that we, the youth of Rome, declare on you. You will not have to fear any army or any pitched battle; between you alone and each of us singly the fight will be."

The King was enraged and also terrified at the danger, and he threatened to burn Mucius alive if he did not immediately disclose the threatening plot at which he was darkly hinting; but Mucius said, "Look! And understand how cheaply those hold their bodies who have their eyes fixed on great glory." And he thrust his hand into the fire burning on the altar. While he allowed it to burn as though he could not feel it, the King, amazed

at this marvellous behaviour, sprang from his seat, and ordered them to move the young man away from the altar. "Go," he said, "your daring has harmed yourself more than me. I would call your valour blessed if it were on the side of my country; but, as it is, I send you away exempt from the rights of war, untouched, unharmed."

Then Mucius answered, in return for the King's generous treatment, "Know that, because you honour bravery, your kindness has won for you what you could not gain by threats. Three hundred of us—leaders among the youth of Rome—have sworn to attack you in this way. The lot fell first on me; the rest, as the lots fall, each in his turn will come till fortune deliver you into our hands."

Mucius was sent away, and afterward he received the surname of 'Left-handed,' because he had lost his right hand. Ambassadors from Porsena followed him to Rome; the King was so unnerved by his first escape, which was due only to the mistake of his assailant, and at the prospect of facing the attacks of all those still remaining who had sworn to kill him, that of his own accord he offered peace terms to the Romans. . .

On these conditions peace was made, and Porsena led his army away from Janiculum and out of the territory of Rome. As a reward for his bravery the Senate gave Caius Mucius a piece of land on the other side of the Tiber which in later years was called the 'Mucian Meadows.'

Indeed, the honour thus paid to valour roused even the women to do noble deeds for their country. It happened that the Tuscan camp was not far from the bank of the Tiber, and a young girl called Cloelia, one of the hostages

given to Porsena, slipped past the guards and, leading a whole troop of other girls, swam across the Tiber amid showers of hostile spears, and brought them all safe back to their families in Rome.

As soon as Porsena was told about this he was at first very angry and sent messengers to Rome to demand that Cloelia should be given back; he did not care about the other girls. Then he changed and began to admire her, saying that her exploits surpassed even the deeds of Horatius and Mucius, and he declared that, though he would consider the treaty broken if she were not surrendered, yet if she were given up he would send her back home, safe and untouched.

Both sides kept their word; the Romans gave back Cloelia as a pledge of their loyalty to the terms of peace, and the Tuscan king gave honour as well as safety to her bravery, and after praising her said he would present her with some of the remaining hostages. . . . When peace was established again the Romans invented a new kind of honour for women's bravery; it took the form of a statue on horseback; at the top of the Sacred Way they placed a statue of a girl riding a horse.

HOW THE GAULS TOOK ROME

In the fifth century before Christ tribes of tall, fair-haired men with blue eyes, whom the Romans called 'Gauls,' were making their way across the Rhine into the country now called France. They were mostly wandering peoples with flocks and herds but no permanent homes. They were attracted over the Alps by the fertile lands of Northern Italy, and in the early years of the fourth century they poured further south through the passes

of the Apennines into Tuscany. In 390 B.C. a vast body of Gauls marched on Rome; they were met by Roman armies about eleven miles from the city, where the river Allia flows into the Tiber. Their fierce appearance and their terrifying shouts caused a panic among the Roman troops, who fled at once, and suffered such a terrible defeat that the anniversary of the battle of the Allia was always kept as a day of mourning at Rome.

The following passage describes what happened after the battle of the Allia. The Capitol is a hill on the right bank of the Tiber, and it has always been regarded as the central shrine and citadel of Rome.

The miracle of this sudden victory almost overwhelmed the Gauls, and at first they stood still, stupefied by fear, as though they did not realise what had happened; then they feared a trap; finally they began to plunder the dead bodies and to pile up heaps of arms, as is their custom; at last, since there was no sign of any hostile attack, they advanced, and reached the city of Rome a little before sunset.

The mounted scouts whom they sent in advance reported that the gates were open, and that no sentries were on guard at the gates, no armed men on the walls; this second surprise, as strange as the first, held them back: fearing the darkness in an unknown city, they halted between Rome and the river Anio, after sending scouts round the walls and other gates to find out the plans of the enemy in their desperate plight.

Most of the Roman survivors of the battle had made for Veii and not for Rome; therefore in the city every one believed that no one was left alive except those who had actually fled to Rome, and the living and dead were all

mourned together, so that the whole city was filled with lamentation.

But soon personal sorrow was overwhelmed in the universal panic which followed the news of the enemy's approach; they heard from time to time yells and hoarse chants as troops of barbarians wandered round the walls. All the time till dawn they were in terrible suspense, expecting every moment that an attack would be made on the city; they expected it when the Gauls first drew near, because they had marched on the city; for they would surely have remained at the river Allia if they had not meant to attack; then at sunset, because there was so little daylight left, they expected the attack before nightfall; then they thought that the plan had been put off till night in order to increase the panic; at last when light returned they almost went out of their minds; the climax of their fears was reached when the enemy attacked the gates.

Yet neither that night nor the following day did the citizens take to panic-stricken flight as they had done at the Allia. Since there was no possible hope of defending the city with the handful of men who were left, they resolved that the young men of military age and the able-bodied senators should withdraw with their wives and children up on to the Capitol and the citadel, and, collecting arms and provisions there, use it as a fortified base from which to defend gods and men and the name of Rome; the priests and priestesses of Vesta, the Hearth-goddess, the most sacred possessions of the State, were to be removed out of reach of fire and sword, and the worship of the gods was not to be abandoned as long as any worshippers survived.

If the citadel and the Capitol, the shrines of the gods,

the Senate, the chief counsellors of the State, and the young men of military age escaped the destruction which was threatening the city, the sacrifice of the multitude of older men, who were left behind in the city and anyhow were certain to die, could be easily endured. And to encourage the older men among the common people to bear this sacrifice the old men who had won triumphs and held the highest offices of state declared openly that they would die side by side with them, and that they would not burden the slender resources of the city's defenders with useless bodies which could neither bear arms nor protect their country.

So the old men who were destined to die comforted themselves. They also encouraged the band of young men whom they accompanied up to their stronghold on the Capitol, commending to their youthful valour all that was left of the fortune of the city, who for three hundred and sixty years had been victorious in all her wars. It was a piteous sight to see those who carried with them all hope and strength leaving those who had resolved not to survive the destruction of the captured city; and the weeping of the women as they ran distractedly to and fro, now following their husbands, now their sons, and asking what was to be their own fate, made a scene of desperate human misery. Still a great many of them followed their men-folk into the citadel without invitation or hindrance, for the necessity of the besieged to lessen the number of non-combatants could not be insisted on, for it was too inhuman.

Another crowd, mostly of the common people, for whom there was no room in the small space on the hill and no food in the scanty store of provisions, streamed out of the city, and with one accord made for the Janiculum

Hill. From there some scattered over the countryside, others went to the neighbouring cities, and all, having no leadership or common plans, were guided by their own hopes and ideas, since they despaired of the safety of their country. . . .

At Rome, meantime, all was now as ready as could be expected for the defence of the citadel, and all the older men went back to their homes and awaited the approach of the enemy with hearts steeled to face death. Those who had held the highest offices in the Republic put on their robes of state, which they wore at triumphs and in solemn processions, and seated themselves in ivory chairs in front of their houses, so that they might die in the trappings of their former office and high rank and prowess. . . .

The Gauls were refreshed by a night's rest after the battle which they had won so easily; and there was no question now of taking the city by storm. So on the next day, without violence or hostility in their hearts, they entered the city through the open Colline Gate and penetrated to the Forum, gazing all round at the temples of the gods and the citadel, which alone showed signs of war. They posted a small guard to prevent an attack being made on them from the citadel or Capitol while they were scattered, and then they dispersed through the empty streets in search of loot; some rushed into the nearest houses, others made for those lying further off, as though they at any rate would be untouched and full of booty.

At length the very desolation made them afraid of stragglers being cut off by an enemy ambush; so, gathering together in bands, they returned to the Forum and its neighbourhood. When they found the poorer houses locked and the halls of the great men standing open,

they were almost slower to enter an open door than to break through bolts and bars; and they gazed with real reverence at the old men sitting in the entrance-halls of their houses; for they seemed to the barbarians like gods, partly because of their magnificent dress and partly because of the divine majesty which was seen in the dignified expression of their faces. As they were standing looking at them as though they were statues, the story goes that one of the Gauls stroked the beard of Marcus Papirius—they all wore beards in those days; whereupon the old man struck him on the head with his ivory cane and angered him; this was the signal for a general massacre, and all the others were butchered where they sat. After they had killed the chief men of the city, they showed no mercy to anyone; they looted the houses and then set fire to them.

However, considering it was the first day in the captured city, the fires were not extensive, nor did they spread far; it may have been that they did not all wish to destroy the city, or perhaps the Gallic leaders had resolved to make a show of burning Rome in the hope of compelling the besieged to surrender through love of their homes, but to save some of the buildings from the fire in order that the remains of the city might be a pledge for reducing the Roman resistance. The Romans from their stronghold saw the enemy filling the city and rushing here and there through all the streets, but though new horrors were continually happening, they could not know or even hear and see what they were. Wherever they heard the shouts of the Gauls, the wails of women and children, the roar of flames, and the crash of falling houses, thither they turned their minds, their eyes, their ears, filled with dread and terror: Fate had made them

spectators of the ruin of their country without the possibility of defending anything but their own lives ; and they were in more wretched plight than any others who have endured a siege, because they were shut up and cut off from their city, and yet saw all they held dear in the hands of the enemy.

The night which followed this terrible day was not more peaceful ; there was not an hour which did not show some new outrage. Yet, though they were so weighed down and overwhelmed by their misfortunes, they never wavered in their determination to defend desperately the one hill they held, the last stronghold of freedom, small and bare as it was ; this they resolved to do, even if they saw the whole of Rome burnt down and levelled to the ground.

THE SIEGE OF THE CAPITOL

WHILE some of the inhabitants of Rome were being besieged in the Capitol, others who had escaped from the battle-field had found a refuge at Veii, a Tuscan town eleven miles north of Rome ; there they began organizing an expedition to relieve the garrison of the Capitol and drive the Gauls out of Rome. They sent to Ardea, a town near the coast south of Rome, to ask Camillus, a prominent Roman who had been exiled from the city, to return and lead their army. Finally Camillus was appointed ' dictator ' ; the dictatorship was an office which was only used in a crisis, and it carried with it supreme powers. The story of what happened at the siege is told in the passage which follows. Most historians do not believe Livy's story that Camillus arrived in time to prevent the Romans from paying the ransom, but at any rate the Gauls left Rome.

While this was happening at Veii, the citadel of Rome and the Capitol were in great danger. For the Gauls either noticed the footprints of the messenger who had made his way through to the besieged from Veii, or without this they had observed that the slope of the hill was less steep near the Temple of Carmenta. So on a dark night they sent forward a scout, unarmed, to test the path; then, handing one another their arms where the path was difficult, they alternately leant on the man below and hoisted one another up, each man dragging his comrade according to the nature of the ground, and they finally reached the top with so little noise that they were not heard by the sentries, nor did they even wake the dogs, who are always ready to bark at sounds in the night. But they were heard by the geese which the garrison were still keeping alive, in spite of their great lack of food, because they were sacred to the goddess Juno. This saved the Capitol, for Marcus Manlius was awakened by the noise they made and by the flapping of their wings; he had been consul three years before, and was a fine soldier; immediately he snatched up his arms, at the same time shouting to his comrades to join him, and, dashing out while they were hesitating, he knocked down with a blow from his shield the Gaul who had halted on the top of the hill. His fall pushed over the man immediately behind him, and the other Gauls, panic-stricken, dropped their arms, and, clasping the rocks on which they were standing, were cut down by Manlius. Other Romans were now gathering, and they dislodged the enemy by hurling javelins and stones, and the whole attack collapsed as the men fled headlong down the hill. . . .

After that both sides kept a closer watch—the Gauls

because it was reported that messengers were passing between Veii and Rome, the Romans because they remembered the danger of that night. But, more than all the other sufferings due to war and blockade, both sides were feeling the stress of hunger; the Gauls were suffering from fever too, for they were encamped in low-lying ground between hills; it was very hot after the fires, and if ever a breeze blew it brought clouds of ashes as well as dust. These tribes were inured to damp and cold, but they could not stand these conditions; they were half-suffocated, and as the disease spread they died like flies; already it took too long to bury them one by one, so that heaps of bodies were piled up here and there and burnt; that is the origin of the name of the place called 'Tomb of the Gauls.' Finally a truce was made with the Romans, and there were conversations between the rank and file on both sides with the permission of their commanders; and a story is told that the Gauls taunted the Romans with their lack of food and urged them to surrender because of it, and so loaves of bread were thrown from all parts of the Capitol into the enemy's outposts in order to remove this idea.

But at last the garrison could not endure their hunger any longer; and so at the very moment when the dictator was recruiting troops at Ardea and giving orders to Lucius Valerius to lead his forces out from Veii, and laying his plans so as not to attack at a disadvantage, the army on the Capitol surrendered; they were worn out by sentry duty night and day; they had conquered all other human weakness, but nature had forced them to yield to hunger; they were looking eagerly from day to day for some help to come from the dictator; at last their hope gave out as well as their supplies, and when

they went on duty their arms were almost too heavy for their weakened bodies to carry, and so they said they would surrender or ransom themselves on the best terms they could get; and the Gauls went about saying loudly that they would not ask a big price to be rid of the siege.

Then the Senate met and the military leaders were entrusted with the task of making terms. The final settlement was made at a meeting between Quintus Sulpicius and a Gallic chieftain named Brennus, and a thousand pounds weight of gold was fixed as the price of a people who were destined to rule the world. To this disgrace was added still further indignity; the Gauls produced weighted scales, and when Sulpicius protested the insolent Brennus threw in his sword too, saying those words intolerable to Roman ears, "Woe to the conquered!"

But gods and men saved the Romans from buying life at this price. It happened that the dictator arrived before the infamous transaction was concluded and all the gold weighed out; he ordered the gold to be taken away and the Gauls to depart. They withstood him, saying they had made an agreement on those terms, but he replied that the agreement was not valid, for it had been made without his consent since he had been appointed dictator, and therefore made by a minister of inferior power; and he shouted to the Gauls to prepare to fight. He ordered his own men to pile their knapsacks in a heap, to make ready their arms, and to redeem their country with cold steel instead of gold, in full view of the temples of the gods, their wives, their children, the soil of their native land outraged by savage warfare, everything which duty and reverence call men to defend, to recover and to avenge. Then he drew them up in battle array as far as the ground allowed, and took care amid the ruins

of the half-destroyed city to do all a general could to choose favourable positions for his men.

The Gauls were frightened at the new turn of events, and seizing their arms rushed at the Romans with more fierceness than wisdom. The luck had turned now, and all the strength of the gods and the wisdom of men were on the Roman side. Therefore in the first charge the Gauls were put to flight with no greater effort than they had needed themselves to win their victory at the Allia. In another pitched battle near the eighth milestone on the Gabinian road, where they had gathered after their flight from Rome, they were again defeated by the leadership and good fortune of Camillus. There they were all slain ; the camp was taken, and no one was left alive to tell the tale. So the dictator rescued his country from the enemy and returned to the city in triumph with his soldiers, who stopped their rough jokes to hail him as ' Romulus,' ' Father of your Country,' ' Second Founder of Rome '—an honour which he justly deserved.

A ROMAN SOLDIER

AFTER Rome had been rescued from the Gauls in 390 B.C. her citizens had to fight many wars during the next hundred years against the other peoples of Italy. A specially warlike tribe were the Samnites, who had come down from the Apennine mountains and were pressing on the people of Campania, a fertile region to the south of Rome. The Romans fought three wars against them, with intervals of peace in between. After the first war, in which the Romans were victorious, the Samnites became their allies and fought with them in a war against the Latins, the near neighbours of Rome ; in this war

there was a battle at Veseris, near Mount Vesuvius, and it was won by the Romans because one of their generals, Publius Decius Mus, deliberately sacrificed his own life to ensure the death of large numbers of the enemy. In the third war against the Samnites, who had now joined with the Gauls and Tuscans from the north against Rome, a battle was fought at Sentinum in Umbria in 295 B.C. There the son of Publius Decius Mus performed the same act of sacrifice as his father.

The following account of the battle of Sentinum describes this act. To understand it needs some knowledge of the religious beliefs and practices of the Romans. They believed in a very large number of gods and spirits, who haunted the heaven and earth, and were friendly if they were propitiated by dutiful sacrifices. Among these gods and recognized as very powerful were 'the gods below the earth,' to whom all men belonged after death. So Decius offers himself as a sacrifice to the 'gods below' by going to certain death, in order to be able to offer up the enemy armies with himself, and so to ensure their death and defeat, because the gods would claim the sacrifice promised to them.

A legion was the largest unit of the Roman army; it varied in size at different periods of their history, but it always consisted of several thousand men.

The Gauls were stationed on the right wing, the Samnites on the left; on the right wing, facing the Samnites, Quintus Fabius posted the first and the third legion; on the left wing, against the Gauls, Decius commanded the fifth and sixth legions. . . . When the battle first began both sides were so evenly matched that if the Tuscans and Umbrians had been present either in the

battle or the camp the Romans would have suffered a defeat. But although for the time being the struggle was equally balanced and fortune had not yet turned the scale for either side, the fighting on the right wing was very different from that on the left. The Romans under Fabius were remaining on the defensive and not making an attack; they were prolonging the struggle as long as possible, because their leader was certain that both the Samnites and Gauls generally made their first attack with great fury, but that there was no need to do more than simply resist it; for as the battle went on the courage of the Samnites gradually sank, while the strength of the Gauls, who could not stand strenuous effort and heat, ebbed away; at the beginning of the battle they were stronger than ordinary men, at the end they were weaker than women. Therefore he was reserving the strength of his own men till the time when the enemy weakened.

Decius, being a younger man, was more impetuous and eager to attack, so he used his full strength in the first onset; then, because the infantry fighting was too slow for him, he called the cavalry into action, and putting himself at the head of his most gallant squadron he urged them, the pick of the young soldiers, to charge with him against the enemy; he said, "You will win double glory, if victory begins on the left wing and with the cavalry."

Twice they mowed down the Gallic cavalry; the third time they rode too far, and as they fought in the midst of the enemy's cavalry they were thrown into confusion by a new kind of warfare; standing on chariots and baggage-wagons, armed men attacked them with a terrible thunder of horses and wheels, and the horses of the Romans were terrified, for they were not used to this noise; so the victorious cavalry were stampeded by mad

terror; in their blind flight bolting horses and men were knocked down. Even the standards of the legions were thrown into confusion, and many of the men in the front line were crushed by the furious onset of horses and chariots dashing through their ranks.

As soon as the Gauls saw the panic of their opponents, they did not give them a moment's breathing-space in which to recover, but followed hard upon their heels.

Decius kept on shouting, "Where are you fleeing to? What hope is there in running away?" He tried to stop the retreat and rally his scattered men. In the end, when no power of his could stay their panic, he called on the name of his father, Publius Decius, saying, "Why do I longer delay the destiny of my family? It is a privilege granted to my race that we should be a sacrifice of propitiation to save the State from danger; now I will offer myself and the armies of the enemy as a sacrifice to Earth and the gods below." He then bade the priest, Marcus Livius, whom he had not allowed to leave his side throughout the battle, to recite the words in which he would sacrifice himself and the enemy armies on behalf of the army of the Roman people, the children of Romulus. He was then sacrificed in the same form of words and wearing the same dress as his father, Publius Decius, who gave the same order for his ceremonial sacrifice at the battle of Veseris in the Latin War. After the usual prayers he added, "I will bear before me terror and panic and slaughter and blood and the wrath of all the gods in heaven above or beneath the earth; I will touch with terrible forms of death the standards, the weapons, the armour of the foe; the same place shall witness my destruction and the fate of the Gauls and Samnites." So he cursed himself and the enemy, and, spurring his horse

against the densest part of the Gallic ranks, he hurled himself upon them and was killed by their spears.

Then the battle seemed hardly to depend on human power. The Romans had lost their leader, which generally causes loss of *moral*, but they stopped retreating and eagerly began a new battle. The Gauls, especially a dense mass of them standing round the body of Decius, threw their javelins harmlessly wide of the mark, as though they had gone mad; some were paralysed and forgot to fight or flee. But on the other side the priest Livius . . . kept on shouting out, "Rome has conquered through the death of Decius; the Gauls and Samnites are given over to Mother Earth and the gods below; Decius is dragging down and calling that army he sacrificed with himself; the enemy is surrounded with madness and terror." . .

It was not a bloodless victory, for the army of Publius Decius lost seven thousand killed, and Fabius seventeen hundred. . . . The body of Decius could not be found that day because it was buried under a heap of Gauls, who were piled on top of it; but the next day it was found and brought back amid the tears of the soldiers. Then Fabius stopped other business and celebrated the funeral of his comrade with all honour and the praises Decius had justly earned.

HANNIBAL THE DREAD

HANNIBAL, the Carthaginian, was the Napoleon of his time; though he did not win great material success, yet his generalship and daring and the terror he inspired during his lifetime equalled Napoleon's. Carthage was a city in North Africa founded by the Phoenicians, the great trading people of the ancient world, who earlier in their

history founded Tyre and Sidon on the coast of Palestine. Hannibal was the son of a famous Carthaginian general called Hamilcar, who had fought against Rome in the first of those three wars between Rome and Carthage which are generally called the Punic Wars. These wars were a death struggle between two powers for supremacy in the Mediterranean, and it was only after a hundred years of battles and many defeats that Rome won the final victory. Hannibal had inherited hatred of Rome from his father, and when he was sent in 218 B.C. to guard the Carthaginian territory and the city of New Carthage in Spain he lost no time in provoking a war between Carthage and Rome. So began the Second Punic War, of which the central figure is Hannibal.

Hannibal was sent to Spain, and directly he arrived he won the allegiance of the whole army; the veterans thought Hamilcar had been given back to them as he was in his youth; they recognized the same strength of expression, the same vigour in his eye, the same face and features; but in a short time through his own actions he was able to win approval without depending on his father's reputation. No man was ever so naturally brilliant in two opposite spheres of action—obeying and commanding; so you would find it difficult to decide whether he was more popular with the general or the private soldier; Hasdrubal always preferred to put him in charge of any enterprise needing courage and determination, and no other leader inspired his men with such confidence or daring.

He was very bold in taking risks, and in the midst of them very calm. No toil could tire his body or conquer his spirit; he could endure both heat and cold; he was

not gluttonous, but only ate and drank enough to supply his bodily needs. His times of sleep and waking were not determined by day or night ; he gave to rest the time left over from work ; he did not seek sleep on a soft bed in a quiet place ; many people constantly saw him lying on the ground covered with a soldier's cloak among the sentries and outposts. His clothes were never better than other men's ; he was conspicuous for his armour and his horses ; he was far and away the best soldier both in cavalry and infantry fighting ; he was the first to go into battle and the last to leave the field when the fighting was over. His great virtues were balanced by equally great faults ; he was fiendishly cruel, more treacherous even than his fellow-Carthaginians ; he had no truth, no reverence, no fear of the gods, no respect for his oath, no religion.

HOW HANNIBAL CROSSED THE ALPS

In 218 B.C. Hannibal opened the Second Punic War by a daring invasion of Italy, so daring indeed that it is almost incredible. He crossed the Pyrenees, went up the valley of the river Rhone, and after various battles with the Gauls made his way over the Alps. The unscientific nature of Livy's history makes it impossible to know for certain by which pass Hannibal actually crossed the Alps ; it might have been one of four—the Mont Cenis, the Little St Bernard, the Col d'Argentière, or the Mont Genèvre.

Hannibal marched from the river Durance through level country to the Alps, unmolested by the Gauls who lived in those parts. He and his army had learnt by

report, exaggerated as all such reports generally are, what was in front of them; but when they saw the prospect with their own eyes their terror was renewed—lofty snow-capped mountains almost touching the sky, strange huts perched on rocks, cattle and horses pinched by the cold, men shaggy and savage-looking, everything animate and inanimate frost-bound, and other things too dreadful to describe. As the line of men began to wind up the lower slopes mountain tribes appeared, posted on the overhanging hills; if they had ambushed the more remote valleys and suddenly come out to fight, they would have caused great panic and slaughter. Hannibal called a halt and sent Gallic scouts on ahead, and when he learnt that he could not get through at that point he pitched his camp in the largest open space he could find in that rocky and precipitous country.

Then he found out through the same Gauls, who were able to listen to the conversation of the mountaineers because their own language and customs were not very different, that the pass was only blocked in the day-time and at night the tribesmen went off to their homes. So at dawn he approached the hills as though he were going to force his way through the pass by day and in full view of them all. He spent the whole day in making feints to conceal his real intention, and fortified the first camp he had made; then, as soon as he knew that the mountaineers had left the hills and relaxed their guard, in order to deceive them he lighted more fires than were necessary for the number of men left in the camp; he left the baggage, the cavalry, and most of the infantry behind, and, himself leading a picked detachment of men with light equipment, dashed quickly through the pass and took up a position on those very hills which the enemy had held.

Then at dawn the camp was struck and the rest of his army resumed their march.

Immediately the mountaineers gave the signal and gathered from their mountain strongholds at their usual post, but suddenly they caught sight of strange men holding the point of vantage overhead and another hostile force making its way past along the road below. When they first saw and realized these two facts they stood motionless for a little while; then they saw that the Carthaginians were afraid in the narrow pass and that the column was thrown into confusion by its own struggles, chiefly because the horses were terrified; so they thought that if they could increase this panic it would be enough to spread complete destruction, and, being accustomed to difficult mountain paths, they rushed down from the jagged rocks near by. Then the Carthaginians were fighting against the difficulties of the road and the enemy at the same time; and they fought more with one another than with the enemy because each man was trying to get into safety himself. The horses did the most harm; terrified by the harsh shouts, which the woods and valleys made louder by their echoes, they stampeded, and if they happened to be hit or wounded they were so maddened that they spread havoc among the men and all the transport animals. On each side the road were sheer precipices, and it was so crowded that many were pushed over the edge into the abyss, amongst them a few soldiers; some of the laden transport animals rolled over with a tremendous crash. In spite of this horrible scene Hannibal remained quiet for a little and held back his men to prevent their increasing the confusion and panic. But after he saw that the column was broken and that there was a danger of losing the baggage, which would make

the safe passage of his army useless, he dashed down from the higher ground and immediately scattered the enemy by his attack. He also increased the confusion of his own men, but only for a moment ; directly the road was cleared by the flight of the mountaineers, they became calmer ; in a short time the whole army was led through the pass, not only unmolested, but almost in complete silence. Hannibal also captured the principal stronghold of the district and the villages clustered round it, and for three days fed the army on the booty and cattle he had gained in this way ; also, because the mountaineers were terrified at first and the road was not very difficult, he was able to cover some ground in those three days.

Next they came to another of the many mountain tribes, a people mainly engaged in agriculture. Here Hannibal was almost overcome, not by open warfare, but by his own weapons, deceit and trickery. The oldest men of the mountain strongholds came as ambassadors to the Carthaginian and said, " We have learnt a wholesome lesson from the misfortunes of others, and we would rather make trial of friendship than strength with the Carthaginians ; we will carry out all your orders obediently, and we ask you to accept provisions, guides for your march and hostages to ensure our good faith."

Hannibal did not think he ought to trust them implicitly or yet to refuse their offers, for fear that if they were rejected they might become openly hostile ; so he gave a gracious answer and accepted the hostages they gave and used the provisions which they themselves had brought down to the road ; but he followed their guides with his column in battle array as though still in an enemy's country. The elephants and cavalry led the way and Hannibal himself followed with the pick of the infantry,

anxious and on the alert the whole way. When they reached a narrow part of the road, which ran beneath an overhanging rock, wild tribesmen sprang up out of ambushes on all sides, in front and in rear, attacking them close at hand and from a distance, rolling down huge rocks on the column. The greatest pressure was in the rear; the infantry turned round to face it, and certainly a great disaster would have happened in this gorge if the rear of the line had not been strengthened. As it was, the whole army came within a hairbreadth of complete destruction; for Hannibal hesitated to allow the march to continue through the narrow defile because the infantry had no guard in the rear corresponding to their own guard in the rear of the cavalry; the mountaineers seized the opportunity to attack from the side, and cutting the line in two occupied the road; so Hannibal spent one night cut off from the cavalry and transport.

The next day the barbarian attacks weakened and he was able to join forces again and get through the defile; he had some losses, but more among animals than men. After that the tribesmen attacked in smaller numbers to plunder rather than to fight; sometimes they attacked in front, sometimes in the rear, whenever the nature of the ground made it easy, or an advance or halt gave them an opportunity. Although it took a long time to lead elephants along these steep and narrow roads, yet wherever they were they gave protection against the enemy, who dared not go near them because they had never seen such creatures before.

On the ninth day they reached the top of the Alps by rough paths; they had lost their way many times either through the deceit of their guides or the rashness of some who, distrusting the guides, tried different valleys,

guessing at the right road. For two days they halted at the top and the soldiers were allowed to rest after their hard work and fighting; some transport animals which had fallen down among the rocks followed the track of the march and made their way into the camp. The men were worn out and depressed at their countless hardships, and when the constellation of the Pleiades was setting a heavy fall of snow caused great terror. The camp was broken up at dawn, and, as the men marched slowly through the deep snow-drifts with depression and despair written on all their faces, Hannibal stepped in front of the standards and ordered the men to halt on a jutting-out peak of rock, which commanded a very wide view; he showed them Italy, pointing to the plains around the river Po, which lie at the foot of the Alps, and said: "You are climbing the walls not of Italy alone but of Rome herself; the rest will all be straightforward and easy; after one or two battles at most you will hold and control in your power the very citadel and capital of Italy." Then the line began to advance, for now even the enemy only attempted petty thefts from time to time. The rest of the march was more difficult than the ascent had been, for the Italian slopes of the Alps are shorter but also steeper. Almost the whole of the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that they could not help falling down; and even if they slipped a little they could not regain their footing, and they fell on top of one another, the animals on their drivers.

Next they came to the narrowest pass of all, where the rocks were so sheer that an adventurous soldier without equipment could hardly let himself down, even by clinging to the shrubs and trunks of trees which stood out from the rock. Nature had made the place precipi-

tous, and a recent landslide had torn away the ground to the depth of about a thousand feet. The cavalry halted as though it were the end of the road, and a message was sent back to Hannibal, who was wondering what was the cause of the halt, that the rock was impassable. So he went himself to look at the place; it seemed quite clear that he would have to lead his column a long way round by pathless ways never trodden before. But this road was hopeless; for on top of the old untrodden snow freshly fallen snow was lying moderately deep; this offered a good foothold for the first men who trod on it, since it was soft and not very deep; when it collapsed under the weight of such a crowd of men and animals they were marching over bare ice through the liquid mud of melting snow. There was a terrible struggle, for the slippery ice gave no foothold and quickly tripped men up on the slope, and even if they helped themselves up by their hands and knees, these props themselves slipped and they fell down again with them; there were no tree trunks or roots round about to which a man could cling with foot or hand, and so they floundered about on the smooth ice and in the melting snow. Animals here and there trod a way through to the bottom layer of snow as they walked on it, and if they fell they kicked more fiercely in their struggles and so broke further into it; many of them stuck in the hard, deeply frozen ice as though they were caught in a trap.

At length, when men and beasts had been exhausted to no purpose, a camp was pitched on the ridge; it was very difficult to clear a space for it because so much snow had to be dug out and carted away. Then soldiers were detailed to make a road over the rock by which alone they could continue their march. They had to split the rock

open and so threw down huge trunks of trees all round it, and lopping off the branches made a great pile of firewood; this they kindled as soon as a strong enough wind had arisen to fan the fire, and when the rocks were molten they poured in vinegar so that they crumbled. Then while the rock was hot from the fire they flattened it with tools and relieved the steepness of the sides by making gentler slopes, so that even elephants could be led down as well as ordinary transport animals. They spent four days near the rock and the animals almost died of hunger; for the mountain peaks were practically bare and the snow covered any fodder there was; the lower slopes had some valleys and sunny hills and streams bordered by woods and country more fit for men to live in; there they sent the animals to graze, and the men, tired out by making the road, were allowed three days for rest. Then they went down into the plains, where there was pleasanter country and the people were not so savage.

HOW ROME BORE DEFEAT

As soon as Hannibal reached Italy he defeated the Romans in battle after battle, at the river Ticinus and the Trebia in 218 B.C. and at Lake Trasimene in Umbria in 217. Therefore he was able to march south through Central Italy, but he kept clear of Rome because he wished to detach Rome's allies from their loyalty to her before he actually attacked the city.

The Romans were dismayed at their defeats and appointed a dictator—an emergency head of the State with supreme powers—to deal with the crisis. His name was Quintus Fabius Maximus, and he was careful to risk no more pitched battles, but was content to dog Hannibal's

steps wherever he marched and to harass his army. This policy of caution was so famous that he won the name of 'Fabius the Cautious.' But in 216 B.C. there was a reaction at Rome against the hesitation of Fabius to risk all in a decisive blow. So Caius Terentius Varro was elected as one of the two consuls who were chosen annually and who commanded the armies in the field. Varro was popular with the mass of the city population and was full of vigour and dash, anxious to try to end the war by giving Hannibal a knock-out blow. Hannibal also wanted a battle, for he had not been very successful in getting the cities allied to Rome to desert her and thought they would be more likely to lose confidence in her after another defeat. He managed to get Varro into an unfavourable position on the banks of the river Aufidus in Apulia, where the famous battle of Cannae was fought and the Romans suffered an overwhelming defeat.

Only a few hundred Roman survivors, among whom was the consul Varro, managed to escape to the friendly towns of Canosa and Venosa. Others, several thousand strong, who had retreated to their camp near Cannae, surrendered to Hannibal. The following passage describes what happened at Rome when the news of the disaster came, and later when representatives of the prisoners taken by Hannibal came to ask to be ransomed.

There are some words which occur in this extract which may need explanation.

The Senate was at this time the real Government of Rome. It was a council of the oldest and most experienced men in the State, who had all of them held office of some kind.

The praetors were ministers of state, whose duties were generally concerned with interpreting the law and

administering justice. If, for any reason, the two consuls were absent, the praetors could act as consuls. They had to do this after the battle of Cannae, because one consul had been killed and the other was still away from Rome.

A military tribune was the commander of a legion, the largest unit in the Roman army.

A lictor was an official servant of ministers of state. Lictors carried the badges of office for ministers, and were used to perform official duties and take official messages.

Rome did not hear that even these wrecks of her citizens and allies had survived, but news came that both consuls had been slain with their armies and that the whole force had been wiped out. Never while the city itself was still safe had there been such panic and tumult within the walls of Rome. And so I shall not shoulder the burden nor attempt to tell a story which my words will make less than the truth. . . .

Publius Furius Philus and Manlius Pomponius, the praetors, summoned the Senate to meet in the council-chamber of Hostilius to take counsel for the defence of the city; for they never doubted that now the armies were destroyed the enemy would march to attack Rome—the one task remaining to him. Amid these disasters as vague as they were overwhelming they could not easily decide what counsel to adopt; meantime the noise of women weeping filled their ears, and since no definite news had come, the dead and the living were lamented together in almost every home. Then Quintus Fabius Maximus made these proposals:

"Let us send swift horsemen along the Appian Road and the Latin Road to question all they meet—there will

certainly be some fugitives scattered over the country-side —and to bring back word of what has befallen the consuls and the armies ; and if the immortal gods in pity have left to the Roman name any of its power, they can find out where those forces are, where Hannibal went after the battle, what he is doing, and what he seems likely to do. Let the active young men do this scouting and intelligence work ; there are so few magistrates that we senators ourselves must undertake to quiet the tumult and dismay in the city, to keep the women out of the streets and compel them to remain each in her own home, to check the wailing of slaves and make silence throughout the city, to see that all bringers of news are taken straight to the praetors, and that each man awaits messengers with personal tidings at home, to place sentinels at the gates and prevent anyone leaving the city, and to force men to realize that their only hope of protection lies in the safety of the city and her walls ; when the disturbance is quieted let the senators be summoned again to the council-chamber to deliberate about the defence of the city."

They all voted on this motion, and when the magistrates had dispersed the crowd in the Forum the senators went out in all directions to calm the panic-stricken ; then and not till then dispatches were brought from the consul Caius Tertius, saying, " The consul Lucius Aemilius is killed and all his army ; I am at Canosa salvaging the wrecks of this appalling reverse ; I have about ten thousand men without discipline or organization ; the Carthaginian remains at Cannae, bargaining for the prisoners' ransoms and other spoils in a way which is not worthy of a conqueror and a great general."

Then the news of individual casualties spread from house to house, and the whole city was filled with such

mourning that the sacred festival of Ceres was not kept, because no mourners may take part in it, and at that time there were no women who were not in mourning. Therefore by decree of the Senate the period of mourning was limited to thirty days so that other public or private festivals should not be neglected for the same reason. . . .

Hannibal, after his great victory at Cannae, was giving more attention to the results of that victory than to carrying on the war; he had the prisoners brought out and separated; the allies of Rome, as after the battles of Trebia and Lake Trasimene, he addressed kindly and then sent them away without ransom; the Romans he summoned, and for the first time made quite a friendly speech to them; he said, "I am not fighting a war of extermination against the Romans; it is rather a struggle for national honour and empire; my ancestors yielded to Roman valour, and I have striven that you in your turn should yield to my good fortune and my bravery. Therefore, I am giving the prisoners an opportunity of ransom; the ransom will be five hundred silver coins for each trooper, three hundred for each private soldier, one hundred for each slave." Although he had slightly increased the ransom for cavalry on which they agreed when they surrendered, yet they gladly accepted any kind of terms; they decided by vote that ten of their number should be chosen to go to the Senate at Rome, and no pledge of their good faith was exacted beyond an oath that they would return. Carthalo, one of the Carthaginian nobility, was sent with them to propose terms of peace, if he found the Senate inclining that way. After they had left the camp one of them—but he was no true Roman—pretended he had forgotten something, and went back to the camp in order to be

free of his oath, and then caught up his companions before nightfall. When the news reached Rome that they were on the way, a lictor was sent to meet Carthalo to order him in the name of the dictator to leave Roman territory before night.

The dictator allowed the representatives of the prisoners to be heard in the Senate. Their leader, Marcus Junius, spoke as follows: "Senators, we all of us know that our country more than any other holds cheap her prisoners of war. But, unless we are making out a case too favourable to ourselves, we more than any other prisoners deserve your consideration. For we did not surrender like cowards in the middle of the battle, but, standing on the heaps of slain, we went on fighting almost till evening and then retreated to our camp; there for the rest of the day and the following night, worn out by toil and wounds, we held back the enemy; the next day, besieged by a victorious army, cut off from water, and with all hope of breaking through the dense masses of the enemy gone, it seemed to us only right that some Roman soldiers should survive the field of Cannae, where fifty thousand of our comrades had been slaughtered; so we agreed on a ransom the payment of which would set us free, and our arms, which were no longer any use to us, we surrendered to the enemy.

"We had learnt too from history that our ancestors were redeemed from the Gauls with gold, and that your own fathers—though sternly against making peace—sent ambassadors to Tarentum to ransom prisoners of war; and yet the disgrace of the battle of the Allia against the Gauls and the battle of Heraclea against King Pyrrhus was not so much our heavy losses as our cowardice and panic. Heaps of Roman dead cover the plains of

Cannae, and we only survive the battle because the swords and the strength of the enemy were too weak to continue the slaughter. There are also some among us who never retreated from the field of battle, because they had been left behind to guard the camp, and when the camp was surrendered they fell into the enemy's hands. I do not envy any one of my fellow-citizens and comrades in the ranks his good fortune or his present position, nor do I wish to gain credit at the expense of others; but not even those who escaped in large numbers from the field of battle without their arms and did not stop till they reached Venosa or Canosa could justly claim more honour, or boast that they have defended the Republic better than we—unless, indeed, there is some special reward for swiftness of foot and quick running. Use those brave and stalwart soldiers, but use us too, who will be filled with even greater patriotism, since your goodness will have ransomed us and restored us to our country; you have recruited men of every age and rank; I hear that eight thousand slaves are being armed; we are no less in number than they and our ransom will cost no more than their market price; I will not compare our value with theirs, for that would be an insult to the name of 'Roman.'

"I would also beg you, Senators, if you are inclined to be stern, even though we do not deserve that from you, to think in your deliberations of this. To what kind of a foe will you abandon us? Is he a Pyrrhus, who treated his Roman prisoners as guests, or is he a barbarian from Carthage, of whom it is hard to say which is greater—his greed or his cruelty? If you were to see the chains, the dirt, the terrible condition of your fellow-citizens, the sight would move you as much as if you were to look upon

your legions lying dead on the plains of Cannae. You can see the anxiety and tears of our families standing in the outer hall of this council chamber and waiting for your answer. And, if they are so strained and anxious about us and about the others who are not here, what do you imagine to be the feelings of those whose life and freedom are hanging in the balance? But if—I swear it—if Hannibal, contrary to his own nature, treats us with clemency, yet none of us would value lives that you did not think worth a ransom. Long ago some prisoners of war returned to Rome set free by Pyrrhus without ransom; but they returned, accompanied by the chief men of the Republic, who had been sent as ambassadors to ransom them. Am I to come back to a country who does not think her citizen worth three hundred silver pieces? Each man has his own opinion, Senators; I know that my life and my body are at stake; but what troubles me is the danger to my reputation if you send us away rejected and condemned; for men will never believe that you grudged the money for the ransom."

As soon as he had finished, the crowd waiting in the hall raised a tumult of weeping, stretching out their hands to the Senate and begging them to give back their sons, their brothers, their kinsmen. Women too were even mingling in the crowds of men in the Forum, driven by fear and necessity. All strangers were ordered to withdraw and the Senate began to debate the question. Opinions varied; some thought the prisoners should be ransomed by the State; others thought that no public money should be spent, but that private ransom should not be forbidden; people who had no ready money should receive a loan from the Treasury on the security of personal guarantees and private property. At this point Titus

Manlius Torquatus was asked his opinion ; he belonged to the old school and many thought him too harsh and severe ; he is reported to have said :

" If these delegates had only demanded ransom for those who are in the hands of the enemy, I should have given my opinion shortly without saying a word against them ; for I should only have urged you to preserve the custom handed down by our ancestors as a necessary example for military discipline. But now, when they have almost boasted of their surrender and declared themselves more worthy of honour than men captured on the field of battle, than those who made their way to Venosa and Canosa, even than Caius Terentius the consul, I cannot allow you, senators, to remain in ignorance of what actually happened. And would that I could make to the army at Canosa the speech which I am going to make to you, for there is the best witness of each man's cowardice or bravery. Or at least I wish Publius Sempronius by himself were here, for, if those cowards had followed his leadership, they would have been soldiers in a Roman camp to-day instead of prisoners in the enemy's hands. The Carthaginians were worn out with fighting, they were flushed with victory and many had gone back to their own camp ; there was the whole night free in which to cut their way out, and seven thousand men could have cut their way even through ' dense masses of the enemy.' But they did not attempt it on their own initiative nor would they follow anyone else. Almost the whole night long Publius Sempronius Tuditanus went on urging them and begging them to follow him, while there was little of the enemy's army round the camp, while there was quiet and silence and darkness to cover their adventure ; they could reach safety in allied cities before daybreak.

" Our grandfathers can remember the words of Publius Decius, the military tribune in Samnium ; we ourselves as young men can remember how in the First Punic War Calpurnius Flamma said to three hundred volunteers whom he was leading to the capture of a hill in the centre of the enemy's lines, ' Let us die, soldiers, and by our death set free those legions who are besieged.' If Publius Sempronius spoke to you like that he would think you neither men nor Romans if no one volunteered to share in such glory. But when he shows you the way leading not to glory, but to safety, and is bringing you home to your country, your parents, your wives and children, you have not even the courage to grasp that safety. What would you do if you had to die for your country ? Fifty thousand of your fellow-citizens and your allies lay dead around you on that day ; if all these examples of bravery do not stir you, nothing ever will. If this overwhelming disaster has not made life seem cheap, no disaster ever will. Hold your country dear, while you have your liberty and your safety ; yes, hold her dear, while she is your country and you are her true sons. Now you long for her too late, for you have lost your citizenship, you have lost your rights, you have become slaves of Carthage. . . .

" Senators, I do not think it right to ransom these men any more than I think it right to surrender to Hannibal those who cut their way out of the camp through the midst of the enemy, and by great valour restored themselves to their country."

After this speech of Manlius, although many senators had relations among the prisoners, they were influenced by the huge expense involved, as well as by the precedent followed from earliest times of never showing mercy to

prisoners; they did not wish to drain the Treasury—and they had already voted a large sum to buy slaves and arm them for use in battle—nor did they wish to enrich Hannibal, for he was reported to be very short of money. When the sad answer was given that the prisoners were not being ransomed, fresh mourning was added to the old at the loss of so many men, and with much weeping and many regrets they accompanied the delegates to the city gates. . . .

A sign that this defeat was more serious than any that had happened before was the fact that the loyalty of the allies, who up to that time had remained steadfast, began to waver; and it was certainly because they had given up hope of the rule of Rome. . . . Yet these misfortunes and the desertion of the allies did not cause the Romans even to mention peace, either before the consul came to Rome or after his return, which revived memories of the catastrophe. At that time the courage and spirit of Rome were so high that when the consul returned after the defeat for which he had been himself chiefly responsible crowds of men of all ranks went out to welcome him and he was publicly thanked for not having despaired of the Republic; but if he had been a Carthaginian general no punishment would have been too severe for him.

ROME AS CONQUEROR

ALMOST before Rome had finished her second war against Carthage she was drawn into the quarrels of Greece and the Nearer East. The Greek cities were nearly all leagued together in different petty associations and alliances or were subjected to the rule of Philip of Macedonia, the most powerful king at that time in South-

eastern Europe. Philip tried to extend his power to Egypt, in which Rome was beginning to have an interest as a source of corn supply. Therefore a Roman army was sent over to Greece, and from 200 B.C. to 196 B.C. the Romans, supported by some of the Greek cities, fought against Philip and finally defeated him.

The following passages describe the peace conference held by the Roman general, Quinctius Flamininus, and later his dramatic announcement at the Isthmian Games that Rome was not claiming the right of a conqueror over the cities she had taken from Philip. The Isthmian Games were held at Corinth and were not only a gathering for contests in sport but also a great fair and trade meeting-place in the Greek world. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm and Flamininus was called the 'Liberator of Greece'; Rome claimed an indemnity from Philip and made him her subject ally, but the Greek cities were given complete independence. This is typical of the way in which Rome's power gradually spread in the Eastern Mediterranean.

A truce of fifteen days was granted to the enemy and a day for a conference with the King of Macedonia was appointed; before this day arrived the allies were summoned to a council and asked their opinion on acceptable terms of peace. Amynander, King of Athamania, gave his opinion in a few words; he said that peace ought to be made on such terms as would enable Greece, even without the help of Rome, to guard her own peace and liberty. The Aetolians spoke more bitterly; for, after a few introductory remarks about the justice and correctness of the Roman general's action in taking counsel with his allies about the terms of peace, they said that he was

completely mistaken if he believed that he could leave Rome a lasting peace or Greece lasting freedom without either killing or deposing Philip; further, that he could easily do either of these two things if he chose to pursue his present success.

Flamininus said in reply, "Aetolians, when you express this opinion you are inconsistent and you forget the customary policy of Rome. At all former councils and conferences at which peace terms have been discussed you have never urged a war of extermination; Rome, as you know, has from ancient times kept the custom of 'mercy to the conquered,' and has just given a remarkable proof of her clemency in the peace made with Hannibal and Carthage. But I will pass over Carthage—how often have we met Philip himself in conference and never made a move to depose him? Are we to become merciless opponents because he has been conquered in battle? It is against an enemy in arms that men should advance with hatred in their hearts, but to a defeated foe the greatest men are always the most merciful. The kings of Macedonia seem to be a menace to the freedom of Greece. If you destroy the kingdom and the people of Macedonia, Thracians, Illyrians and finally Gauls, all savage and unconquered tribes, will pour into Macedonia and then into Greece. Do not sweep away dangers which are near to you only to lay open a way for others which are greater and more terrible."

Here Phaeneas, leader of the Aetolians, interrupted him and said solemnly, "If Philip escapes now, he will soon bring a more terrible war upon us." But Flamininus said, "Stop wrangling; you are here to deliberate. The peace shall be bound by such conditions as will make war impossible." . . .

The customary festival of the Isthmian Games was at hand; large crowds have always attended these games because the Greeks love to watch contests in strength and speed of foot and art of every kind; also because the Isthmus is very conveniently situated as a meeting-place between two seas for all the things men need, a market in fact for Asia and Greece; but on this occasion people had come together from the four winds, not only for their ordinary purposes, but on tiptoe with excitement to know what would be the future position of Greece and how they would fare; there were all kinds of different opinions as to what the Romans would do passing through people's minds and hazarded in conversation; hardly anyone believed that they would withdraw entirely from Greece.

The spectators had taken their seats for the Games when according to custom a herald advanced with a trumpeter into the middle of the arena, where the beginning of the Games is usually announced in a religious form of words. A blast on the trumpet produced silence, and the herald made the following proclamation: "The Senate of Rome and Titus Quinctius, their general, having conquered King Philip and the Macedonians, do hereby command that the following states be free, independent, and self-governing—the Corinthians, the Phocians, and all the Locrians; the island of Euboea and the Magnesians, the Thessalians, Perrhaebians, and the Achaeans of Phthiotis." He read through the list of all the states which had been subject to King Philip.

When they heard the herald's speech men could hardly take in all at once such great happiness; they could hardly believe their ears, and looked at one another in amazement, as though it were the empty vision of a

dream; each man individually asked his neighbour, putting no trust in the evidence of his own ears. Every one wanted to see as well as hear the messenger of freedom; so the herald was called out again and repeated the proclamation a second time. At last they were certain of the joyful news and broke into such cheers and shouting and applause, repeated again and again, that it was quite clear that the people love nothing better than freedom. Then they hurried through the Games, for no one had mind or eyes to watch them; so entirely had joy taken possession of their minds that they had no thought for other amusements.

But when the games were over every one eagerly pressed toward the Roman general; indeed, he was almost endangered by the crowd rushing to one spot, anxious to get near him and to touch his right hand, and throwing garlands of flowers with ribbons. He was then about thirty-three and the vigour and strength of his youth were heightened by his pleasure at so great a harvest of glory. The rejoicing did not come to an end then and there, but for many days was continually expressed anew in grateful thoughts and words. People said, "There is a nation in the world which fights wars at its own expense, at its own risk, by its own labour for the liberty of others; this they do not only for their neighbours or peoples who dwell near them or even on the same mainland; they actually cross the seas so that no unlawful power may exist on the face of the earth, and that justice, right, and law may everywhere be supreme. By one proclamation all the cities of Greece and Asia have been set free; to have dreamed of this was daring; to have achieved it is a proof of matchless bravery and great good fortune."

A ROMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO, whose character is here described, was always admired by later generations as the type of old-fashioned Roman integrity and morals. He was born in 234 B.C. at Tusculum in the Alban Hills south of Rome and was brought up very simply and austerely in the country. His early manhood was spent fighting in the Second Punic War, and at the age of thirty he entered on a long and distinguished political career. In 184 B.C. he was elected censor. Two 'censors' were chosen at Rome every five years; they held office for eighteen months, and their duties included the revision of the list of senators and of the census, the electoral roll of citizens.

Cato was severe in his censorship and applied a very strict standard of conduct to the lives of his fellow-citizens, many of whom lost their places in the Senate or were crossed off other lists. When he resigned, he gave himself the title of 'Censorious,' meaning that he had exercised his powers as censor to the full. He died at the age of eighty-five, always a determined opponent of lax morals and personal softness, declaring that the new Greek fashions and literature, which were invading Rome, were utterly ruining the fine character of the old Roman Republic.

The following candidates were competing for the censorship—Lucius Valerius Flaccus, the two Scipios, Publius and Lucius, Cnaeus Manlius Vulso, Lucius Furius Purpureo, all patricians, Marcus Porcius Cato, Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, Tiberius Sempronius Longus, Marcus Sempronius Tuditanus, plebeians. But Marcus Porcius Cato stood head and shoulders above all the patricians and the plebeians of highest rank. He possessed such

natural strength of character and force of intellect that he seemed as though he would have made his fortune in whatever station of life he had been born. He was qualified to be a leader both in public and in private life; he had equal knowledge of town and country matters. Some men have reached high office by legal skill, others by eloquence, others by military glory; but Cato was naturally so versatile that you would say he was born to do whatever he happened to be doing at the moment; in war he was noted for his personal bravery, and he won glory in many famous battles; when he reached the higher command he was a general of the first rank; so in time of peace he surpassed all in his knowledge of law and in eloquence at the bar; yet he was not one of those who are powerful orators in their lifetime but leave no memorial of their eloquence; truly his eloquence lives and is powerful still, consecrated in the pages of all his various writings. His speeches are many in number, both for himself, and for and against others; for he wore out his enemies by supporting charges against them as well as prosecuting them. Many private feuds kept him busy, and he never allowed them to die down; it would be hard to say whether the upper classes worked harder to suppress him or he to harass them.

He certainly was of a harsh disposition, with a bitter tongue, which passed all bounds of candour; but he had a spirit far above avarice, he was inflexibly honest, he despised popularity and wealth. He lived plainly and endured hard work and danger, having an iron constitution which not even old age, the universal destroyer, could break; when he was eighty-five he stood a trial, conducted his own case, and published his speech; in his ninetieth year he brought Sulpicius Galba to trial before the people.

A Pioneer of Science

LUCRETIUS was a contemporary of Julius Caesar, for he was born about 95 B.C. and died about 50 B.C., while Caesar was still completing the conquest of Gaul. He belonged to a noble family, but we have no records of his life; there is a tradition that he worked between intervals of insanity and died by his own hand. Tennyson wrote a fine poem called *Lucretius* based on this tradition, which is however entirely without historical proof. So there is complete silence about the author of one of the most remarkable poems of antiquity; Lucretius is at once a scientist, a prophet, and a poet. Nowadays it is hard to understand how that can be, for we do not readily connect either poetry or religious fervour with science; but in the ancient world, though physical science was in the exact modern sense behindhand, it was at the same time inspired by as deep a love of truth and as keen insight as modern researches; it was also wider in its scope, for ancient inquirers were not content with explaining what we should call 'the natural laws of the universe'; they were also concerned with man and his place in the scheme of things, with right and wrong, with life and death, so that their science included what we call philosophy and ethics.

The poem of Lucretius, which is called *On the Nature of the Universe*, is a complete statement of the system of the Greek Epicurus, which stated that atoms (infinitely small and indivisible) were the ultimate material of which

everything was formed ; it is only in comparatively recent years that modern physicists have advanced beyond the main outline of this theory.

It is in the declaration of the ethical and moral bearings of this system that Lucretius is inspired by the ardour of an apostle preaching a gospel. He is passionately anxious that men's minds shall be freed from fear of the gods and fear of death, by knowing that he, following his master Epicurus, has passed " beyond the flaming ramparts of the world," and seen that there is nothing beyond this life ; for, he declares, we are made of atoms and when we die the atoms separate and there is nothing left to live a future life, and the gods (if indeed they exist) must be made of atoms too, and therefore men need not fear them. This doctrine of despair he proclaims with all the ardour of a prophet of hope.

It needed surpassing genius to express this philosophy in poetry instead of in a volume of diagrams and prose statements. It is true that large portions of the poem might well have been written in prose, but throughout its six books there are constant flashes of matchless beauty in word and rhythm. In all his illustrations and many of his descriptive passages Lucretius shows himself to be a worthy interpreter of Nature, because he sees all things—birds, shells, sea, "The Moon and the Light of Day and the Night with its solemn Fires"—with the truth of the scientist and the imagination of the poet.

It is for his poetry that modern readers will turn to Lucretius ; we do not need to go to ancient Rome to study science, but antiquity can show us no greater contemplative poet than Lucretius and no man with a more daring love of truth and greater confidence in the adventurous power of the human spirit.

INVOCATION

In the opening lines of Lucretius' poem he invokes the aid of Venus, the mythical mother of all Romans, the goddess of love and creative power. He describes as beautifully as Botticelli has painted it the return of spring to Italy heralded by the goddess. There is no more magnificent piece of music in the whole of Latin poetry than this invocation, in which the roll of an organ is mingled with the songs of birds.

The English version, which follows, is not a word-for-word translation, but it gives the spirit and all the substance of the original, and the old-fashioned English of Spenser suits the Latin of Lucretius, which contained many old-fashioned words.

Great Venus, Queene of beautie and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie ;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and pleasant lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous cheare.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres,
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The springe breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours ;
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,

Priuily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages

Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food;
The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

Translated by EDMUND SPENSER
(*The Faerie Queene*, IV, X, 44–47)

DEATH

THIS passage is the crown of all the arguments used by Lucretius to dispel the fear of death; it is only "a sound slumber and a long good-night." There is an echo of this passage in a verse of the *Faerie Queene*:

He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happie ease, which thou doest want and craue,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage haue,

That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue ?
Is not short paine well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soule to sleepe in quiet graue ?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

Here, as in other parts of the poem, in spite of his vehement beliefs, there seems to be what a French critic has called an " anti-Lucretius in Lucretius," a sympathy with the human longing for immortality and a wish at least that the truth as he sees it were not so hard.

" No more thy home will welcome thee again,
No more thy wife and loving children run
To snatch a kiss, and touch thy heart with joy
Too deep for words. No more mayst thou be deemed
A prosperous man, a bulwark to thy house.
Thou luckless one, ah ! one disastrous day,"
Your neighbours say, " has taken all away,
All, all thou countedst dear, unhappy man."
They do not add, " and now no longer is
There any longing for the things that were."
If this they but could see in thought, and then
Express in words, they'd rid themselves at once
Of much distress and fear. " Thou even as
Thou art, sunk in the sleep of death, shalt be
For ever from all pains and torments free :
We when we saw thee on the funeral pyre,
Dread pyre, wept for thee tears that would not cease ;
No day will ever come when grief for thee
Shall leave our heart." This question should be asked
Of those that thus address such words as these,
" Pray what is there so bitter, when the end

Is a sound slumber and a long good-night,
That men should pine and waste themselves away
In never-ending sorrow for the dead? "

Translated by SIR ROBERT ALLISON

PRIMITIVE MAN

THIS account of the beginnings of civilization and human society has been almost entirely confirmed by modern researches. Lucretius, living in an age when legends and myths were the only account given of primitive man, produced this brilliant sketch without the help of the excavations on which modern students of anthropology and history depend.

The translation is made in prose as being more suitable for modern reading.

The race of men on earth at that time was certainly much hardier; it was natural, for the hard earth was their mother; their frames were built with larger and stronger bones knit together with more powerful sinews; nor were they easily affected by heat or cold or change of food or bodily disease. For many centuries they lived a wandering life like the wild beasts. There was no one to guide with his strength the curved plough; no one knew how to turn up the soil with tools or to plant young shoots in the ground or to cut off old branches from the tall trees with pruning knives. Whatever the sun and rain gave, whatever the earth brought forth of herself, these gifts were enough to satisfy their hearts. . . . . The rivers and springs would call them to slake their thirst; so to this day clear waters rushing down from the great hills summon from far and wide the thirsty herds of wild animals. . . .

They did not yet know the uses of fire or how to turn skins taken from the wild beasts into clothing for their bodies, but they lived in the copses and mountain caves and forests and hid their rough limbs among the jungle when they were driven to shelter from the lashing of the winds and the rain. They could not take thought for the common good, they had no knowledge of social customs or laws. Each man carried off whatever booty luck brought his way, for he had learnt to use his strength to live for himself alone. . . .

In a later stage they built huts and used skins and fire; a woman united to a man shared his home, and they both recognized the binding ties of marriage and saw children born of their union; that was the beginning of civilization for the human race. For fire made their shivering bodies unfit to bear the cold of the open air, and love lessened their strength, and children easily softened the fierce ways of their fathers with childish caresses. At that time, too, neighbours began eagerly to form pacts of friendship; they promised to refrain from injury and violence to one another, asking for protection for their women and children, who with lisping tongues and clinging hands showed that it is right for all men to have mercy on the weak. Of course the peace could not be always kept; but most men held loyally by their promises; if they had not, the whole human race would have become extinct at that early period and their descendants could not have survived to later ages.

Nature made them utter different sounds with their tongues and necessity forced from them the names of things; in the same way children before they can talk are obliged to use gestures, pointing to whatever they see with the finger. . . .

Lightning first brought fire to earth for mortal men and from that they learnt the heat of flames. For when a thunderbolt has brought the heat, we see everywhere the flashing of fire from heaven. Besides, when a branching tree, blown this way and that by the winds, is tossed against the branches of a neighbouring tree, fire is kindled by the violent friction and every now and then bright sparks flash out as the boughs and trunks are rubbed against each other. Either of these natural phenomena might have given fire to men. Next the sun taught them to cook and soften their food by the heat of fire, since they saw everywhere things being melted by the stroke of the sun's rays and the heat.

And so day by day those who were strongest of character and intellect showed them how to change their former life for new ways. Kings began to found cities and to build strongholds to be seats of government and refuges; they divided up the cattle and land, and allotted to each man his share, according to his beauty or strength or intellect; for beauty and strength were held in great esteem. Later, property was invented and gold was discovered, which easily took away the honour that was given to strength and beauty; for however brave or handsome they may be, men generally follow in a rich man's train.

To continue—copper and gold and iron were discovered, and at the same time heavy silver and lead, when a raging fire had burnt down the vast forests on the high hills; either lightning kindled the fire, or forest tribes at war hurled fire at their enemies to terrify them; or else, attracted by the rich soil, they were trying to clear fertile ground and make land fit for pasture, or perhaps they wanted to kill the wild beasts and grow rich on their

spoils. . . . However that may be, a great fire was somehow kindled, and roaring along devoured the forests down to their deepest roots and baked the earth through and through with its heat; from the molten seams there flowed and collected in hollows of the earth streams of silver and gold, copper too, and lead. Later they hardened, and whenever men saw them glittering brightly in the ground they would pick them up, delighted with their brightness and prettiness; and they noticed that the shape of each piece of metal was like that of the hollow from which it had come. So then it struck them that these metals made molten by heat could be cast into different shapes and that by hammering them out they could make tapering sharp points; so in this way they might have weapons, and tools for cutting down trees, for hewing wood and planing it smooth, for drilling, punching, and boring all kinds of holes. They used silver and gold at first as much as copper; but it was in vain, for the gold and silver got bent and could not stand the strain. Then copper was in great demand and gold fell into disuse because it was not serviceable and a gold point was soon blunted. Now copper is neglected and gold has reached the height of esteem. . . .

The weapons of primitive men were their hands, nails, and teeth, stones too, and branches broken from trees, and fire as soon as it became known. Later strong iron and bronze were discovered; the use of bronze was known before that of iron, for it is easier to work and is more abundant. With bronze they ploughed the land, with bronze they stirred up the waves of war and dealt gaping wounds and plundered cattle and lands; for to men who first made arms the unarmed fell an easy prey. Next by slow degrees the iron sword came to the front

and the fashion of the bronze knife was despised; they began to plough with iron, and its use on both sides made doubtful battles more evenly balanced. . . .

Clothes were tied together before cloth was woven; weaving came after iron because the loom is made of iron, and without it smooth heddles and spindles, shuttles and sounding yarn-beams could not be made. . . .

Nature, the Maker of the Universe, gave the first example of sowing and was the origin of grafting, for berries and acorns fell from the trees and in due time sent up young shoots from the ground; this made men want to graft shoots on to trees and to plant young saplings in the ground. Next they tried one form of tillage after another, each in his own little plot, and watched the earth improving the wild fruit through their care and cultivation. Day by day they drove the forest further up the hill-side and claimed the lower ground for cultivation that they might have meadows, ponds, rivers, cornfields, and joyful vineyards on the hills and plains, and that a grey-green belt of olive-trees might run between to mark the boundary spreading over hills and valleys and plains. . . . The Sun and Moon like sentinels which traverse with their light the mighty revolving temple of the Universe taught men that the seasons of the year come round again and that the world is governed by unchanging law.

Now they began to live protected by strong towers, and the earth was divided up and marked with boundaries; now, too, the sea was alive with sail-winged ships; cities had supporters and allies with solemn treaties; poets began to hand down the deeds of heroes in their songs; not long before this the letters of the alphabet were invented. Therefore, nowadays we cannot look back

to anything before their discovery, except by reasoning out what must have happened.

Seafaring and agriculture, fortification, law, weapons, roadmaking, clothing and all else belonging to it, all the prizes and all the luxuries of life, music, painting, and the shaping of cunning statues—all these experience taught to men as they advanced slowly step by step—experience and the adventures of man's tireless mind.

There may be many Caesars ere such another Julius

MOST people do not know that the names of our months are the old Roman names, or that July takes its name from Julius Caesar, who was born on its 12th day in the year 100 B.C. Shakespeare, in his play *Julius Caesar*, has given us a vivid picture of the great Roman who became so powerful that he was assassinated by a group of his own friends; they believed that if he lived the Roman Republic now nearly five hundred years old must become a monarchy.

> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus. . . .
> Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
> That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
> Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
> When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
> That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

But the story of Caesar's death stands so much in the foreground that except for classical students it blots out the story of his life. He was killed on the 'Ides' of March (the 15th), in the year 44 B.C., leaving behind a marvellous record of achievements both as statesman and soldier.

As quite a young man he held various offices in the Roman army and government, and in the year 59 B.C., at the age of forty-one, he became consul, which practically meant head of the government. There were always two consuls at Rome, elected afresh every year. At the end of his year of office he was appointed governor of the Roman

province of 'Gaul-beyond-the-Alps,' Southern France. This was a very rich and fertile province, and therefore it was often invaded by warlike tribes living in Switzerland, Northern France, and beyond the Rhine. Caesar had a small army to protect the province, but he saw that there would never be security in the south till all the tribes were ruled by Rome. Therefore he spent eight or nine years in Gaul, as the Romans called France, subduing these tribes and extending his military expeditions even to Germany and Britain. So he won new territory for Rome, but also he trained an army inured to all kinds of hardship and daring and devoted to him as a general.

Just about this time politics at Rome were in a state of violent upheaval. The machinery of government, which was suited to Rome when she was a small city-state, would not stand the strain of managing the whole of Italy, Spain, part of France, North Africa, and large territories in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor. Already while Caesar was still a boy popular Roman generals at the head of victorious armies had succeeded in dominating the government for short periods. In the year 49 B.C. Caesar marched to Rome with his loyal army from Gaul and was appointed dictator; after battles in Italy, Greece, Spain, and Egypt he conquered all his opponents and held in his own hands all the reins of government. He initiated many social and administrative reforms at Rome, including the establishment of the calendar we still use. Finally the office of dictator was given him for life; although he had refused the title of 'king' and the marks of royalty, this practically made him king in all but name, for the dictatorship was an office only filled at Rome for limited periods in times of great crisis, and a dictator possessed supreme powers.

Although Julius Caesar was a man of genius, both as administrator and soldier, and although the government of Rome's territory needed a man of genius at that crisis, the very idea of a king was so repugnant to Roman republicans that Caesar fell by the assassin's knife.

The *Commentaries* or *Notes* of Julius Caesar, his only written work which has come down to us, are an account of his wars in Gaul and of the Civil War after his return to Rome. The former at any rate are written in clear and vivid Latin prose, and are extremely valuable as being the dispatches of one of the greatest generals of antiquity as well as historical documents contemporary with the events they describe.

FRANCE IN THE TIME OF CAESAR

We are accustomed to speak of France (along with Italy, Spain, and Portugal) as a 'Latin' nation. The origin of this dates from the time of Julius Caesar. The French language is a descendant of Latin which the Romans spoke; much in French culture, law, customs, and institutions came to her from the civilization of ancient Rome. But by race the French are not Latin and if Caesar could come back to France to-day he would still find existing the differences he here describes. The man from Picardy is as different from the Breton as the Lowland Scotch are different from the Welsh; and the Frenchman south of the Garonne still possesses his ancient characteristics—eloquence, ability, love of comfort.

France is divided into three parts; the Belgians inhabit one, the Aquitanians another, and the third a people who call themselves Celts and whom we call Gauls. They all

have different languages, customs, and laws. The river Garonne separates the Gauls from the Aquitanians; the Marne and Seine divide them from the Belgians. The Belgians are the bravest of all, because they are furthest away from the culture and comfort of the Roman Province; also they are not visited so often by merchants bringing goods which tend to make men effeminate, and they are nearest to the Germans, who live the other side of the Rhine and with whom they are always at war. For this reason, too, the Swiss are braver than the rest of the Gauls, because they fight almost daily with the Germans, either trying to keep them out of their own territory or carrying the war into the enemy's country. The part of the country which the Gauls occupy begins at the river Rhone; it is bounded by the river Garonne, by the ocean, and by the land of the Belgians; on the side of the Sequanians and the Swiss it touches the Rhine and it faces northward. The Belgians beginning at the boundaries of the Gauls' territory reach to the lower part of the Rhine; they look toward the north and east. Aquitania stretches from the Garonne to the Pyrenees and the sea that touches Spain; it looks north-west.

THE INVASION OF BRITAIN

And see you, after rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O, that was a legion's camping place
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

KIPLING

THERE are many different theories as to where Caesar really did land in Britain; some say he sailed from Boulogne and arrived opposite the cliffs of Dover and then moved north to Walmer or Deal; others say the

tides would have made this impossible, and that he must either have sailed from Wissant nearer Calais, arrived off Dover, and then moved to Romney Marsh, or have put off from Boulogne, arrived at Hastings, and moved on to Pevensey. In spite of all the researches of scholars it is unlikely that we shall ever know exactly where this landing took place. It was from Boulogne that Napoleon, the nearest modern counterpart of Julius Caesar, intended to invade England in 1804; he gathered flat-bottomed boats there and waited for weeks, keeping all the inhabitants of England in a state of terror of the approaching invasion, which never in the end was accomplished.

The expedition here described was made in August of the year 55 B.C.; there was a second expedition (this time in flat-bottomed transports, which were easier to beach) the next year, but neither of them was very successful, as Caesar found it difficult to establish authority over the British tribes further inland. Also there were risings in Gaul to suppress and later Caesar returned to Rome. So there was not another expedition to Britain for a hundred years.

Only a small part of the summer was left, and winter sets in early in these parts because all France faces north; all the same, Caesar was determined to make an expedition to Britain; for he was informed that in nearly all his campaigns against the tribes of France help had been sent to the enemy from Britain; and even if the season were too late for a campaign, he thought it would be a great advantage to him to have visited the island and observed the character of the inhabitants and the lie of the land, especially harbours and places for disembarking, for the Gauls had practically no information about this

kind of thing. No one except merchants goes there without good cause ; and even the merchants only know the sea-coast and the parts of Britain just opposite to France. To gain this information Caesar chose Gaius Volusenus and sent him in advance with one battle-ship with orders to spy out all he could and return immediately.

He started himself at once with all his troops for Picardy ; from there the crossing to Britain is shortest. He ordered all the ships from the coasts near by to assemble here together with the fleet he had built the previous summer for the campaign in Brittany. In the meantime his plan had become public property, having leaked out to the Britons through merchants ; so representatives of several states in the island came to him with promises of hostages and submission to the rule of Rome. Caesar listened to what they had to say, made them generous promises, and, urging them not to change their mind, sent them back home. Volusenus reconnoitred the whole country . . . as far as he could seeing that he dared not go on shore and expose himself to the natives . . . and after four days returned to Caesar and reported what he had seen.

When about eighty transports had been collected . . . enough in his opinion to carry two legions . . . . he took advantage of fine weather for sailing and weighed anchor about midnight ; he reached Britain about nine o'clock in the morning and there saw the forces of the enemy drawn up in arms all along the cliffs. The ground was so difficult and the cliffs fell so sheer to the sea that a spear could be thrown from above on to the shore. Caesar thought this a very bad place for making a landing, and, as he secured a favourable wind and tide together,

he gave the signal to weigh anchor, and about seven miles further on ran aground on an open, level shore.

The natives saw what the Romans meant to do, so, sending their cavalry and charioteers in advance, they followed with the rest of their forces and tried to prevent our men from landing. The ships were so big that they could not be brought to shore except in deep water; the soldiers, laden with heavy equipment, had to jump down from the ships, keep their footing in the waves, and at the same time fight the enemy; the enemy on the other hand had all their limbs free and knew the ground perfectly, so that they boldly threw their spears and spurred their trained horses into the water. Our troops were dismayed by this, and, being inexperienced in such warfare, they did not show the same dash and enthusiasm as characterized their fighting on land. As soon as Caesar noticed this, he ordered the battleships to clear off the enemy with slings, arrows, and artillery; the Britons were terrified by the appearance of the ships, the movement of the oars, and the strange artillery; so they retired, but only a little way. Then while our soldiers still hung back, chiefly because the sea was so deep, the standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion prayed to the gods to help the legion through him, and shouted, "Down with you, comrades, unless you want the enemy to have our standard; I for one will do my duty to my country and my leader." Then he threw himself out of the ship and began to carry the standard toward the enemy. Our men urged one another not to bring so terrible a disgrace on the legion and leapt down all together. When the soldiers on the ships near by saw them they followed their example.

There was a very fierce battle, but as soon as our troops had a footing on dry land they charged the enemy in

close formation and put them to flight. When the Britons had recovered from this they immediately sent representatives to Caesar to treat for peace, promising to give hostages and carry out his orders.

BRITAIN IN THE TIME OF CAESAR

THIS is the earliest historical account of Great Britain. The people here described by Caesar are generally known in history books as 'Ancient Britons.' Hundreds of years later Angles, Saxons, and other tribes from the north of Europe pushed them westward into Devon and Cornwall, Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland. Nowadays we often call the people who come from these districts partly or wholly 'Celtic,' as even in England, where so many races have been mingled, it is evident that they belong to a different race.

The inland part of Britain is inhabited by tribes who say they are indigenous to the island, the sea-coast by tribes who migrated there from Belgian territory for the sake of war and plunder; after the invasion they settled in the country and began to cultivate the ground. There is a very large population and a great number of buildings like those in France, also a great many cattle. They use either bronze or gold money, or iron tallies of a standard weight instead of money. Tin is found inland, iron on the coast, but very little of it; they use imported bronze. As in France, there are all kinds of timber except the beech and pine. They do not think it right to eat the hare, hen, or goose; but they keep them as pets. The climate is more temperate than in France and the cold weather less rigorous.

The island is a natural triangle, one side lying opposite France. One angle of this side, which is in Kent (where almost all the ships from France arrive) looks to the east; the lower angle at the other end looks south. This side is about five hundred miles long. The second side turns toward Spain and the west; in this direction lies Ireland, half the size of Britain (according to their estimates), but the same distance by sea from Britain as Britain is from France. In this channel is an island called Man. The length of this side according to the natives' opinion is seven hundred miles. The third side looks north and has no land opposite, but the angle on this side faces more or less toward Germany. This side is thought to be eight hundred miles long. So the whole island is two thousand miles in circumference.

Of all the natives the inhabitants of Kent (a maritime district) are far the most civilized, and they are very much like the Gauls in their habits. The tribes further inland do not, as a rule, sow corn, but live on milk and meat and dress in skins. All the Britons dye themselves with woad, which gives them a blue colour and makes them look more terrifying in battle. They wear long hair and shave every part of the body except the head and the upper lip.

A Gentleman of Verona

" Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row ! "
So they row'd, and there we landed—*O venusta Sirmio !*
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that *Ave atque Vale* of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
Frater Ave atque Vale—as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,
Sweet Catullus' all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio.

SO Tennyson describes his visit to Sirmione. Anyone travelling through North Italy from Milan to Venice may get out of the train at Desenzano, a village station at the southernmost point of Lake Garda, and be rowed across to Sirmione ; it is an olive-clad peninsula almost entirely surrounded by the clear blue waters of the lake. There are still some grey ruins of Catullus' villa standing among the olive-trees, and their broken arches frame a magnificent picture. Carducci, the greatest Italian poet of the last century, has given a gem-like description of the scene.

Flower of all headlands, in the quiet lake
Green Sirmione smiles, watched by the sun
And kissed, while all around Lake Garda gleams,
A mighty cup of silver, round whose rim
There runs a fringe of peaceful olive mixed
With laurel ever green.

Round the shores of this grandest of all the Italian lakes grow dark-green cypresses too and cedars, lemon-trees climbing their white pergolas, masses of roses and azaleas, while the mountains rise up behind in sombre

magnificence. Here Catullus had his country house, as many modern Italians have villas on the lakes or by the sea; but his home was in Verona, the scene of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, about twenty miles away.

Verona has always been a fortress-city, standing as she does girdled by the river Adige and commanding the roads from Italy to Northern Europe. All through the centuries battles for the possession of Italian soil have been fought round these south-eastern shores of Lake Garda; in the Great War Verona was close to the Italian front and was frequently bombed; through the Alpine passes to the north of Verona and Lake Garda the Austrians in the Trentino (now Italian) tried again and again to force their way down on the plains of Italy. All the Roman armies marching north to fight in France against the Gauls used to halt at Verona, and Julius Caesar, the Roman general in France from 58 B.C. to 49 B.C., was a friend of Catullus' father and often stayed at his home.

Being of good family and education Catullus early entered fashionable society at Rome. He belonged to a circle of young men who were deeply immersed both in poetry and politics. When he was about twenty-five he fell deeply in love with a lady well known in Roman society, seven years older than himself; he calls her 'Lesbia' in his poems. After many quarrels and reconciliations she finally cast him off, and Catullus sought a post on the staff of the governor-general of Bithynia (modern Turkey-in-Asia), a new protectorate, which had just been taken over by the Roman Republic. It was not only his unhappy love-affair which made Catullus anxious to leave Rome for a time; his gay life in the capital city had emptied his purse, as he said, of all but cobwebs.

"THE RUIN WHERE THE PURPLE FLOWERS GROW"
The remains of the Villa of Catullus
Photo Alinari

However, he did not manage to fill it in Bithynia and, being tired of Asia, he came back to his darling villa at Sirmio in the year 56 B.C. While he was away he had been able to visit the grave of his dearly loved younger brother, who had died abroad and was buried near the Dardanelles. A few years later Catullus died himself, aged about thirty, leaving poems behind him which place him among the great lyric poets of the world.

Young and passionate, a strong lover and a good hater, Catullus poured forth in poetry the story of his heart; in simple and direct language he sings of love and friendship, life and death; nor does he hesitate to write of the trivial events of everyday life; he has the fierce intolerance of youth combined with a gentleness and pity for all helpless and beautiful things which have earned for him Tennyson's title, "tenderest of Roman poets." In simplicity of expression and depth of feeling Burns and Herrick are the two British poets who are most like him. But the grace of his language and his skilful handling of Greek metres show him to be a master of the technique of poetry as well as its inward spirit; his place is rather with Keats and Shelley. The selection of his poems which follows is inevitably too short to do him justice.

TO LESBIA

Love, my Lesbia, while we live,
  Value all the cross advice
That the surly greybeards give
  At a single farthing's price.
Suns that set again may rise;
  We, when once our fleeting light,
Once our day in darkness dies,
  Sleep in one eternal night.

Give me kisses thousandfold,
Add to them a hundred more;
Other thousands still be told,
Other hundreds o'er and o'er.
But with thousands when we burn,
Mix, confuse the sums at last,
That we may not blushing learn
All that have between us past.
None shall know to what amount
Envy's due for so much bliss;
None—for none shall ever count
All the kisses we will kiss.

Translated by the HON. GEORGE LAMB

LESBIA'S VOW OF LOYAL LOVE

Dearest, how sweet the dream you call to view,
That this our love through life shall last unbroken!
O Gods above, grant that those words be true!
That lips unfeign'd her very heart have spoken!
So loving may we guard, till life shall end,
This holy covenant of friend with friend!

Translated by R. KENNARD DAVIS

ASHES

If it be sweet, with backward turn'd eyes,
To look upon fair deeds, a life unstained,
No broken faith, no secret treacheries,
No sacred names by perjury profaned;
Then many a year of gladness hast thou bought,
Catullus, with this love that now lies broken.
For there is no fair deed thou hast not wrought!
For there is no fair word thou hast not spoken!
'Tis all in vain! Her proud heart knows no grace.

Why therefore should thy love torment thee still ?
Set firm thy heart, love's footsteps to retrace,
And grieve no more : the Gods must work their will.
Ah, hard it is with one swift stroke to slay
A lingering love ! 'Tis hard, yet it must be.
Vanquish thou must : there is no other way !
Or hard or light, this is the task for thee.
Yet, Gods, if yours be pity ; nay, if e'en
In life's last hour your might hath made men whole,
Look on my woes, and if my hands be clean
Pluck out, I pray, this canker from my soul.
This subtle poison that, through every vein
Creeping, my inmost being hath possessed ;
Whose numbing influence all my powers hath slain
And driven every gladness from my breast.
I ask no longer now for love's return,
And a new heart for her, 'twere vain to crave;
But from the fires that in mine own heart burn
Gods, if my life be stainless, hear and save !

Translated by R. KENNARD DAVIS

AT MY BROTHER'S GRAVE

Through many a region borne, o'er many a main,
To thy last home, my brother, am I come
To give thee death's last boon, and all in vain
To greet thine ashes silent in the tomb.
Thyself I greet no more. Ah, cruel fate
That thee from me my brother thus could sever !
Yet take these gifts, the last sad boon of death,—
Gifts that ancestral use doth consecrate,
And many a brother's tear now moisteneth ;—
And Hail, my brother, and farewell for ever !

Translated by R. KENNARD DAVIS

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

Now the sweet spring hath melted winter's chill,
And now the storms of March, that swept the sky,
Sink to the breath of zephyrs, and are still.
Forth from Nicaea's plains spread wings and fly,
From wealth of sun-baked fields the Phrygians till!
Before us Asia's storied cities lie.
Now to the wanderer's heart returns a thrill,
Now shall his glad feet bear him lustily
Over the earth, where leads the vagrant will.
Farewell, my friends, farewell, bright company!
Far have we fared from home, and comrades still:
Homeward by many a branching path we hie.

Translated by R. KENNARD DAVIS

HOME

Dear Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's scorching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

Translated by SIR THEODORE MARTIN

TO MY FRIEND CALVUS ON THE DEATH OF HIS YOUNG WIFE

Calvus, if any joy from mortal tears
  Can touch the feelings of the silent dead;
When dwells regret on loves of former years,
  Or weeps o'er friendships that have long been fled,
Oh! then far less will be Quintilia's woe
  At early death and fate's severe decree,
Than the pure pleasure she will feel to know
  How well, how truly she was loved by thee!

Translated by the HON. GEORGE LAMB

A Man of Affairs

MANY famous men are by later ages regarded with admiration for achievements or qualities which in their own lifetime did not seem to them extremely important. In the fourteenth century after his death Cicero was known in Italy chiefly as the father of Roman eloquence, a dim and shadowy personality; then Petrarch began to read his speeches, and, being enthralled by the beauty of his Latin, sought everywhere for manuscripts of his lost works with the same zeal that a furniture collector nowadays will show in hunting for antique furniture. Cicero became a hero to Petrarch, and a sage who possessed all wisdom. In 1345 he found in the town of Verona a manuscript of Cicero's letters to his friend Atticus; these letters reveal Cicero, not as an almost superhuman philosopher to be venerated, but as a real, human man with human failings.

Petrarch was at first so disappointed that he wrote an imaginary letter to Cicero, in which he said: "For a long time I had diligently hunted for your letters; at last I found them where I least expected, and read them greedily; I listened to all your words, all your complaints, all your changes of mind. O Marcus Tullius, for a long time I had known you as the great teacher of other men; but at last I knew what you were really like. Listen . . . wherever you are, to this lament, which the child of a later age, who adores your name, pours forth with many tears. . . . Why did you give up the leisure

which suited your age, your profession and your rank? . . . As your friend I am sorry for you, I am ashamed of all your weaknesses, I pity them. . . . Ah, how much better it would have been for a philosopher like you to have grown old in the peaceful country, thinking, as you yourself say somewhere, of eternity and not of this short life! How much better if you had never held the rods of office, never hankered after triumphs, never had your head turned by your success against Catiline! But it is no use saying this now. Good-bye for ever, my Cicero.—Written in the upper world on the right bank of the Adige, in the town of Verona, June 16th, in the year 1345 from the birth of that God whom you did not know."

Modern readers rejoice at what Petrarch lamented; in the letters of Cicero we possess a vivid picture of the man himself and of his times. They were collected and published after his death, partly by his greatest friend, Atticus, and partly by his secretary, Tiro. The attraction of these letters lies in the fact that they were not written for the public eye. Cicero's brother once wrote to him, "I saw your own self in your letter"; and this is still the highest praise that can be given to any letter. Wherever he was or whatever he was doing, Cicero threw himself entirely into the events of the moment; the impressions he received he could put down with a vividness which was almost photographic. He happened to live at a time of absorbing interest in the history of the world, meeting and talking every day with the men who were to change the fortunes of the Roman Republic, so that this alone apart from their personal fascination would make his letters famous.

Cicero did not belong to the old Roman aristocracy; he came from a country town, Arpinum, at the foot of the

Apennines, about sixty miles south-east of Rome. He was called a 'new man,' because none of his family had ever held a high office of state. He was a barrister by profession and quickly came to the front as a brilliant pleader in the law-courts. Many of his speeches for prosecutor or defendant have been preserved, and they are a marvellous example of the powers of eloquent oratory, which was quite as powerful a factor as evidence in ancient Rome. No extracts are given from these speeches here as most of their subjects are too intricate to be understood from short quotations. It was as a barrister and as a man of letters that Cicero came before the public eye at Rome; he was well educated, a good conversationalist, and he delighted in being in the swing of social life. He wrote once of his villa at Formiae, "It is not a private villa, it's a club open to anyone"; and though he pretended to like peace and quiet, in reality he loved the importance and bustle of public life.

It was chiefly because of his success at the bar that Cicero was elected to offices of state; in 63 B.C. he held the consulship, from his own point of view the crowning success of his career. He was then forty-three and his political views had gradually developed as he was admitted to higher offices; in his early days he had been the champion of the rich middle class; as years went on he became, though not himself of noble family, more and more sympathetic to the representatives of the old Roman nobility; for the greater part of his life his ideal was a coalition of the moderate men of all ranks to preserve the Republic from the more violent elements which made for disorder and revolution. During his consulship he had a chance of making this unity of purpose a reality, if only for a short time; the conspiracy of

Catiline to murder the governing classes and begin a reign of anarchy was entirely suppressed by Cicero's foresight and good management. This he certainly regarded as the great achievement of his life, and it was therefore an almost crushing blow to him when he was banished after his year of office; his banishment was contrived by the cleverness of his political enemies, who accused him of an undoubted infringement of the law in his treatment of the conspirators. He was recalled to Rome after less than two years, but it needed more than Cicero and Cicero's coalition policy to save the Republic from downfall in those stormy times. Julius Caesar, the leader of the revolutionary party, Pompey, the leader of the old aristocracy, though they were personal friends and connected by marriage, drew rapidly nearer to a clash of arms.

In 49 B.C., when civil war broke out, with these two powerful generals as leaders on either side, Cicero was long in doubt as to what his own course of action should be. He was still anxious for compromise, but it was in vain for him to try to make peace between Caesar and Pompey, and finally he joined the latter. It was very natural that many men of Cicero's age and standing should feel that Pompey's cause was the only one for them; they felt and were right in feeling that Caesar's victory would mean, in effect, the end of republican traditions and government, and that even if he refused the name of king there would be what all Romans for centuries had hated —a kingship. It is easy for later generations to look back and see that the republican form of government could never in its old form manage and control the vast empire Rome had acquired. Cicero and his friends looked back over the seven hundred years of their city's history and saw in it the achievements of the Republic, the glory of

their ancestors, the very foundations of civilization, and believed that change must lead to ruin. It was feelings like these which in the end drove Caesar's nearest friends to assassinate him.

The cause of Pompey failed and Pompey himself was killed. During Caesar's supremacy Cicero retired into private life and spent most of his time at his various country houses, busy with his books and literary work. When civil war broke out again after Caesar's death in 44 B.C., Cicero, now an old man, came forward to support and encourage the Republican party, which was led by Caesar's assassins. Mark Antony, Caesar's supporter and friend, was one of the chief leaders on the other side, and when the Republican cause was approaching its final defeat at the end of the year 43 Cicero was himself murdered by some of Mark Antony's soldiers.

Cicero was the founder of a style of Latin prose-writing so smooth and flowing, so eloquent and graceful, so sonorous and majestic, yet at the same time capable of such infinite variation, that for centuries it has been the model of what heights the Latin language can reach in oratory, in narration, in letters. But the following fragments taken from his writings are not intended so much to illustrate his literary skill, for no translation can be as forceful as the Latin, but to throw light on the life, public and private, of a man whom, if we wish, we can know as a friend, who had many faults and weaknesses, but for all that was attractive and human.

TO ATTICUS IN GREECE

BOTH Cicero and his friend Atticus were admirers of Greek literature and art. Atticus had evidently written

Cicero a letter in which he described with pride a visit to Ceramicus, a place just outside Athens, which was a kind of cemetery of all her great men.

TUSCULUM

[*May*, 67 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

I am at my Tusculan villa—there's a good answer to your "I am at Ceramicus." Well, as I was saying, I am at my villa, and your sister has sent a boy from Rome with a letter for me from you and he tells me that a courier is starting this very afternoon to go to you. So I had to send some answer to your letter, but there is so little time that it will have to be a short one.

First, I promise to calm down our friend, even if I can't quite get him to make it up with you. I should have done so anyhow on my own account, but now I see from your letter how much you want it I shall do my very best to use my influence with him. But I should like you to understand that he is very angry with you; however, I do not see any serious ground for it and I am quite sure he will be reasonable and do what I want.

Yes, please do send off my statues as soon as you conveniently can, and anything else you pick up which suits the place—you know what I like—especially anything for the wrestling-hall and the gymnasium. You see, I am sitting there while I write to you, so the rooms themselves remind me. I want you to get me some medallions, too, for decorating the walls of the hall, and two covers for wells with a wrought pattern. Be sure not to promise your library to anyone else, even if some one falls desperately in love with it; for I am saving up all I can scratch together so as to buy it to give me pleasure when I'm

old. . . . My little Tullia says she is going to summon you and is dunning me as your representative.

Yours ever,

CICERO

IN PRAISE OF POMPEY

During the last century before Christ the Romans were so busy with political struggles at Rome and war in Italy that they could not spare attention for the proper government of the lands they had taken under their control in the Eastern Mediterranean and Asia Minor. Pirates infested the seas and even robbed the coasts of Italy with impunity. A powerful king in Asia Minor, called Mithradates, raised rebellions and made war against the rule of Rome in the East.

Therefore an attempt was made to deal with this emergency, and a law was passed in 67 B.C. giving supreme power to one man for three years over the seas and for fifty miles inland, with large supplies of ships, money, and men. This was contrary to all Roman custom, as officials never held their power for more than one year. This command was given to Pompey, a successful soldier, who had already been consul in 70 B.C. though he was under the age required for that position. He was extremely successful against the pirates and in three months had cleared the seas. Therefore, the next year it was proposed that he should be given similar powers against King Mithradates. This law was carried in the assembly of the people, though the conservative party objected to so much power being given to one man. The following passages come from the speech that Cicero made in favour of the law.

It is my belief that the following four qualities are

necessary in a great general—knowledge of the science of war, integrity of character, authority, good fortune. Now, what man was ever or had more right to be skilled in warfare than Pompey? From his training as a boy at school he was taken straight to the military discipline of his father's army in an important war against a very fierce enemy; as a mere boy he served in the army of the commander-in-chief, as a young man he himself commanded a great army; he has faced the enemy more often than anyone else has quarrelled with his neighbour, he has fought more wars than other men have read about, he has won more provinces than others have dreamed of holding; in early manhood he was educated in the science of war not by learning from others but by holding commands, not by defeats but by victories, not by long service but by triumphs. Indeed, is there any kind of warfare in which the fortune of the state has not employed him? Civil war, war in Africa, war beyond the Alps, war in Spain against a mixture of civilized states and savage tribes, war against slaves, naval war, all these different kinds of wars fought against different opponents, and, further, carried through to victory by Pompey, declare that there is nothing in the experience of warfare that has escaped his knowledge.

But how can words be found equal to describing Pompey's personal character? No one can bring to it anything equal to his deserts or new to you or unknown to people generally. For his virtues are not only those which are commonly considered necessary in a general—hard work in his profession, courage in danger, perseverance in action, speed in execution, wise forethought; all these qualities he possesses in a greater degree than all other generals whom we have seen or of whom we have heard.

Of this Italy is witness, who was set free by his valour and aid, as even the great general Lucius Sulla admitted. Sicily is witness, who was ringed in by countless perils and was released by the speed of his policy and not by the horrors of war. Africa is witness, who had been ground down by vast enemy armies, and flowed with rivers of their blood. Gaul is witness, through whom a way was cut for our legions over the dead bodies of her sons. Spain is witness, who again and again has seen countless, foes conquered by Pompey and laid low. . . . Nay all lands are witnesses, all foreign nations and tribes, all seas and oceans, all bays and harbours. For during past years was there any sea-coast town so strongly guarded as to be secure or so remote as to remain unnoticed? Did any man put to sea without running the risk of death or slavery, seeing that he had either to sail in winter weather or over a sea swarming with pirates? . . .

But now consider how great is his self-control in other ways! What do you think is the secret of the wonderful speed of his almost incredibly swift attack? It is not that rowers of superhuman strength or pilots with unheard-of skill or strange breezes wafted him with such speed to the ends of the earth; it is rather that those things which generally hinder other men did not hold him back. He has not been turned aside from his appointed path to any kind of looting by avarice, to voluptuous pleasures by lust, to luxury by beautiful surroundings, to the knowledge of a great city by its fame, or even to rest by toil itself; finally, statues, pictures, and all the rest of Greek works of art which other generals think fair booty, he did not think it right even to look at.

So now in those parts they all look at Cnaeus Pompey as though he had fallen from heaven instead of coming as

the representative of Rome ; at last they are beginning to believe that once there were Romans as self-controlled as he ; for in our day to foreign nations this has seemed an incredible and false tradition. Now the splendour of your rule has begun to shine on those peoples ; now they understand that it was not without cause that, in the days when we had state officials as restrained as Pompey, their ancestors preferred to be subjects of the Roman people rather than to rule over others. But now ordinary people can approach him so easily, complaints of injustice can be made so freely that he who is above princes in dignity seems to be on a level with the humblest in accessibility. You yourselves, fellow-citizens, know from hearing him in this very place how influential is his impressive eloquence, which by itself seems to show the indefinable mark of a great general. Think what his reputation for honour must be among our allies, when even our enemies hold him incorruptible. He is so kind-hearted that it is difficult to say which is greater—his opponents' fear of his valour when they are fighting him, or their admiration of his clemency after they are conquered. Therefore, can anyone doubt that we ought to entrust the conduct of this great war to Pompey, who seems by some divine intention to have been born to bring to an end all the wars we can remember ?

CICERO AND CATILINE

THE great event of Cicero's life was his consulship, more especially as it included the suppression of a conspiracy for murder and rapine. In the year of Cicero's consulship —63 B.C.—a desperate man called Catiline, a member of an old Roman family, but broken down in fortunes and

with a long record of crime, made every effort to get himself elected by force to the consulship for the next year. He attracted most of the discontented and desperate elements of the population to his side by declaring that he would cancel all debts and massacre the governing class at Rome.

The elections were held at the end of October, and Catiline was defeated. Then some of his followers raised the standard of revolt in Tuscany; Catiline, however, remained in Rome and tried unsuccessfully to engineer the assassination of Cicero, whom he regarded as his chief enemy. Cicero denounced him in the Senate, but he pleaded innocence and there was no written evidence against him or his fellow-conspirators. Catiline then left for Tuscany, while his confederates in Rome were to plan a rising in the city on December 17th. Cicero managed to secure evidence against these men and they were arrested; on December 5th, by decree of the Senate, they were put to death without trial. In February of the next year Catiline was defeated and killed at the battle of Pistoria, in Tuscany.

Cicero made four famous speeches at this time called the *Speeches against Catiline.* Quotations from three of them are given here.

This extract is taken from the first speech against Catiline, delivered in the Senate on November 8th, 63 B.C., when Cicero denounced Catiline to his face:

A few days ago you came into the Senate. Among all those crowds, among all your friends and dependents, who greeted you? This has happened to no one before within the memory of man; how can you wait then to hear words of scorn, when you have already been crushed

by the severe judgment of silence? Remember! When you came in those lower benches were emptied; all the men of ministerial experience, whom you have often schemed to massacre, left that part of the benches bare and empty; how do you think you should meet this? Good Heavens! If my very slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I ought to leave my house. Can you not see, then, that you ought to leave the city? And if I saw that my fellow-citizens had such grave suspicions of me and hated me so much, even if unjustly, I would rather keep out of their sight altogether than be a target everywhere for hostile looks.

Why are you slow to avoid the sight and presence of those whose thoughts and feelings you wound, when the consciousness of your crimes tells you that the universal hatred of you is just, and that you have long deserved it? If your parents feared and hated you, you would, I think, get away somewhere out of their sight, if you could not appease them in any other way; now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and fears you, and for long has looked on you as a conspirator against her very life. Will you not reverence her authority, nor bow to her judgment, nor tremble before her might? She pleads with you, Catiline, and her very silence speaks to you in words like these: "For many years you have been the cause of every crime; no scandal has taken place without your being involved; you alone have massacred many Romans; you alone have harassed and robbed our Italian allies with impunity and freedom; not only have you been strong enough to disregard laws and courts of inquiry, but even to overthrow and break them. The past, though it was intolerable, I have endured as best I could; but now throughout the length and breadth

of me there is a dread of you; at every rumour Catiline is feared, and it seems there is no plot which can be set on foot against me which is too villainous for your criminal nature; this is more than I can endure. Therefore, depart, and pluck this fear from my breast, so that, if it be a true fear, you may save me from destruction, and, if it be false, I may have at last some respite from terror."

This extract comes from the second speech against Catiline, which was delivered to the people at a public meeting on November 9th; it was intended to quiet feelings of anxiety by calling attention to the strength of the forces of order:

But, if we pass over those resources which we possess and he lacks, the senators, the middle classes, the people, the City, the Treasury, the revenue, the whole of Italy, all the provinces, foreign nations, and leaving all this on one side, try to contrast the very principles which are at the root of the conflict, we can see from that very contrast how vastly inferior the forces of Catiline are. For on our side fights modesty, on theirs arrogance; on ours chastity, on theirs vice; on ours loyalty, on theirs treachery; here is duty, there is crime; here steadfastness, there madness; with us are honour and temperance, with them wickedness and lust; in a word, all the virtues, justice, moderation, courage, wisdom, are at war with all the vices, injustice, excess, cowardice, folly; finally, plenty is ranged against want, sanity against madness, good policy against complete ruin. In a conflict and battle of this kind, if the zeal of men fail, surely the immortal gods will force this great array of vices to yield to so splendid a band of virtues?

On the 3rd of December, after the conspirators had been arrested and had confessed their guilt, Cicero made another public speech to the people, telling them what had happened and pointing out how his own prompt action had suppressed the plot :

And in return for all I have done for you at this time, fellow-citizens, I will demand from you no reward of virtue, no special badge of honour, no monument of my glory except the everlasting memory of this day. In your hearts I wish to find all my triumphs, all my distinctions, my memorials, my honours firmly established for ever. No dumb or silent memorial can give me joy, nothing which others who have deserved less of you can win. In your memories, fellow-citizens, shall my achievements be cherished, in your everyday talk they shall grow, in the pages of literature they shall grow old and be told again and again ; I am sure that as long as this city endures, so long will my consulship be remembered—may it be for ever !

I am glad too to know that at one and the same time in this state there have been two citizens, one of them to set the boundary of your dominion beyond the earth in the regions of the sky, the other to keep safe its very home and abiding-place.

IN EXILE

THIS letter was written by Cicero to his wife, Terentia, and his two children, on the eve of his departure from Italy. Some of his political enemies had brought forward a measure exiling all who had " put Roman citizens to death without trial " ; this was obviously aimed at Cicero, who had during his consulship allowed the con-

spirators arrested in the conspiracy of Catiline to be executed by a decree of the Senate; this was technically illegal, as they had not been given time either for a trial or an appeal to the people. Cicero left Rome, and a law was passed forbidding him on pain of death to come within four hundred miles of the city; all his property was also confiscated. So he was forced to sail from Brindisi, and spent most of his eighteen months' exile at Thessalonica (the modern Salonica), in Greece; later he moved to Durazzo, on the Adriatic, and when his enemies went out of office a decree was passed recalling him to Rome.

Cicero regarded his consulship and his treatment of the Catilinarian conspiracy as the great achievements of his life; that is why he was overcome with such horror that the State should treat him so ungratefully.

BRINDISI

[*April 30th*, 58 B.C.]

MY DARLING TERENTIA, MY LITTLE TULLIA, AND MY BOY CICERO,

I do not send you as many letters as I might, because I am always wretched; but when I write to you or read your letters I weep so bitterly that I cannot bear it. Ah, if only I had been less greedy of life! Then I should truly have seen nothing or but little of the evil of life. But if Fate has preserved me for some hope of regaining one day a measure of prosperity, I have not made so great a mistake; but if my present unhappy plight is fixed for ever, I would honestly like to see you again, my darling, as quickly as possible—and then to die in your arms; for we have received no gratitude either from the

THE RUINED AQUEDUCTS NEAR ROME
Photo Anderson

gods, whom you have worshipped so piously, or from men whom I have always served.

I have been staying thirteen days at Brindisi with Marcus Laenius Flaccus, a splendid man, who sets my safety far above danger to his own life and fortunes; the penalty of that iniquitous decree has not prevented his offering me everything which hospitality and friendship could demand. I hope I shall be able to show my gratitude some day.

I leave Brindisi on April 30th; I am making for Cyzicus by way of Macedonia. Oh, how lonely and wretched I am! But what can I do? Ask you to come? A woman ill and worn-out in mind and body? Of course not. Then must I do without you? This, I think, is what I will do; if there is hope of my recall, you must promote it and help it on; but if, as I fear, it is all over and done with, do your very best to come to me somehow. You can be quite sure of one thing: if I have you I shall not feel I am entirely done for. But what will become of my little Tullia? . . . Certainly at all costs we must preserve the poor child's married happiness and not allow her to come under a cloud. How will my Cicero manage? He is always in my heart and my loving thoughts.

I cannot write more now; my grief prevents me. I do not know how you have managed, whether you have still some of my property, or whether it has all been confiscated. . . . You need not be worried about the freeing of the slaves. A promise was made to your slaves that you would treat each one according to his merits. Now Orpheus so far has been satisfactory, but no one of the others is specially so. The arrangement made with the other slaves is this, that if my property went out of my hands they should be my freed slaves,

if they could make good their claim to it; but if I were allowed to keep it they should remain my slaves except a very few of them.

You tell me to keep my heart up and hope for a return of prosperity; I only wish there were some ground for that hope. Now I am miserable about getting your letters. Who will bring them to me? I should wait for them at Brindisi, but the sailors will not allow it because they don't want to lose the favourable breeze.

For the rest, Terentia mine, give yourself, as you can, honourable consolation. I have lived my life, I have been successful; not my faults, but my virtues have ruined me. . . . Take care of yourself as well as you can, and remember that I am much more troubled by your unhappiness than by my own.

Good-bye, Terentia, best and most faithful of wives; good-bye, my darling little daughter, and Cicero, the only hope left to me.

Your loving husband and father,

M. T. C.

HOME AGAIN

WHEN Cicero returned to Rome after his exile Atticus was abroad in Greece. This letter to him describes Cicero's reception at Rome; as he had been banished by law, so a law had to be passed to recall him; this measure was voted on and passed by the *Comitia Centuriata*, an assembly of all the citizens of the Roman Republic.

ROME

[*September*, 57 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

As soon as I reached Rome and there was anyone whom I could safely trust with a letter to you, I thought that

before anything else I ought to write and thank you for my return, as you are not here to be thanked in person. . . .

Indeed I do assure you that I am in the midst of great rejoicing and delightful congratulations. One thing is lacking to complete my happiness, the sight of you and your welcome. . . . So far I seem to have recovered what I thought would be most difficult to regain—my high standing at the Bar, my authority in the Senate, and more popularity with our own party than I wish. But I am in great difficulties with my private property, which, as you know, has been shattered, wasted, and robbed; I am in great need, not of your wealth (for I know that is mine for the asking), but of your advice as to how to collect and make the best of what is left for me.

Now, I expect your people have sent you all the news or you have heard it from messengers or rumour; still, I will write a short account of those things which you would most like to hear from me personally. On August 4th I left Durazzo, the very day on which the law about me was laid before the Senate; I reached Brindisi on the 5th; there my little Tullia met me; it was her birthday and also by chance the commemoration day of the city of Brindisi. . . . The people noticed the coincidence and celebrated it with many congratulations. On August 8th, while I was still at Brindisi, I had a letter from my brother Quintus, saying that the law had been passed in the *Comitia Centuriata* with marvellous enthusiasm by men of all ages and ranks, many of whom had come from all parts of Italy to vote.

Then I started for Rome after receiving the congratulations of the leading men of Brindisi, and on my way was met everywhere by deputations bringing similar messages of goodwill. When I reached Rome there was

not a single person of any class known to my secretary who did not come out to meet me, except those enemies who could not either pretend to be my friends or deny that they were my enemies. When I arrived at the Capenan Gate the steps of the temples were packed with people who welcomed me back with tremendous cheers, and all the way to the Capitol was lined with cheering crowds; in the Forum and on the Capitol itself was a colossal crowd. Next day in the Senate—that is, on September 5th—I thanked the senators. . . .

I am looking forward to your return and beg you to come as soon as you can and to come ready to give me the benefit of your advice. I am on the threshold of a second life. . . . I want you desperately.

Yours ever,

CICERO

FAMILY NEWS

THIS is a letter from Cicero to his brother Quintus, who was holding a Government appointment in Sardinia, telling him all the news of Rome. Tullia, Cicero's daughter, whose engagement is announced in this letter, was the elder of his two children and the apple of her father's eye. He said of her, "I find in her my own features, my own words, my own thoughts." Her tastes were more literary and congenial to her father than those of her brother Marcus. Her early death at the age of thirty-one was a severe blow to her father.

ROME

[*April 8th*, 56 B.C.]

MY DEAR QUINTUS,

I have written to you already to tell you of the engagement of my Tullia to Crassipedes on April 4th, and at

the same time I gave you all my news, personal and political. . . . On April 6th, as I was soon going out of town, I gave a party for Crassipedes to celebrate his engagement. Our Quintus—dear boy—could not come to the dinner party as he was not very well. The next day I went to see him and found him quite recovered; we had a long talk, and he was most sympathetic about the quarrels of our wives. . . . After leaving your boy I went to the site of your house; a large number of men were at work on the building. I told the contractor, Longilius, to get on with it. He assured me that he was anxious to give us satisfaction. The house will be splendid; I can judge better now than we could from the plan; my house is getting along quickly too.

That day I had dinner with Crassipes; after dinner I went round to see Pompey at his gardens in my sedan-chair. I had not been able to call on him during the day-time because he was away. However, I wanted to see him because I am leaving Rome to-morrow and he is just off to Sardinia. I found him at home and begged him to send you back to us as soon as possible. He said you should come at once. He is going to start, so he said, on April 11th, and means to sail from Livorno or Pisa. So, my dear brother, as soon as he arrives do take the first opportunity of sailing, if only the weather is suitable.

I am writing this on the 8th of April before dawn and am just off; I intend to stay with Titus Titius to-day at Anagnia. I thought of being at Laterium to-morrow, and then, after five days at Arpinum, going on to my villa at Pompeii, just looking in at my Cumae villa on the way back—for Milo's trial has been fixed for May 7th—and reaching Rome on May 6th. On that day I hope I shall see you, my dear old fellow.

I thought it best to hold up the building at Arcanum till your return. Take care of yourself and come as soon as possible.

Your affectionate brother,
MARCUS

MY NEPHEW

A LETTER from Cicero to his brother Quintus, who was with Caesar's army either in the north of France or in Britain, giving Quintus news of his son, of whom his uncle was very fond:

ARPINUM AND ROME
[*September 28th*, 54 B.C.]

MY DEAR QUINTUS,

After very hot weather—I never remember greater heat—I have been refreshing myself at Arpinum while the September sports were on; but I left all my people to the care of Philotimus. I was at Arcanum on September 10th. There I found Mescidius and Philoxenus and saw the water which they were bringing close to your villa running very well considering the great drought, and they said they were going to bring a much larger supply. . . . At your Manilian estate I found Diphilus surpassing himself in slackness. All the same he has nothing left to do except the baths, the covered walk, and the aviary. . . . Some of the ceilings I did not care for, and ordered them to be changed. In the baths I have moved the Turkish bath into the other corner of the dressing-room, because it was so placed that the steam radiator was just under the bedrooms. . . . Diphilus had placed the columns so that they were neither perpendicular nor opposite one another. Of course he shall

take them down; some day he will learn to use his rule and plumb-line. . . .

As to your frequent questions about your boy, of course I 'forgive' you, but you must forgive me too, please. For I won't allow that you love him a bit more than I do. How I wish he had been with me these few days at Arpinum! He was longing to come as much as I wanted to have him. Please do write to your wife and tell her that when I go out of town she is to come too and bring the boy. I shall do wonders with him if I have him to myself, when I'm not busy; for at Rome there is not breathing-space. . . .

Now about those letters of yours; several packets reached me at Arpinum. . . . You write of Caesar's great affection for me. You must foster this and I will do all I can to increase it. About Pompey—I am being very careful and acting according to your advice. . . . Just as I was folding up this letter couriers came from you and Caesar after a journey of twenty-six days. I have just read Caesar's very kind letter and am so sorry for him in his trouble. . . .

Just as I had written these last words, which are in my own hand, your boy came in to dinner with me, as his mother is dining out. He gave me your letter to read, which he had just received. . . . I enjoyed it very much. He gave me your second letter as well in which you bid him stick to me as pastor and master. How delighted he is with those letters! And so am I. No boy could be more charming than he is or more affectionate to me. (I have been dictating this to Tiro during dinner, so don't be surprised at the different handwriting.) . . .

I have a letter from Caesar, dated September 1st, from Britain, which reached me on the 27th; it gives

satisfactory news of the expedition and tells me not to be surprised at getting no letter from you, as you were not with him when he arrived at the coast.

I do hope you are quite well.

Very many good wishes from your loving brother,

MARCUS

A HURRIED NOTE

A LETTER written to Cicero's brother Quintus, who was away in Gaul attached to Julius Caesar's staff:

TUSCULUM

MY DEAR QUINTUS, [54 B.C.]

There has been a remarkable flood at Rome, especially out near the Appian Road and the Temple of Mars. Crassipes had his colonnade swept away; whole gardens and many shops went too. There were great floods of water, which reached the public fish-pond. Those old lines of Homer still have point:

> In wintry days when God pours down the rain
> In floods, because his wrath is kindled sore
> With men who judge unrighteously and spurn
> Justice, unthinking of the wrath divine.

It just fits the acquittal of Gabinius. But I have decided not to worry about all this. When I get to Rome I will write and tell you all I find out, especially about the dictatorship, and I will send you letters too for Labienus and Ligurius. I am writing this letter before dawn by the light of the lamp with the wooden stand, which I love because they say that when you were at Samos you took a lot of trouble to have it made.

Good-bye, dearest brother.

Always your loving

MARCUS

A FAMILY QUARREL

THIS letter to Atticus describes the quarrels of Pomponia, his sister and the wife of Cicero's brother, Quintus Cicero, with her husband. She was said to be jealous of Statius, a slave and man-servant, to whom Quintus entrusted a good deal of the housekeeping. Cicero thinks Atticus ought to rebuke his sister for her tempers.

MINTURNAE

[*May*, 51 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

Yes, indeed I did see your affection for me when you left, and I can bear witness to my own for you. So you must be all the more careful to see the Government does not change its mind, and then I shall not have to do without you for more than a year.

But now about that line written across your letter at the end, in which you remind me about your sister. Well, this is how things are. As soon as I reached Arpinum, my brother came to see me, and before anything else we had a talk, and a long one too, about you. From that I went on to what you and I said to each other at Tusculum about Pomponia. I have never seen anything more gentle and peaceable than my brother's attitude to your sister, so that, even if they had quarrelled about her extravagance, there was no sign of it. That is what happened on that day. The next day we left Arpinum, and on that particular day Quintus had to stay the night at Arcanum; I stayed at Aquinum, but we had dinner at Arcanum; you know his country house there. As soon as we arrived, Quintus said very kindly: "Pomponia, you welcome the ladies, and I will bring in the men." Nothing, it seemed

to me, could be sweeter, and his intention and his expression were as kind as his words. But although we were all listening, his wife said, " I myself am nothing but a stranger in this house." I think what had upset her was that Statius had gone on ahead of us to see to our dinner. Then Quintus said to me, " You see how it is ! I put up with this every day."

You will say, " Well, but there's not much in that, is there ? " There's a great deal ; that's why it disturbed even me ; it was so ridiculous of her to fly into a temper and speak like that. I was vexed, but managed to hide it. We all sat down to dinner except Pomponia, but Quintus sent her dinner up to her. She wouldn't touch it ! I need say no more. My brother couldn't have been nicer or your sister more bad-tempered. I have left out many other things which made me more angry than Quintus. I went on from there to Aquinum. . . .

I am writing to you at perhaps greater length than is necessary about this, to show you that you too must take your share of speaking to her and reproving her. . . .

Always your most affectionate

CICERO

CROSSING THE RUBICON

WE talk without much thought about ' crossing the Rubicon,' when we mean ' taking a decisive step.' The origin of the saying dates from the time of Julius Caesar ; the Rubicon was a small river in the north of Italy, the boundary between Roman Italy and the province of ' Gaul-south-of-the-Alps.' No general or other officer of the Republic was allowed to enter the territory of Rome at the head of an army without permission from the Senate. When Caesar was returning to Rome at the end of his

five years' command in Gaul at the beginning of the year 49 B.C. he had with him an army of well-disciplined troops who had fought under his leadership in Gaul and were devoted to him. Caesar's political enemies at Rome, chief of whom was Pompey, wanted him to give up his command directly he returned, because, as soon as he became a private person again, he could be prosecuted on some charge or other and so prevented from election to the consulship. Caesar knew this and proposed that he should be allowed to retain part of his command till the elections in the autumn; but the Senate declared him a public enemy. There was a certain breach of the law in their action which put Caesar technically in the position of a citizen who was being unjustly treated by the Senate; so, after telling his soldiers that he was going to fight for the liberty of the State, he led them across the Rubicon into the territory of Rome and so took the decisive step which meant civil war.

He swept south through Italy, cutting Pompey off from Rome, and finally driving him to retreat to Brindisi and embark with his army for Greece. So Caesar won Italy in two months. The five letters of Cicero, which follow, were all written during the time of doubt and anxiety about the issue of the civil war. Cicero was by instinct and politics a follower of Pompey rather than Caesar, but he was also by nature a lover of coalition, and hoped that these two powerful men would be able to settle their differences on a basis of compromise. His letters to Atticus show his waverings. Caesar made an effort to win him over to his side at the meeting of which he speaks in one of these letters, but it was not successful, and after that Cicero definitely took the side of Pompey.

FORMIAE

[*Feb. 9th* or *10th*, 49 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

On February 9th in the evening I had a letter from Philotimus saying, "Domitius has a strong force; the divisions from Picenum under Lentulus and Thermus have joined his army; Caesar can be cut off and is actually afraid of it; our friends at Rome are encouraged, while Caesar's partisans are disheartened." Personally, I am afraid this is all a dream; all the same, Manius Lepidus, Lucius Torquatus, and Gaius Cassius, the people's tribune, who are staying with me here at Formiae, have been restored to life by this letter from Philotimus.

Still, I fear it is more true to say that we are all now as good as taken prisoner, while Pompey is leading Italy; and they actually say that Caesar is hot in pursuit. What a terrible thought! Caesar in pursuit of Pompey? What for? To kill him? Heavens! And yet we do not thrust ourselves between them? I know you regret it deeply too. But what are we to do? We are absolutely beaten, we are caught, we are prisoners.

Still, when I had read Philotimus' letter I changed my mind about the womenfolk. I intended, as I wrote to you, to send them back to Rome; but it struck me that there would be a good deal of talk, with people saying, "At last he's made up his mind which side he's on; he sees who is losing and is paving the way for his own return by sending back his womenfolk." As far as I myself am concerned, I agree with you that I should not commit myself to the uncertainty and danger of flight, for I should do no good by it either to the Republic or Pompey; I would die for him loyally and gladly. So I shall stay, though life is——!

You ask what is going on here; the whole of the Capua business and the recruiting of troops there has reached a deadlock; people despair of our cause and every one is ready for flight, unless Providence helps us and Pompey's army manages to join these troops under Domitius. But we shall probably know everything in two or three days. I send you a copy of Caesar's letter as you asked; many people have written to tell me that he is pleased with me; I don't mind that so long as I can continue doing nothing dishonourable.

Yours ever,

CICERO

DESPAIR

FORMIAE

[*February 9th*, 49 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

I see there is not a foot of ground in Italy which is not in that Caesar's power. Of Pompey I know nothing, and, unless he is already on board ship, I think he will be taken prisoner. What an incredible whirlwind Caesar is! While our leader—but I cannot bring myself to criticise him, for I am in agonies of anxiety about him. You have good reason to fear a massacre; not that anything could be less to Caesar's advantage, if he wishes his victory and his power to be permanent; but I see by whose advice he is going to be guided. I hope it will be all right, but I think we ought to give in.

I can suggest nothing about the Oppii; you must do what you think best. Speak to Philotimus, and besides, you will have Terentia on the 13th. But what am I to do? How can I follow a man by land or sea if I don't know where he is? After all, how can I follow him by land? And if I put to sea where am I to go? Shall I

surrender to that Caesar? Granting I could do so with safety (and many advise it), can I do so with honour? Certainly not. I shall ask your advice as usual. I can see no way out; still, if you think of anything, do please write and tell me what you are going to do yourself.

Yours ever,

CICERO

THE FLIGHT OF POMPEY

FORMIAE

[*February 23rd*, 49 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

Only one thing is left to complete Pompey's disgrace—the desertion of Domitius. "But no one doubts that he will go to Domitius' aid." I don't think he will go. "Do you mean to say he will abandon so loyal a fellow-citizen and those whom you know are with him, although he has actually thirty divisions?" Yes, unless I am completely mistaken, he will. You would not believe the state of terror he is in; he thinks of nothing but escaping. And you think I ought to go with him; yes, I can see what your opinion is. But I, though I have an enemy to escape from, have no leader to follow. You quote with praise and call memorable that remark of mine, "I would rather be defeated with Pompey than victorious with that party of Caesar's." I still hold to it, but it must be with Pompey as he then was or as I thought him to be. But with this Pompey, who thinks of escape before he knows from whom he is escaping or where he is going, who has betrayed our side, who has deserted his country, who is abandoning Italy—if I preferred defeat with him, I have got my wish, I am defeated. For the rest, I cannot bear to contemplate Caesar's fortunes nor Caesar himself,

who is the cause of my losing my own personality as well as my friends.

I have written to Philotimus about money for the journey, either from the Mint (for no one pays his debts now) or from your friends, the Oppii. I will send you all necessary details.

Yours ever,
CICERO

CICERO TO CAESAR

FORMIAE
[*March 19th* or *20th*, 49 B.C.]

DEAR GENERAL,

When I read your letter, which I got from Furnius, asking me to come to Rome, I was not surprised that you wished to make use of my 'advice and position'; but I did ask myself what you meant by my 'influence and help.' However, I was led by my hopes to think that you wished to act for the comfort, the peace, the harmony of your fellow-citizens, as befits a man of your remarkable and exceptional ability; for such a policy I considered that both by nature and position I was well fitted. If this is so, and you are anxious to protect our friend Pompey and reconcile him to yourself and to the State, you will certainly find no one more suitable than I for the purpose. For, as soon as I could, I advised peace both to Pompey and to the Senate, and since civil war broke out I have taken no part in it. . . .

It is many years now since I chose out you two for my especial devotion and my closest friendship, which you still possess. Therefore I ask you, nay, I beg and beseech you with all the vehemence I can use that in spite of all your great responsibilities you should spare some time for thinking how I may show myself through your kindness

to be a man of honour and gratitude, and most of all loyal to the memory of my obligations to Pompey. . . .

Though I have thanked you before for saving Lentulus, as he once saved me, yet when I read the letter which he sent me, full of gratitude for your kindness and generosity, I felt that I am indebted to you for his safety as much as he is. So, if you understand my gratitude to him, I beg you to make it possible for me to show my gratitude to Pompey too.

Yours sincerely,
CICERO (General)

CICERO MEETS CAESAR

ARPINUM
[*March 28th* or *29th*, 49 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

I followed both your suggestions ; I spoke so as to gain Caesar's respect rather than his gratitude, and I stuck to my decision not to go to Rome. It was a mistake to think he would be easy to deal with ; no one could have been less so. He kept on saying my decision was a condemnation of himself and that the rest would be slower to come if I stayed away. I answered that I was in a different position. After a good deal of discussion he said, " Well, come and discuss peace." " On my own terms ? " I asked. " Do you want me to dictate them ? " he answered. " Well," I said, " I shall take the line that the Senate will not endorse any expedition to Spain or transport of armies to Greece. And," I added, " I shall express my deep regret for Pompey's misfortunes." Then he said, " But I don't want that kind of thing said." " I thought not," was my reply, " but I do not want to be in Rome, because I must either say this and a great deal more which

I cannot leave unsaid if I am there, or else I must not be present at all."

The result was that he sought a loophole by asking me to think it over. I could not refuse that, so we parted. I am certain, you know, that he was not pleased with me. But I was more pleased with myself than I have been for a long time. . . . Caesar's last word, which I had almost forgotten, was very disagreeable: "If I may not make use of your advice, I shall use what I can get and stop at nothing." . . . And then? Well, he went on to Pedum and I to Arpinum. . . .

I am longing for a letter from you. You can't say, as you have done before, "Wait and see." The limit of that was to be our meeting; in that I am quite sure that I have offended him. So I must act at once. Please send me a letter full of politics. As I say, I am longing for a letter from you.

Yours ever,
CICERO

CAESAR AND POSTERITY

THE speech from which these extracts are taken was made by Cicero in the Senate in 46 B.C., when Julius Caesar allowed a vote to be passed recalling from exile Marcus Claudius Marcellus, one of his own most irreconcilable opponents and a follower of Pompey. Cicero's speech is almost entirely in praise of Caesar, whom he now hopes to welcome as the restorer of the Republic.

It is true, Gaius Caesar, that the fame of your military glory will be celebrated not by our lips and our literature alone, but by practically the whole world; nor shall any age ever be silent concerning your renown. And yet

somehow it seems to me that great deeds of war are drowned even in the pages of history by the shouts of soldiers and the blare of trumpets. But when we hear or read of some act of mercy, of kindness, of justice, of self-control, or of wisdom, especially if it be done in the heat of passion, the foe of counsel, or by a conqueror, who naturally tends to pride and arrogance, how our hearts burn with love for men we have never seen, whether they be real men or only heroes of fiction! How great then shall be our praise for you, how great our loyalty and devotion to you—you whom we see among us, whose thoughts and feelings we see reflected in your face, your wish to save all that the fortune of war has left of the Republic! I swear that the very walls of this council-chamber seem to long to thank you. . . .

This day you are right to rank above all your great days of triumph and thanksgiving. For this deed belongs to Caesar alone; all those other victories, great as they were, you won as leader, but there was a great multitude to follow you. In this action you are both leader and follower; and it is a great action. Time will bring to an end your trophies and monuments (for old age destroys all the works of men's hands), but this justice and clemency of yours gains day by day a greater glory, so that even if passing years diminish your material achievements they add more and more to your honour. Indeed, you had already surpassed all previous victors in civil war in justice and mercy; but to-day you have conquered yourself. . . . You seem to have been victorious over victory, since you have not exacted from the conquered all that victory had won for you. For although by the laws of victory we, the conquered, should all have been ruined, by the judgment of your clemency we have

been spared. Rightly therefore are you named 'Unconquered,' for you have been victorious over the very nature and strength of victory itself. . . .

Think not that your life consists only in the union of body and spirit; nay, that is your true life, that which shall live in the memory of all the centuries, which posterity shall cherish, which eternity itself shall ever protect. To the future you must look, to the future you must turn; you have long given it much to admire; now it waits also for something to honour. It is true that men in ages to come will marvel when they hear and read of your commands, both in the army and the provinces, of the Rhine, the Northern Ocean, the Nile, your numberless battles, your incredible victories, your monuments, your gifts to the people, your triumphs. But, unless this city is firmly established by your policy and your laws, it may be that your name will wander far and wide, but it will not have a certain home and a sure abiding-place.

Among those, too, who come after us, there will be, as there has been among us, a great division of opinion about you; for some will praise your achievements to the skies, while others perhaps will look for something more and that not the least important thing—unless you quench the smouldering fires of civil war by preserving the Republic, so that your military success may seem to be due to good fortune, while your home policy is your own work. Mould your actions therefore to please those critics who will pass judgment on your work many centuries hence; and, indeed, I believe their judgment will be fairer than ours; for it will not be coloured by affection or greed, hatred or envy. And furthermore, even if, as some think, it will not matter to you then,

now in truth it does matter that you should so act that oblivion will never blot out your glory.

A FORMIDABLE GUEST

THIS letter describes a visit of Julius Caesar to Cicero's villa at Puteoli, near Naples; it was at the time of the Saturnalia, a public holiday and carnival, which was held throughout Italy in December. Caesar was at the height of his power in 46 B.C., and while Cicero was nervous of what would happen and secretly hated Caesar's absolute rule, yet he obviously enjoyed entertaining the great man.

PUTEOLI

[*December 19th*, 45 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

Oh, what a formidable visitor I have just had! But I don't regret it, for he seemed to enjoy himself very much. But on the evening of December 18th, when he arrived at Philip's, the house was so packed with soldiers that they could hardly keep the room empty where Caesar was to dine; there were actually two thousand men. So you can imagine how nervous I was, wondering what would happen next day; so Cassius Barba came to the rescue and gave me a guard. The camp was pitched outside and my villa was protected.

The next day, which was the third day of the Saturnalian holidays, he stayed at Philip's till nearly one and allowed no one in—probably doing accounts with Balbus. Then he went for a walk on the beach. Some time after two he took his bath and then heard about Mamurra, but his expression gave away nothing. He dressed and sat down to dinner; he was taking the emetic cure and so he was able to enjoy his meal without fear of indigestion;

certainly it was a good dinner and well served, but that wasn't all:

Our food was of the best,
Seasoned with wit and jest.

There were three other dining-rooms in which his suite were most hospitably entertained. Their servants and slaves had everything they wanted, though the gentlemen had more luxuries. To cut a long story short, we behaved like ordinary human beings; still, he is not the kind of guest to whom you would say, "I should love you to drop in again on your way back." Once is enough. There was no serious conversation, but the talk ran a good deal on literary things. In fact, he was delighted and seemed to enjoy himself; he said he would be one day at Puteoli and another near Baiae. Now you have the story of his visit, or rather his 'billeting'; I didn't, as I say, look forward to it, but it was not a great bother.

I am here for a short visit, then go to Tusculum. As he rode past Dolabella's house, his whole guard formed up on either side of him. This I have from Nicias.

Yours ever,
CICERO

THE ANXIOUS PARENT

THIS letter was written to Atticus nearly two months after Julius Caesar's assassination. Cicero was spending some time in the Bay of Naples, moving to and fro between the villas he owned in that beautiful part of Italy.

He is anxious about his son Marcus at the University of Athens, and wants Atticus to lend him money for a surprise visit to the young man, whose tutors, Leonides and Herodes, have no good reports to make on their

pupil. Cicero always hoped that his son would have literary tastes like his own, but Marcus had no interest in anything but soldiering; the large allowance his father gave him enabled him to lead a gay life at the University.

PUTEOLI

[*May 3rd*, 44 B.C.]

MY DEAR ATTICUS,

I am sending off this letter on the 3rd of May, and at the moment I am just taking a boat from the Cluvian Gardens after handing over to our Pilia my villa on the Lucrine Lake, complete with all the servants. I myself, to-day, am making a descent on our friend Paetus and his cheese and sardines; in a very few days I shall go to Pompeii and then I mean to sail back to my domains at Puteoli and Cumae. What lovely spots they are in every way except for crowds of visitors, which almost make you keep away from them. . . .

Now, my dear Atticus, do make things all right for me. I want to run over to Greece as soon as I have completely satisfied Brutus. For it will make a great difference to my son and to me, as a matter of fact to both of us, if I look in to see him at his studies. For, I ask you, what is there in that letter from Leonides, which you sent on to me, to give me great pleasure? I shall never be satisfied with a report of satisfactory progress, which is qualified by "as he is going on at present." There is no sign of confidence in that, only of anxiety. Now, I told Herodes to write to me in detail, but so far I have not heard a word from him. I am afraid he has had no pleasant news for me.

I am very grateful to you for writing to Xeno; it is important for my reputation as well as for my duty as a father that my boy should not be short of money. . . .

Thank you so much for letting me know Attica was better before I knew she had been ill.

Yours ever,

CICERO

THE LAST FIGHT

AFTER the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44 B.C. his friend and political supporter, Mark Antony, took possession of all his private papers ; during the confusion which followed Caesar's death Mark Antony obtained for himself wealth and popularity by using documents which purported to be all signed (as some of them actually were) by Caesar in order to further his own plans and wishes ; Caesar's signature had by law been made valid after his death. Mark Antony also made himself master of Rome by armed guards, for public opinion was now turning against the conspirators who killed Caesar. Cicero attacked Mark Antony violently in a series of fourteen speeches called the *Philippics*. The closing words of the second Philippic are given here ; it is the most famous of them all, though it was only written and never actually delivered.

But let us leave the past ; defend if you can this one day, only this one, I repeat, to-day, this moment of time at which I speak. Why is the Senate shut in by a ring of armed men ? Why do your satellites listen to me with swords in their hands ? Why are the gates of the Temple of Peace not open ? Why do you bring men of all races, even barbarians, Asiatic archers, into the Forum ? He says he does it as a guard for himself. Surely it is better to perish a thousand times than to be unable to live in your own country without an armed guard ? But, believe me, that is no guard ; you ought to be ringed

round by the love and goodwill of your fellow-citizens, not by armed men. The Roman people will snatch them, will tear them from you—may they do so while we are still alive—but however you deal with us, as long as you pursue such a policy, you cannot, believe me, remain long in power. . . . The people of Rome have men to whom they can entrust the helm of the ship of state. . . . The State also has young men of noble family ready to defend it. . . . The name of peace is sweet, and peace itself is a blessing; but between peace and slavery there is a great difference. Peace is the tranquillity of freedom, slavery is the worst of all evils; it must be resisted with war, nay, even with death. . . .

Remember, Mark Antony, the day on which you abolished the dictatorship; call up before your eyes the joy of the Senate and the people of Rome; compare it with this hateful trafficking of yours and of your followers; then you will understand how great is the difference between profits and honour. . . . But, if you cannot be induced by honour to act as you should, cannot even fear call you from your disgraceful conduct? But, if you do not fear the strength and virtue of your fellow-citizens because your body is protected from them by an armed guard, you may take my word that your own followers will not suffer you much longer. What kind of a life is it to go night and day in fear of your own people? Or have you perhaps supporters bound to you by greater ties of gratitude than Caesar had among those by whose hand he met his death? Are you to be compared with him in any respect? He possessed natural genius, brain-power, memory, literary ability, powers of concentration, of thought, of hard work; he had performed military feats, which, though disastrous to the Republic,

were at any rate wonderful; for many years he had aimed at kingly power and after great toil and many dangers he had achieved his purpose; the ignorant masses he had won over by shows, by great public buildings, by extra allowances to soldiers, by feasts; he had bound his own party to him by rewards, his opponents by a show of clemency; need I say more? Partly by fear, partly by patience, he had accustomed a free people to slavery.

While I can liken you to him in your greed of power, in nothing else are you worthy to be compared with him. But from all the evil which he branded on the State, this one good thing has at least come, that now the people of Rome have learnt whom to believe, whom to trust, whom to fear. Do you not consider, do you not realize that it is enough for men of courage to have learnt how fair a deed it is to kill a tyrant, how it brings gratitude in the present and glory in the future? If men could not endure Caesar, will they tolerate you? Take my word, there will be a rush of volunteers for the deed, and the opportunity will not be long delayed.

Come to your senses, I beseech you, at last; think of your ancestors, of those with whom you live; treat me as you will; but do be reconciled to the State. But you will see your own policy and I will make my own statement. As a young man I defended the Republic, I will not desert it in my old age; I despised the swords of Catiline, I will not fear yours. Nay, I would gladly offer even my life, if by my death the freedom of the State can be bought here and now, so that at last the pain of the Roman people may bring forth that with which it has been so long in travail. For if nearly twenty years ago I said in this very temple that death could not come too soon to a man who had been consul, how much more

truly shall I say it of an old man! Indeed, Senators, I long now for death, since I have finished all my achievements and my work. Two things only I desire: one, that dying I may leave the people of Rome free—the immortal gods can give me no greater gift—and the other, that each man may do his duty to the Republic.

ON FRIENDSHIP

THE following passages come from an essay on friendship written by Cicero the year before he was killed, and dedicated to his life-long friend Atticus. The essay is in the form of a conversation between Laelius and his two sons-in-law. Laelius and his friend Scipio were the 'David and Jonathan' of ancient Rome. They were both distinguished men, who lived in the century before Cicero and were devoted to the study of Greek, which during their lifetime was introduced into Rome. This conversation is supposed to take place just after Scipio's death; Laelius is speaking.

To begin with, how can life be worth living, unless, as Ennius says, it rests in the love of friends for one another? What is sweeter than to have some one to whom you can tell everything like a second self? How could you really enjoy prosperity, unless you had some one to share your rejoicings? Adversity, too, it would be harder to bear without a friend to regret it more than yourself. In a word, other blessings which men desire have advantages suited to special needs; riches bring chances of spending; influence brings popularity; holding offices brings reputation; pleasures bring joy; health brings freedom from pain and bodily activity; friendship holds many gifts.

Wherever you turn, friendship is with you, never cut off from you, never out of place, never tiresome; and so we stand in no greater need even of water and fire, as the saying is, than of friendship. I am speaking now not of ordinary, common friendship, though even that gives pleasure and help, but of that true and perfect friendship between men like the few that I have mentioned. For friendship makes happiness brighter and sorrow lighter by sharing it and dividing it.

Among all the great blessings of friendship the one which certainly excels all others is the fair light of hope which it throws forward, suffering men's courage neither to weaken nor fail. For it is true that when you look at your friend you seem to look at a kind of likeness of yourself. Therefore, the absent are present, the needy become rich, the weak gain strength, and, in a manner of speaking, the dead live; so great is the honour, the remembrance, and the love of their friends which accompanies them. So their death seems happy and the life of their friends worthy of all honour. . . .

Scipio often used to say: "There is nothing more difficult than for friendship to last as long as life. For often friends have different interests or hold different political opinions; the characters of men change too, sometimes when misfortune comes, sometimes as they grow older. An example of this is given at the beginning of life, for boys often drop their greatest friends when they leave school; but even if these friendships last on into manhood, they are often broken by a quarrel either about marriage or some other advantage both of them want and only one of them can have. And if they have advanced still further in friendship, yet often it receives a blow when they compete with one another in public life;

for there is no more deadly foe to friendship than—among the majority—greed of riches and—even among the best—strife for political success; frequently these cause most serious quarrels between pairs of very great friends. Estrangements occur, too, and often rightly, when a man demands something of his friends which is wrong, for instance that they become parties to his wrong-doing by helping or encouraging him in vice; if they refuse, even with the best intentions, yet their disappointed friends say they are abandoning the laws of friendship. . . .

So let this be the first sacred law of friendship, that we only ask of our friends and that we only do for our friends that which is honourable; and let us not even wait till we are asked; let us be always ready to help without a moment's hesitation; but let us have the courage to offer advice freely; in friendship the good advice of friends should have great weight and influence, and, if the occasion demand, this influence should be summoned to give counsel which is severe as well as candid; and when it is summoned it should be obeyed. . . .

For my part, among all the gifts which Fortune or Nature has given me, I have nothing to compare with the friendship of Scipio. In it I found agreement about politics, sympathy in my private life, refreshment that was ever delightful. I never offended him even in the slightest way, as far at least as I am aware; I never heard a word from him which I should regret. We shared everything—home, food, battles, travels, country life. How can I tell you adequately of our studies together, for we were always anxious to learn and know? So we spent all our leisure time, when we were removed from the public eye. If the recollection and remembrance of these joys had perished with him, I could never bear the loss of

the man who was my dearest friend. But they are not dead ; they rather grow and increase as I ponder over and remember them ; and if I had been totally bereft of them, yet my very old age brings me consolation, for I cannot long now be spared to mourn his loss ; it is indeed true that even great sorrows ought to be easier to bear if they are short. This is what I had to say about friendship. And you I would ask to believe that there is nothing of greater value than friendship except only nobility of character, and without that there can be no true friendship.

OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR

THIS short extract is taken from a long book which Cicero wrote at the end of his life to his son Marcus, who was then at the University of Athens and was causing his father anxiety by his wildness. So Cicero wrote him a guide to life and described in a popular form the duties of a good man and the elements of a fine character. At Rome in the time of Cicero religion did not concern itself with character and morals, and therefore the moral instruction of all educated men was taken from the philosophers of Greece ; Cicero adapts many of their ideas in this book.

Largeness of mind and loftiness of spirit, courtesy, justice, and generosity are much more in accordance with Nature than are selfish pleasures, riches, and life itself ; it is the mark of a great and lofty spirit to despise the latter and to count them as nothing in comparison with the common good.

In the same way it is more in accordance with Nature to imitate, if possible, the great Hercules, whom popular

belief in gratitude for his services has placed in the council of the gods, by undergoing great toil and trouble to save or help all nations, than to live in solitude, not only free from worries, but in the midst of all kinds of pleasures and luxury, excelling all others in beauty and strength. Therefore the better and more noble a man's character the more does he prefer a life of service to a life of pleasure. From this it follows that a man who is obedient to Nature cannot harm his fellow-man.

Therefore all men ought to have one aim, to make the interest of society and the individual one and the same; for, if the individual snatches for himself the interest of all, human fellowship will be completely destroyed. Further, if Nature ordains that a human being shall wish to work for the advantage of his fellow-man, just because he also is a human being, it follows that in accordance with the same Nature there are advantages which are common to all men. But if this is so we are all bound by the same law of Nature, and, if that is also true, we are certainly forbidden by the law of Nature to harm our neighbour. Now the first statement is true; therefore the second is also true. For it is absurd to say, as some people do, "I will not rob my father or mother or brother for my own advantage, but other people are quite a different matter." In effect, these people hold that they are bound to their fellow-citizens by no rights, no social ties, no common interests; this point of view destroys the whole fabric of citizenship.

Those, too, who say that we must have regard to our fellow-citizens but not to foreigners are destroying the universal brotherhood of mankind; and when this is gone kindness, generosity, goodness, justice are completely gone too.

ON OLD AGE

WHEN Cicero was sixty-two he wrote and dedicated to his friend Atticus, who was three years older, an essay on old age, to encourage him to face it with a calm spirit. The essay is cast in the form of a conversation supposed to have taken place in the year 150 B.C. between the famous Marcus Porcius Cato, who was then nearly eighty-four, and two distinguished young soldiers and scholars, Laelius and Scipio, who were noted for their close friendship with one another.

Cato is chosen as the central figure of the essay, because he remained active and vigorous in extreme old age, and also because Cicero wished in those turbulent times which followed the death of Caesar to set before his readers the strong character of a great man of Republican days. The passage which follows is taken from the end of the essay and deals chiefly with death and with the life of the soul after death. Cicero takes many of his arguments from Plato, of whom he was a devoted follower. Just about the time when this essay was written Cicero was mourning the death of his beloved daughter Tullia, and he voices his longing for certainty about a future life through the words of Cato, who is supposed to speak this passage.

There is a fourth reason which seems to cause constant trouble and anxiety to men of my age—the approach of death, which certainly cannot be far away from an old man. But how pitiable is that old man who does not see that he should despise death, since life is so long! Either he should disregard death altogether, if it completely destroys the soul, or else he should desire it eagerly, if it

leads him where he will live for ever. No third alternative can be discovered. So what need I fear if after death I shall either be happy or beyond the reach of misery? . . .

It is true that hours pass, and days and months and years, nor does time that is past ever return, nor can the future be known. Each man must be content with the length of life allotted to him. For the actor must not perform his play over again to win approval, even the act in which he received most applause; so wise men ought not to want to reach the fall of the curtain, for a short life is long enough to be lived well and honourably; but if life lasts longer we must grieve no more than country people grieve when the sweetness of spring is gone and the summer and autumn have come. For spring is like youth; it gives signs and promise of harvest to come; but the other seasons are made for gathering in the harvest and enjoying it. The harvest of old age, as I have often said, is the abundant memory of blessings received in the past. Now, we must count as blessings everything which happens by the laws of Nature; therefore, what is more natural for old men than death? When death comes to young men Nature fights it and opposes it. Therefore the death of young men seems to me like the quenching of a fierce flame by buckets of water, but when old men die it is like a fire burnt low, which goes out of its own accord without need of force; and as it is difficult to tear apples from the trees if they are green, but when they are ripened by the sun they fall from the branches, so it needs force to take life from the young, but old men are ripe for death. You know this thought gives me great pleasure, so that as I grow nearer to death I seem to be like a sailor who sees the land and will soon be in harbour after a long voyage. . . .

I do not see why I should not venture to tell you what I feel about death, because, the nearer I am to it, the clearer I seem to see it. I believe, Publius Scipio and you too, Caius Laelius, that your fathers are still alive—splendid men they were and great friends of mine—and that they are living the only life which is worthy of mention. For while we are shut in by this bodily frame we are discharging a certain duty and important work appointed by Fate; but the soul belongs to Heaven and has been sent down from its home on high and almost drowned on earth, which is a place not suited to the divine nature and eternity. But I believe the immortal gods scattered souls into human bodies in order that there might be men to watch over the earth and in contemplation of the heavenly order to imitate it by moderation and steadfastness of life. I have not only reached this belief through reasoning and argument, but also through the influence of the greatest and most famous philosophers. I used to hear that Pythagoras and his followers—natives of this country since they were long ago called the 'Italian School' of philosophy—were convinced that we had souls distilled from the Universal Mind, which is divine. . . . I am convinced and I believe that since human minds are so swift and have such memory for the past and knowledge of the future, and have devised so many arts and branches of knowledge and made such great discoveries, the essence of that which embraces all these things cannot be mortal. . . .

No one will ever convince me, Scipio, that your father Paulus, or your two grandfathers, Paulus and Africanus, or the father of Africanus and his uncle, or the multitude of famous men whom it is not necessary to mention, would have striven to achieve deeds which should belong

to the memory of the future, unless they believed that the future belonged also to themselves. Or do you imagine—to blow my own trumpet a little, as old men do—that I should have worked as hard as I have done night and day, at home and in the field, if my glory were to be bounded by the end of life? Would it not have been much better to pass a leisured and quiet life without labour and strife? But my soul seemed to be always alert, looking forward to the future, as though it would only be really alive when it had finally departed this life. . . . I am borne forward too by my longing to see your fathers, whom I honoured and loved, and not only do I long to meet those whom I knew in person, but those also of whom I have heard and read and written myself. . . .

And if some god were to grant me as a gift to go back to my childhood again and to lie crying in my cradle I should certainly refuse, and I should not like it any more than a horse who has run his race likes to be called back from the winning-post to the start again. What profit is there in life? Is it not full of labour? Grant that it is; there is also a limit and a measure to it. For I do not like to deplore life, as many even learned men have often done, nor do I regret my life since I have so lived that I think I have not been born in vain; and I depart from life as from a hostelry, not as from a home; for Nature has given it to us as an inn to rest in, not as a dwelling-place. Oh, glorious day, when I shall depart from this base multitude and go to the divine council and company of souls!

Roman Virgil

Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word;

. . . . . .

Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Caesar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

. . . . . .

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

THIS is the ode which Tennyson wrote at the request of the people of Mantova, to celebrate the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of Virgil's birth. It sums up in a few words the attitude of later ages to the man who has been called "the poet of all the Latin races."

His friend and contemporary, the poet Horace, said that Nature never made a fairer soul that Virgil's, and the story is told that once when he entered the theatre the whole audience rose to honour him. So greatly were his poems loved in the years following his death that men scratched lines from them on the walls of their houses, and some of these scribblings can still be seen among the ruins of Pompeii and in the Baths of Titus at Rome. Alone too among Pagan writers Virgil received immediate honour from the Christians, who called him " the prophet of the Gentiles " and " a soul by nature Christian." In the medieval Church he was greatly venerated, and Dante chooses him to be the guide through Hell and Purgatory in his great vision of life after death. So, too, a medieval Mass of St Paul pictures the Apostle as visiting the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, as he was on his way to Rome.

To Virgil's tomb Saint Paul was led,
And falling fast upon the ground
His tender tears were seen ;
" Greatest of poets," then he said,
" If thee still living I had found,
A saint thou wouldst have been."

The life of Virgil, like that of certain other poets whose writings have deeply touched men's hearts, was lived largely in quietness and retirement. He was born on October 15th in the year 50 B.C. at Andes, a little village near Mantova, away in the northern fertile plains which lie at the foot of the Alps. Though his parents were poor, he was given a good education, for he went to school at Cremona and Milan ; when he was seventeen he went to Rome to study literature and philosophy ; just then Cicero was in his prime and Catullus and his friends were the centre of literary circles at Rome.

After the final defeat of Julius Caesar's murderers at

NAPLES FROM ABOVE THE POSILIPO ROAD
Photo Alinari

the battle of Philippi, Virgil's family lost their small farm in the general confiscations of land from districts which had taken the Republican side in the Civil War. But Asinius Pollio, the administrator of that particular district, was also a patron of literature, and he introduced Virgil to the circle of Augustus, the new ruler of the Roman world. Virgil was given a small estate in the hills of Campania, and just about that time he published his *Eclogues*; these were short poems written in imitation of the Greek poet Theocritus—songs and stories of shepherds and shepherdesses. They were far surpassed by his later work, the *Georgics*, published in 31 B.C., when he was thirty-nine, and the *Aeneid*, never completely finished, and published only after his death. Virgil had intended to destroy the *Aeneid*, but he died suddenly at Brindisi on September 25th, 19 B.C., when returning from a visit to Greece, and the poem was published by his executors. During the later part of his life Virgil spent a great deal of time at a villa just outside Naples, in the midst of what was then, as now, some of the most beautiful coast scenery in Italy. His ashes were buried at his own request near this spot, and the place of his tomb is still shown on the Posilipo road.

It is on the *Georgics* and the *Aeneid* that Virgil's place among the great poets of the world is founded. The *Georgics* are four poems on what sounds a prosaic subject—farming; they include the cultivation of the ground, the care of animals, vine-growing, bee-keeping, and other branches of agriculture. In Virgil's mind these practical things are touched and revealed by the illumination of poetical insight. The *Georgics* are the poem of hard work, the toil of the farmer to win her fruits from the Earth, the poem of simple country life, filled with a

deep love and knowledge of Italy and Italy's peasant peoples.

The *Aeneid*, written in twelve books, is the story of the wanderings of Aeneas from the Greek city of Troy, in Asia Minor, to the land of Italy, where he is destined to make a settlement from which shall come in the end the founders of Rome ; but this story, interwoven with Greek legend and Roman history, is not so much the story of Aeneas as the poem of the Roman people. To Virgil the rise of Rome and her dominion over all the known world seemed majestic and full of awe ; in the fulfilment of Rome's destiny he saw the working out of some unexplained purpose which controlled human affairs ; but, though the hero of his poem seems at times to be simply the instrument of a divinely appointed quest, Virgil's own mind was full of doubt and questions about the real governance of the Universe and the meaning of human sorrow. He intended, when he had burnt the *Aeneid*, to devote the rest of his life to philosophy—which really meant that he was trying to discover the meaning of life ; he was unsatisfied with his great poem on the glory of Rome, not so much because it was not perfect poetry, as because it was not complete in the real purpose he wished his poetry to attain—the interpretation of life.

Later generations rejoice that the *Aeneid* was never burnt ; it is a magnificent epic of a great people, it makes a profound appeal to the deepest feelings of the human heart, and its beauty of language and stately music have never been equalled in the Latin tongue. In a translation of Virgil almost more than of any other Latin author the real beauty of the original is lost ; not only is the metre in which both the *Aeneid* and the *Georgics* are written unsuited to the cadences of the

English language, but much of the essential pathos and passion of the poetry is wrapped inextricably in the actual words which express it. Perhaps the very different metre used by Edmund Spenser in the *Faerie Queene* is in its general effect the nearest we can get in English to the richness and music of Virgil's "ocean-roll of rhythm." There is more than a surface likeness between the two poets, though their lives were passed, the one almost in retirement, the other in the storms of war and political life. The love of Virgil for Rome and Italy finds its echo in the passionate devotion of Elizabethan Englishmen to their country, which was to them all summed up in devotion to Queen Elizabeth herself; this pride and love Spenser expresses in his dedication of the *Faerie Queene* "to live with the eternitie of her fame."

IN PRAISE OF ITALY

In this passage Virgil gathers up all his love for Italy into a chant of praise; he declares that none of the glories of the East can excel her beauty. He tells of the wine from Monte Massico near his home in Campania, of the corn and olive-trees; he praises her horses and oxen, and the white flocks which were said to take their whiteness from the river Clitumnus, in Umbria; in famous lines he summons up a vision of Italy—the old-time cities, the countless hill-towns, the rivers gliding under ancient walls; even a casual traveller by train through Italy to-day may see how true a picture Virgil's is.

Then he passes on to the beautiful lakes of the north and to the new harbour made by Agrippa at the northern tip of the Bay of Naples; a canal was cut to connect the 'Lucrine mere,' a lagoon on the shore, with Lake Avernus

further inland, and then a sea-wall was built to protect the Lucrine Lake on its outer side, leaving only a narrow opening for ships to pass in and out. The harbour was called ' Julian ' in honour of the family of the Emperor Augustus. Virgil goes on to praise the victories of the Emperor and to declare the purpose of his poem—to glorify the soil of Italy and the tillers of the soil. A poem of this kind had never before been written in Latin, though the Greeks had made ' country songs.'

No matchless wealth of forestry
  That Persians boast, nor Ganges fair,
  And Hermus eddying gold compare
With the renown of Italy.
Bokhara cannot vie with her,
  Nor India, nor the fragrant strand
  Of the Arabian fairyland.
Not of this ground do men aver
The soil was ploughed up by a breed
  Of bulls with nostrils belching flame
  And bore a bristling crop that came
From mighty dragons' teeth for seed.
Helmeted spearmen sprang from these ;
  But here abundant harvest fills
  The land, and wine from Massic hills
And jocund herds and olive trees.
Here is the fiery war-horse bred
  That charges prancing o'er the plain.
  The bull, the chief of victims slain,
And snow-white flocks from here have led
The Roman conqueror's proud advance
  To temples of the gods. The same
  White flocks, holy Clitumnus, came

To bathe in thy pure stream's expanse.
Here dwells the spring, and summertide
  Tarries beyond her season due.
  Our cattle twice their breed renew ;
Two apple crops the trees provide.
Far hence ferocious tigers fare,
  And all the lion's savage kind.
  No hapless folk agleaning find
Deceptive monkshood : from elsewhere
Along the ground the serpent trails
  With fearful speed in circles vast,
  Or gathers all his length at last
Compact in one huge coil of scales.
Her cities great, memorials
  Of bygone toil, each town that stands
  Piled on sheer rocks by human hands,
Rivers that glide 'neath ancient walls,
These praise—and seas that lave her shore
  On either coast, and mighty lakes ;
  Thee, Garda, with the wave that breaks
Ascending with an ocean roar,
And Como, greatest of them all.
  Or should I tell of harbours here
  And ramparts round the Lucrine mere
Newly upreared, or else recall
The clashing thunder of the sea
  Indignant at the Julian gates
  Where the far wave reverberates
Ocean's recoil, and, breaking free,
The Tuscan surge flows through the strait
  On toward Avernus ? This our land
  Shows also many a silver strand
From out her veins and metal weight

Of brass, and pours forth plenteous gold.
A valiant race our country reared;
Heroes of Marsian breed revered,
And the Sabellian tribe of old.
Here grew the strong Ligurian
Inured to injury. 'Tis she
Who raised the mighty Camilli,
The Decii, the Marian clan,
The Volscian spearmen, and that race
So dread in war, the Scipios;
Thee, mighty Caesar, o'er thy foes
Now conqueror in the furthest place
Of Asia's borders, whom we see
Driving the faint-heart Indian back,
To save Rome's towers from attack.
Hail, mighty Mother, hail to thee!
Blest land of Saturn, Italy!
Parent of men, and harvest store,
For thee I seek the ancient lore
Of famous art and history.
For thee I dare that holy spring
Unseal again, still unafraid;
And country songs the Greeks have made
Through our Italian towns I sing.

Translated by PHYLLIS H. TAUNTON

THE OLD PEASANT

THIS picture of the Italian peasant is as true to-day as it was in Virgil's time. Though the rose-gardens of Paestum are gone, the gardens of Italian villas are bright with roses and many-coloured flowers; yet it is not to them that Virgil gives chief place, nor yet to the wild herbs

and vegetables and the flowers of mountain and seashore. He describes instead the old man, who in the south of Italy, near Taranto, tends his little plot of waste ground and makes it into a garden.

There are thousands of little plots like it in Italy to-day, where the peasants toil from dawn till dark to grow the vegetables for their simple meals; there is always a border or clump of tall Madonna lilies and a few stocks or carnations. Sometimes up on steep hillsides ledges, which appear accessible only to goats, carry their little crop—some clover or a few rows of lettuces or a clump of beans. In this characteristic of unceasing toil the modern Italian peasant can claim direct descent from Virgil's veteran. And in the evening, when he sits to talk and drink in the shade of the plane-tree, it is only very weak wine and water that he drinks, and not much of that.

Would I had time to sing the care
Of Roman gardens, rich and fair,
And Paestum's roses, where each tree
Blooms twice a year, and chicory
That loves a brook, while parsley green
Covers the banks, and gourds are seen
Twisted and swollen, creeping through
The grass, the late narcissus too,
Leaves of acanthus curving round,
Myrtles that by the sea abound,
And ivy pale! For long ago
Beneath the walls of Taranto,
Where golden cornfields deck the shore
Of dark Galaesus' stream, I saw
A veteran who once had fought
In Pompey's wars, and now had sought

Just a few acres of waste ground,
Where grazing herds no pasture found,
Not fit for corn or vines; and yet
Amid the thorns his plants he set,
Green saladings, the poppy small,
Verbenas, lilies white and tall;
There he was happy as a king,
And coming home at night would bring
For supper dainties all home-grown
To load his table; when the stone
Was cleft in winter by the cold,
And frost had grasped with iron hold
The running water's stream, then he
Soft-petalled hyacinths would be
Gathering, and would grumbling say:
"Summer is late; west winds delay."
His the first roses of the spring;
For him would trees in autumn fling
The first ripe apples; first his bees
Would swarm from hives and he would squeeze
From combs the honey, frothing gold.
Lime-trees were his and pine-trees old;
Wealth of ripe apples too he had
In autumn, spring with blossom clad
His trees; each flow'r an apple grew.
In rows his trees he planted too,
Late elms half-grown, the hardwood pear,
The blackthorn ready sloes to bear,
The plane whose boughs already made
Shelter for drinkers in the shade.

THE FALL OF TROY

THE Greeks besieged the city of Troy in Asia Minor for ten years without success. In the end they took it by a stratagem; the Greek fleet pretended to sail away and in the abandoned camp was left a huge wooden horse filled with Greek soldiers. This horse with the help of a Trojan traitor called Sinon was dragged into Troy, and, late at night when all the Trojans were asleep tired out after their rejoicings at deliverance from the siege, the Greeks came out of the horse and fell on the unsuspecting city; meantime the Greek fleet had returned from the island of Tenedos, where they had been waiting, and in a great battle by night Troy was taken and burned.

The story of the fall of Troy is here told by the Trojan Aeneas, who was to be the founder of Rome. The spirit of the great Trojan hero, Hector, who had been killed earlier in the siege, appears to him in a vision and warns him that the last hours of Troy and of Priam, the King of Troy, have come. He bids Aeneas take the sacred fire from the temple of the Hearth-goddess, Vesta, and flee across the seas to found a new and greater city. So Aeneas with his old father, Anchises, and his little son, Iulus, fights his way out of the doomed city.

Throughout this poem the Greeks are called Myrmidons, Argives, or Danaans, and the Trojans are sometimes called Dardans:

And now the heaven rolled round. From ocean rushed
The Night, and wrapt in shadow earth and air
And Myrmidonian wiles. In silence hushed,
The Trojans through the city here and there,
Outstretched in sleep, their weary limbs repair.

Meanwhile from neighbouring Tenedos once more,
Beneath the tranquil moonbeam's friendly care,
With ordered ships along the deep sea-floor,
Back came the Argive host, and sought the well-known shore.

Forth from the royal galley sprang the flame,
When Sinon, screened by partial Fate, withdrew
The bolts and barriers of the pinewood frame,
And from its inmost caverns, bared to view,
The fatal horse disgorged the Danaan crew.
With joy from out the hollow wood they bound;
First, dire Ulysses, with his captains two,
Thessander bold and Sthenelus renowned,
Down by a pendent rope come sliding to the ground.

Then Thoas comes; and Acamas, athirst
For blood; and Neoptolemus, the heir
Of mighty Peleus; and Machaon first;
And Menelaus; and himself is there,
Epeus, framer of the fatal snare.
Now, stealing forward, on the town they fall,
Buried in wine and sleep, the guards o'erbear,
And ope the gates; their comrades at the call
Pour in and, joining bands, all muster by the wall.

'Twas now the time when on tired mortals crept
First slumber, sweetest that celestials pour.
Methought I saw poor Hector, as I slept,
All bathed in tears and black with dust and gore,
Dragged by the chariot and his swol'n feet sore
With piercing thongs. Ah me! how sad to view,
How changed from him, that Hector, whom of yore
Returning with Achilles' spoils we knew,
When on the ships of Greece his Phrygian fires he threw

Foul is his beard, his hair is stiff with gore,
And fresh the wounds, those many wounds, remain,
Which erst around his native walls he bore.
Then, weeping too, I seem in sorrowing strain
To hail the hero, with a voice of pain.
" O light of Troy, our refuge ! Why and how
This long delay ? Whence comest thou again,
Long-looked-for Hector ? How with aching brow,
Worn out by toil and death, do we behold thee now !

" But oh ! what dire indignity hath marred
The calmness of thy features ? Tell me, why
With ghastly wounds do I behold thee scarred ? "
To such vain quest he cared not to reply,
But, heaving from his breast a deep-drawn sigh,
" Fly, Goddess-born ! and get thee from the fire !
The foes," he said, " are on the ramparts. Fly !
All Troy is tumbling from her topmost spire.
No more can Priam's land, nor Priam's self require.

" Could Troy be saved by mortal prowess, mine,
Yea, mine had saved her. To thy guardian care
She doth her Gods and ministries consign.
Take them, thy future destinies to share,
And seek for them another home elsewhere,
That mighty city, which for thee and thine
O'er traversed ocean shall the Fates prepare."
He spake, and quickly seized from Vesta's shrine
The deathless fire and wreaths and effigy divine.

Meanwhile a mingled murmur through the street
Rolls onward—wails of anguish, shrieks of fear,
And though my father's mansion stood secrete,

Embowered in foliage, nearer and more near
Peals the dire clang of arms, and loud and clear,
Borne on fierce echoes that in tumult blend,
War-shout and wail come thickening on the ear.
I start from sleep, the parapet ascend,
And from the sloping roof with eager ears attend.

Like as a fire, when Southern gusts are rude,
Falls on the standing harvest of the plain,
Or torrent, hurtling with a mountain flood,
Whelms field and oxen's toil and smiling grain,
And rolls whole forests headlong to the main,
While weetless of [1] the noise, on neighbouring height,
Tranced in mute wonder, stands the listening swain,
Then, then I see that Hector's words were right,
And all the Danaan wiles are naked to the light.

And now, Deiphobus, thy halls of pride,
Bowed by the flames, come ruining through the air;
Next burn Ucalegon's, and far and wide
The broad Sigean reddens with the glare.
Then come the clamour and the trumpet's blare.
Madly I rush to arms; though vain the fight,
Yet burns my soul, in fury and despair,
To rally a handful and to hold the height:
Sweet seems a warrior's death and danger a delight.

Lo, Panthus, flying from the Grecian bands,
Panthus, the son of Othrys, Phoebus' seer,
Bearing the sacred vessels in his hands,
And vanquished home-gods, to the door draws near,
His grandchild clinging to his side in fear.
"Panthus," I cry, "how fares the fight? What tower

[1] Ignorant of.

Still hold we ? " Sighing, he replies, " 'Tis here,
The final end of all the Dardan power,
The last, sad day has come, the inevitable hour.

" Troy was, and we were Trojans, now, alas !
No more, for perished is the Dardan fame.
Fierce Jove to Argos biddeth all to pass,
And Danaans rule a city wrapt in flame.
High in the citadel the monstrous frame
Pours forth an armèd deluge to the day,
And Sinon, puffed with triumph, spreads the flame.
Part throng the gates, part block each narrow way ;
Such hosts Mycenae sends, such thousands to the fray.

" Athwart the streets stands ready the array
Of steel, and bare is every blade and bright.
Scarce the first warders of the gates essay
To stand and battle in the blinding night."
So spake the son of Othrys, and forthright,
My spirit stirred with impulse from on high,
I rush to arms amid the flames and fight,
Where yells the war-fiend, and the warrior's cry,
Mixt with the din of strife, mounts upward to the sky.

Here warlike Epytus, renowned in fight,
And valiant Rhipeus gather to our side,
And Hypanis and Dymas, matched in might,
Join with us, by the glimmering moon descried.
Here Mygdon's son, Coroebus, we espied,
Who came to Troy, Cassandra's love to gain,
And now his troop with Priam's hosts allied ;
Poor youth and heedless ! whom in frenzied strain
His promised bride had warned, but warned, alas ! in vain.

So, when the bold and compact band I see,
" Brave hearts," I cry, " but brave, alas ! in vain ;
If firm your purpose holds to follow me
Who dare the worst, the present plight is plain.
Troy's guardian gods have left her ; altar, fane,
All is deserted, every temple bare.
The town ye aid is burning. Forward, then,
To die and mingle in the tumult's blare.
Sole hope to vanquished men of safety is despair."

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

DIDO AND AENEAS

AENEAS and his companions as they voyage across the seas seeking the land of Italy are driven by a storm into the harbour of Carthage on the north coast of Africa. Carthage is a great and powerful city founded by Phoenicians from Tyre and ruled by a queen, Dido, whose husband, Sychaeus, has been murdered by her own brother ; she receives the Trojans hospitably and falls passionately in love with Aeneas, who lingers for some time at the court of Carthage. But at last, in spite of his royal lover, the commands of the gods bid him push on to Italy to fulfil his destiny and found the city of Rome. No entreaties can make him swerve from his quest, and Dido finally curses him and then climbs upon a funeral pyre and stabs herself to death.

The love-story of Dido is full of pathos and human passion wrought into majestic poetry. St Augustine, centuries after Virgil's poem was written, asks pardon of God for having " wept at the sorrows of Dido " in his pagan youth ; and this tale of love has always touched the heart of men in all ages. Indeed, Virgil has told the story of the deserted queen with such sympathy that to

the modern mind his hero, Aeneas, seems cold and cruel. But Romans of Virgil's time, when they read this poem, would see in the founding of the city of Rome a sacred duty, which it would have been dishonourable for Aeneas to abandon for the sake of a foreign lover.

In the following passage Dido reproaches Aeneas for trying to steal secretly away, declaring that when he is gone the princes of the desert, Pygmalion and Iarbas, will ravage her land and take her prisoner. Aeneas replies that he is not his own master; he must obey the commands of the god Apollo (Grynaean Phoebus) and found the new city in Italy. With the customary Roman awe of the spirits of ancestors he declares that the spirit of his dead father, Anchises, will curse him if he gives up the quest.

" Thought'st thou to steal in silence from the land,
False wretch! and cloak such treason with a lie?
Can neither love, nor this my plighted hand,
Nor dying Dido keep thee? Must thou fly,
When north winds howl, and wintry waves are high?
O cruel! what if home before thee lay,
Not lands unknown, beneath an alien sky,
If Troy were standing, as in ancient day,
Would'st thou for Troy's own sake this angry deep essay?

" *Me* dost thou fly? O, by these tears, thy hand
Late pledged, since madness leaves me naught beside
But lovers' vows and wedlock's sacred band,
Scarce knit and now too soon to be untied;
If aught were pleasing in a new-won bride,
If sweet the memory of our marriage day,
O, by these prayers—if place for prayer abide—
In mercy put that cruel mind away.
Pity a falling house, now hastening to decay.

" For thee the Libyans and each Nomad lord
Hate me, and Tyrians would their queen disown.
My wifely honour is a name abhorred,
And that chaste fame has perished, which alone
Perchance had raised me to a starry throne.
O, think with whom thou leav'st me to my fate,
Dear guest, no longer as a husband known.
Why stay I ? till Pygmalion waste my state,
Or on Iarbas' wheels, a captive queen, to wait ?

" Ah ! if at least, ere thou had'st sailed away,
Some babe, the token of thy love, were born,
Some child Aeneas, in my halls to play,
Like thee at least in look, I should not mourn
As altogether captive and forlorn."
She paused, but he, at Jove's command, his eyes
Keeps still unmoved, and, though with anguish torn,
Strives with his love, nor suffers it to rise,
But checks his heaving heart, and thus at length replies :

" Never, dear Queen, will I disown the debt,
Thy love's deserts, too countless to repeat,
Nor ever fair Elissa's name forget,
While memory shall last, or pulses beat.
Few words are mine, for fewest words are meet.
Think not I meant—the very thought were shame—
Thief-like to veil my going with deceit.
I gave no promise of a husband's name,
Nor talked of ties like that, or wedlock's sacred flame.

" Did Fate but let me shape my life at will,
And rest at pleasure, Ilion, first of all,
And Troy's sweet relics would I cling to still,

And Pergama and Priam's stately hall
Once more should cheer the vanquished for their fall.
But now Grynaean Phoebus bids me fare
To great Italia; to Italia call
The Lycian lots, and so the Fates declare.
There lies the land I love, my destined home is there.

"If thee, Tyre-born, a Libyan town detain,
What grudge to Troy Ausonia's land denies?
We too may seek a foreign realm to gain.
Me, oft as Night's damp shadows from the skies
Have shrouded Earth, and fiery stars arise,
My sire Anchises' troubled ghost in sleep
Upbraids and scares, and ever louder cries
The wrong, that on Ascanius' head I heap,
Whom from Hesperia's plains, his destined realms, I keep.

"Now, too, Jove's messenger himself comes down—
Bear witness both—I heard the voice divine,
I saw the God just entering the town.
Cease then to vex me, nor thyself repine.
Heaven's will to Latium summons me, not mine."
Him, speaking thus and pleading but in vain,
She viewed askance, rolling her restless eyne,
Then scanned him o'er, long silent, in disdain,
And thus at length broke out, and gave her wrath the rein.

"False traitor! Goddess never gave thee birth,
Nor of thy race was Dardanus the first.
Thy limbs were fashioned in the womb of Earth,
The rugged rocks of Caucasus accurst.
Hyrcanian tigresses thy childhood nursed.
Why fawn and feign? What more have I to fear,

What more to wait for, having known the worst ?
Moved he those eyes ? dropped he a single tear,
Sighed he with me, or spake a lover's heart to cheer ?

" What first ? what last ? Nor Juno, nay, nor Jove
With equal eyes beholds the wrongs I bear.
Faithless is earth, and false is Heaven above.
I took him in, an outcast, and bade spare
His ships and wandering comrades, let him share
My home, and made him partner of my reign.
Ah me ! the Furies drive me to despair.
Now Phoebus calls him, now the Lycian fane,
Now Jove's own herald brings the dreadful news too plain :

" Fit task for Gods ; such cares disturb their ease.
I care not to confute thee nor delay.
Go, seek thy Latin lordship o'er the seas.
May Heaven—if Heaven be righteous—make thee pay
Thy forfeit, left on ocean's rocks to pray
For help to Dido. There shall Dido go
With sulphurous flames, and vex thee far away.
My ghost in death shall haunt thee. I shall know
Thy punishment, false wretch, and hail the news below."

Abrupt she ceased and, sickening with despair,
Turns from his gaze, and shuns the light of day,
And leaves the Dardan, faltering in his fear,
And thinking of a thousand things to say.
Back to her marble couch the maids convey
The fainting Queen. The pious Prince, though fain
With gentle words her anguish to allay,
Sighing full sore, and racked with inward pain,
Bows to the God's behest, and hastens to the main.

Stirred by his presence, at their chief's command,
The Trojan mariners, with might and main,
Bend to the work. Along the shelving strand
They launch tall ships that long had idle lain.
The tarred keel joys the waters to regain.
Timbers unshaped and many a green-leaved oar
They fetch from out the forest, glad and fain
To speed their flight, and hurrying to the shore
Forth from the town-gates fast the mustering Trojans pour.

What, hapless Dido, were thy feelings then?
What groans were thine, from out thy tower to view
The ships prepared, the shores astir with men,
The turmoil'd deep, the shouting of each crew!
O tyrant love, so potent to subdue!
Again, perforce, she weeps for him; again
She stoops to try persuasion, and to sue,
And yields, a suppliant, to her love's sweet pain,
Lest aught remain untried, and Dido die in vain.

"Look yonder, look, dear Anna! All around
They crowd the shore, their canvas woos the wind!
Behold the poops with festal garlands crown'd.
If I could bear this prospect, I shall find
Strength still to suffer, and a soul resign'd.
One boon I ask—O, pity my distress—
For thee alone he tells his inmost mind,
To thee alone unperjur'd; thou can'st guess
The means of soft approach, the seasons of address;

"Go, sister, meekly tell the haughty foe,
Not I at Aulis with the Greeks did swear
To smite the Trojans and their towers o'erthrow,

Nor sought his father's ashes to uptear.
Whom shuns he? Wherefore would he spurn my prayer?
Beg him, in pity of poor love, to stay
Till flight is easy, and the winds breathe fair.
Not now for wedlock's broken vows I pray,
Nor bid him lose for me fair Latium and his sway.

"I ask but time—a respite and reprieve—
A little truce, my passion to allay,
Till fortune teach my baffled love to grieve.
Grant, sister, this, the latest grace I pray,
And Death with interest shall the debt repay."
She spake; sad Anna to the Dardan bears
Her piteous plea. But Fate hath barred the way:
Deaf stands Aeneas to her prayers and tears:
Jove, unrelenting Jove, hath stopped his gentle ears.

E'en as when Northern Alpine blasts contend
This side and that to lay an oak-tree low,
Aged but strong: the branches creak and bend,
And leaves thick-falling all the ground bestrow:
The trunk clings firmly to the rock below:
High as it rears its weather-beaten crest,
So dive its roots to Tartarus. Even so
Beset with prayers, the hero stands distrest;
So vain are Anna's tears, so moveless is his breast.

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

DIDO'S CURSE

As Dido lies awake, mourning her unhappy love, a messenger comes from the gods to Aeneas bidding him hasten to leave Carthage before he is attacked.

Dido curses Aeneas and his city and vows eternal enmity between her people and the people of Aeneas. As Rome was rising to power in the Mediterranean she fought for a hundred years a life-and-death struggle with the city of Carthage, and was in the end victorious. So in his poem Virgil dramatically makes Carthage the enemy of Rome, even before Rome is founded.

'Twas night; on earth all creatures were asleep;
Midway the stars moved silent through the sphere;
Hushed were the forest and the angry deep,
And hushed was every field, and far and near
Reigned stillness, and the night spread calm and clear.
The flocks, the birds, with painted plumage gay,
That haunt the copse, or dwell in brake and brere,
Or skim the liquid lakes—all silent lay,
Lapt in oblivion sweet, forgetful of the day.

Not so unhappy Dido; no sweet peace
Dissolves her cares; her wakeful eyes and breast
Drink not the dewy night; her pains increase,
And love, with warring passions unsuppressed,
Swells up, and stirs the tumult of unrest.
"What, then," she sadly ponders, "shall I do?
Ah, woe is me! shall Dido, made a jest
To former lovers, stoop herself to sue,
And beg the Nomad lords their oft-scorned vows renew?

"Or with the fleet of Ilion shall I sail,
The slave and menial of a Trojan crew,
As though they count past kindness of avail,
Or dream that aught of gratitude be due?
Grant that I wished it, of these lordings who

Would take me, humbled and a thing of scorn?
Is Dido blind, if Trojans are untrue?
Know'st thou not yet, O lost one and forlorn,
Troy's perjured race still shows Laomedon forsworn?

"What, fly alone, and join their shouting crew?
Or launch, and chase them with my Tyrian train
Scarce torn from Tyre? Nay—die and take thy due;
The sword alone can ease thee of thy pain.
Sister, 'twas thy weak pity wrought this bane,
Swayed by my tears, and gave me to the foe.
Ah! had I lived unloving, void of stain,
Free as the beasts, nor meddled with this woe,
Nor wronged with broken vows Sychaeus' shade below!"

So wailed the Queen. Aeneas, fixt in mind,
All things prepared, his voyage to pursue,
Snatched a brief slumber, on the deck reclined.
Lo, in a dream, returning near him drew
The God, and seemed his warning to renew.
Like Mercury, the very God behold!
So sweet his voice, so radiant was his hue,
Such loveliness of limb and youthful mould,
Such cheeks of ruddiest bloom, and locks of burnished gold.

"O goddess-born Aeneas, can'st thou sleep,
Nor see the dangers that around thee lie,
Nor hear the Zephyrs whispering to the deep.
Dark crimes the Queen is plotting, bent to die
And tost with varying passions. Haste thee—fly,
While flight is open. Morn shall see the bay
Swarm with their ships, and all the shore and sky
Red with fierce firebrands and the flames. Away!
Changeful is woman's mood, and varying with the day!"

He spake and, mixing with the night, withdrew.
Up starts Aeneas from his sleep, so sore
The vision scared him, and awakes his crew.
" Quick, comrades, man the benches ! ply the oar !
Unfurl the canvas ! Lo, a God once more
Comes down to urge us, chiding our delay,
And bids us cut our cables from the shore.
Dread Power divine, we follow on thy way,
Gladly, whoe'er thou art, thy summons we obey.

" Be near us now, and O, vouchsafe thine aid,
And bid fair stars their kindly beams afford
To light our pathway through the deep." He prayed,
And from the scabbard snatched his flaming sword,
And, swift as lightning, cleft the twisted cord.
Fired by their chief, like ardour fills the crew,
They scour, they scud and, hurrying, crowd on board.
Bare lies the beach ; ships hide the sea from view,
And strong arms lash the foam and sweep the sparkling blue.

Now rose Aurora from the saffron bed
Of old Tithonus, and with orient ray
Sprinkled the earth. Forth looks the Queen in dread,
And from her watch-tower marks the twilight grey
Glow with the shimmering whiteness of the day,
The harbour shipless and the shore all bare,
The fleet with full-squared canvas under weigh.
Then thrice and four times, frantic with despair,
She beats her beauteous breast, and rends her golden hair.

" Ah ! Jove, shall he escape me ? Shall he mock
My queenship ? He, an alien, flout my sway ?

Will no one arm and chase them, or undock
The ships? Bring fire; get weapons, quick! Away!
Swing out the oars! Ah me! what do I say?
Where am I? O, what madness turns my brain?
Poor Dido, hath thy folly found its prey?
Thy sins, alas! they sting thee, but in vain.
They should have done so then, when yielding him thy reign.

"Lo, there his honour and the faith he swore,
Who takes Troy's gods the partners of his flight,
And erst from Troy his aged parent bore.
O, had I torn him piecemeal, as I might,
And strewn him on the waves, and slain outright
His friends, and for the father's banquet spread
The murdered boy! But doubtful were the fight.
Grant that it had been, whom should Dido dread,
What fear had death for me, self-destined to be dead?

"These hands the firebrands at his feet had cast,
And filled with flame his hatches. Sire and son
And all their race had perished with the past,
And I, too, perished with them. O great Sun,
Whose torch reveals whate'er on Earth is done,
Juno, who know'st the passion that devours
Poor Dido; Hecate, where crossways run
Night-howled in cities; ye avenging Powers,
Friends, Furies, Gods that guard Elissa's dying hours!

"Mark this, compassionate these woes, and bow
To supplication. If the Fates demand—
Curst be his head!—that he escape me now,
And touch his haven, and float up to land.

If so Jove wills, and fixt his edicts stand,
Then, scourged with warfare by a daring race,
In vain for succour let him stretch his hand,
And see his people perish with disgrace,
An exile, torn from home and from his son's embrace.

" And when hard peace the traitor stoops to buy,
No realm be his, nor happy days in store.
Cut off in prime of manhood let him die,
And rot unburied on the sandy shore.
This dying curse, this utterance I pour,
The latest, with my life-blood—this my prayer.
Them and their children's children evermore,
Ye Tyrians, with immortal hate outwear.
This gift—'twill please me best—for Dido's shade prepare

" This heritage be yours ; no truce nor trust
'Twixt theirs and ours, no union or accord
Arise, unknown Avenger from our dust ;
With fire and steel upon the Dardan horde
Mete out the measure of their crimes' reward.
To-day, to-morrow, for eternity
Fight, oft as ye are able—sword with sword,
Shore with opposing shore, and sea with sea ;
Fight, Tyrians, all that are, and all that e'er shall be."

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

THE DEATH OF DIDO

So bursting through the inner doors she flew
And, with wild frenzy, climbed the lofty pyre,
Then seized the scabbard he had left, and drew
The sword, ne'er given for an end so dire.
But when, with eyes still wistful with desire,

She viewed the bed that she had known too well,
The Ilian raiment and the chief's attire,
She paused, then musing, while the teardrops fell,
Sank on the fatal couch, and cried a last farewell:

" Dear relics! loved while Fate and Jove were kind,
Receive this soul, and free me from my woe.
My life is lived; behold, the course assigned
By Fortune now is finished, and I go,
A shade majestic, to the world below.
A glorious city I have built, have seen
My walls, avenged my husband of his foe.
Thrice happy, ah! too happy had I been
Had Dardan ships, alas! not come to bring me teen!" [1]

She paused, and pressed her lips upon the bed.
" To die—and unavenged? Yea, let me die!
Thus—thus it joys to journey to the dead.
Let yon false Dardan with remorseful eye
Drink in the bale-fire from the deep, and sigh
To bear the omens of my death."—No more
She said, but swooned. The servants see her lie,
Sunk on the sword; they see the life-blood pour,
Reddening her tender hands, the weapon drenched with gore.

Then through the lofty palace rose a scream,
And madly Rumour riots, as she flies
Through the shocked town. The very houses seem
To groan, and shrieks, and sobbing and the cries
Of wailing women pierce the vaulted skies.
'Twas e'en as though all Carthage or old Tyre

[1] Grief.

Were falling, stormed by ruthless enemies,
While over roof and battlement and spire
And temples of the Gods rolled on the infuriate fire.

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

THE RIVER OF DEATH

AENEAS lands at Cumae on the west coast of Italy, just to the north of the Bay of Naples. There he consults the Sibyl, a priestess of Apollo, and learns how he is to make his way, while still alive, across the river of Death to the underworld; there he wishes to meet and take counsel with his dead father, Anchises. Guided by the priestess, he comes to the shore of the river called Acheron or Styx or Cocytus, after passing all kinds of monstrous and terrible shapes which guard the gates of Hell. In the poem of Virgil 'Hell' has not the meaning which is generally given to the word in modern times; it means the abode of the dead—bad or good. A ferryman, called Charon, takes the souls of the dead across the river; the spirits of those who are unburied cannot be ferried over at once, but must wait for a hundred years.

More than twelve hundred years after Virgil, Dante in his great poem *The Divine Comedy*, which is a vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, makes the entrance to Hell this same river Styx, over which he is ferried in Charon's boat. It is characteristic of both Virgil and Dante that in describing life after death—Virgil before the birth of Christ, and Dante in the faith of the medieval Church—they should place the entrance to the after-life not in some remote region of earth or air, but on the shores of their own Italy.

While Virgil was writing the *Aeneid* he lived at Naples,

only a few miles from Cumae and all the scenes described in this book of his poem. To this day visitors may go to see the subterranean river Styx (now blocked up by volcanic upheavals); they may be carried over it on the shoulders of stalwart 'guides,' and wander by the shores of Lake Avernus or among the flowers of the Elysian Fields.

Ye Gods, that rule o'er disembodied souls,
Dumb shades, you Chaos too, and Phlegethon,
Regions that far and wide lie hush'd in night,
Grant me to speak of things that I have heard,
And, by your grace, of what in nether earth
Is plunged, and shrouded in eternal gloom!

Onward they went, these twain, through deepening dark,
Through the void halls and desert realms of Hell,
As by the wan light of the fitful moon
The traveller through a forest threads his way,
When clouds obscure the sky, and murky night
Has of its colour all the landscape stript.

Even in the porch, the very jaws of Hell,
Vengeful Remorse and Grief their couch had made;
There wan Diseases lodge, and sad Old Age;
And Fear, and Famine, Counsellor of Ill,
Degrading Poverty—all ghastly shapes;
Death, too, and Toil, and Death's half-brother Sleep,
Lusts of the Mind, and, opposite to them,
Death-dealing War, the Furies' beds of steel,
And madding Discord, with her snaky locks,
Knit up in fillets dropping gouts of gore.
Athwart the path a huge old branching elm
Stretches its dusky arms, where idle dreams

Are said to lodge, close clustering 'neath the leaves.
There, too, were hideous monsters manifold,
Centaurs in stalls, the Scyllas double-form'd,
There Briareus, he of the hundred hands,
And Lerna's snake, with its appalling hiss;
Chimera belching flames, Gorgons withal,
Harpies, and one Three-bodied Phantom form.
As they drew nearer, smit with sudden fear,
Aeneas raised his sword as if to strike,
And had his guide not whispered, they were naught
But disembodied semblances of life,
He would in vain have cleft the phantom forms.

The way lies thence to Acheron's pitchy flood,
That, whirling up from deep-down eddies, boils,
And all its slime into Cocytus pours.
Over these waters, loathsome to the sight,
Keeps Charon ward, himself as loathly grim.
A shock of grisly beard, unkempt, unclean,
Droops to his waist; his eyes are balls of fire;
And a coarse wrapper, knotted round his neck,
Is flung across his shoulders. With a pole
He pushes on his dusky craft, adjusts
Its sails, and in it bears his freight across.
Stricken in years he seem'd, but his old age,
God as he was, was vigorous and green.

A crowd rush'd headlong to the river's brink,
Matrons and men, the bodies life-bereft
Of heroes of renown, young men and maids,
And children laid upon untimely biers
Before their parents' eyes—in number such
As leaves that in the first autumnal frosts

Fall softly in the woodlands to the ground;
Or as the huddling flocks of countless birds
From the wide wastes of ocean crowd to land,
What time chill winter drives them o'er the sea
To seek a resting-place in sunnier climes.
The foremost, yearning for the farther shore,
With outstretched hands implore they might the first
Be borne across. The gloomy ferryman
Now these, now those, admits into his boat,
But others drives far from the bank away.

Translated by SIR THEODORE MARTIN

SPIRITS AND SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS

AENEAS and the priestess, after passing through the region belonging to those who had died before their time, and through Tartarus, the place of punishment, come to Elysium, the home of all the great and noble. Here Aeneas meets Orpheus, the Thracian minstrel, Musaeus, the father of poetry, Teucer, Ilus, and Assaracus, his ancestors, and finally his father Anchises, who shows him the souls waiting for other bodies on the banks of Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

These dues performed, they reach the realms of rest,
Fortunate groves, where happy souls repair,
And lawns of green, the dwellings of the blest.
A purple light, a more abundant air
Invest the meadows. Sun and stars are there,
Known but to them. There rival athletes train
Their practised limbs, and feats of strength compare.
These run and wrestle on the sandy plain,
Those tread the measured dance, and join the song's sweet strain.

In flowing robes the Thracian minstrel sings,
Sweetly responsive to the seven-toned lyre;
Fingers and quill alternate wake the strings.
Here Teucer's race and many an ancient sire,
Chieftains of nobler days and martial fire,
Ilus, high-souled Assaracus, and he
Who founded Troy, the rapturous strains admire,
And arms afar and shadowy cars they see,
And lances fixt in earth, and coursers grazing free.

The love of arms and chariots, the care
Their glossy steeds to pasture and to train,
That pleased them living, still attends them there:
These, stretched at ease, lie feasting on the plain;
There, choral companies, in gladsome strain,
Chant the loud Paean, in a grove of bay,
Rich in sweet scents, whence hurrying to the main,
Eridanus' full torrent on its way
Rolls from below through woods majestic to the day.

There, the slain patriot, and the spotless sage,
And pious poets, worthy of the God;
There he, whose arts improved a rugged age,
And those who, labouring for their country's good,
Lived long-remembered—all, in eager mood,
Crowned with white fillets, round the Sibyl pressed;
Chiefly Musaeus; in the midst he stood,
With ample shoulders towering o'er the rest,
When thus the listening crowd the prophetess addressed:

"Tell, happy souls; and thou, great poet, tell
Where—in what place—Anchises doth abide,
For whom we came and crossed the streams of Hell."

Briefly the venerable chief replied:
" Fixt home hath no one; by the streamlet's side,
Or in dark groves, or dewy meads we stray,
Where living waters through the pastures glide.
Mount, if ye list, and I will point the way,
Yon summit, and beneath the shining fields survey."

Thus on he leads them, till they leave the height,
Rejoicing.—In a valley far away
The sire Anchises scanned, with fond delight,
The prisoned souls, who waited for the day.
Their shape, their mien his studious eyes survey;
Their fates and fortunes he reviews with pride,
And counts his future offspring in array.
Now, when his son advancing he espied,
Aloud, with tearful eyes and outspread hands, he cried:

" Art thou, then, come at last? Has filial love,
Thrice welcome, braved the perils of the way?
O joy! Do I behold thee? hear thee move
Sweet converse as of old? 'Tis come, the day
I longed and looked for, pondering the delay,
And counting every moment, nor in vain.
How tost with perils do I greet thee? yea,
What wanderings thine on every land and main!
What dangers did I dread from Libya's tempting reign!"

" Father, 'twas thy sad image," he replied,
" Oft-haunting, drove me to this distant place.
Our navy floats on the Tyrrhenian tide.
Give me thy hand, nor shun a son's embrace."
So spake the son, and o'er his cheeks apace
Rolled down soft tears, of sadness and delight.

Thrice he essayed the phantom to embrace;
Thrice, vainly clasped, it melted from his sight,
Swift as the wingèd wind, or vision of the night.

Meanwhile he views, deep-bosomed in a dale,
A grove, and brakes that rustle in the breeze,
And Lethe, gliding through the peaceful vale.
Peoples and tribes, all hovering round, he sees,
Unnumbered, as in summer heat the bees
Hum round the flowerets of the field, to drain
The fair, white lilies of their sweets; so these
Swarm numberless, and ever and again
The gibbering ghosts disperse, and murmur o'er the plain.

Awe-struck, Aeneas would the cause enquire:
What streams are yonder? what the crowd so great
That filled the river's margin? Then the sire
Anchises answered: "They are souls, that wait
For other bodies, promised them by Fate.
Now, by the banks of Lethe here below,
They lose the memory of their former state,
And from the silent waters, as they flow,
Drink the oblivious draught, and all their cares forgo.

Long have I wished to show thee, face to face,
Italia's sons, that thou might'st joy with me
To hail the new-found country of our race."

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

THE HERO ROLL OF THE ETERNAL CITY

AMONG the souls of the unborn Anchises shows Aeneas his own descendants, the men who are to become the heroes of seven hundred years of the history of Rome.

Anchises describes them one after another, but not all in order of time.

First come the kings of Alba Longa, the city which Aeneas' son was to found in the Alban Hills—Procas, Capys, Numitor, Silvius Aeneas. These and their followers shall build fortress towns perched on the hills which surround the Campagna—the plain in which Rome itself stands. Next comes Romulus, a descendant of the kings of Alba Longa, the founder of Rome itself: his descendants shall be countless in number like the followers of Cybele, an Eastern goddess, worshipped at Berecynthus in Asia Minor. Then Virgil looks forward to the reign of the Emperor Augustus, whom he extols as the bringer of peace and prosperity. He speaks of the Empire as extending to Africa and India, west to the Atlantic, north to Russia, and south to Egypt.

Then follow the kings of early Rome, who succeeded Romulus—Numa Pompilius, Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius. The last kings of Rome were the Tarquins, who became so tyrannical that they were expelled from Rome by Brutus, here called the 'Avenger.' He handed over to the people the *fasces*, an axe bound up in a bundle of rods, the symbol of authority, and Rome became a republic, ruled by consuls. The sons of Brutus tried to restore the Tarquins and were executed by order of their father.

Next come the spirits of some of the great men of the Roman Republic, the Drusi and the Decii, both famous Roman families; one Decius offered up his life to the gods that the Romans might win a battle in the year 340 B.C.; his son did the same thing in 295 B.C. fighting against the Gauls. Torquatus was a Roman general who killed his son on the field of battle for disobeying orders. Camillus saved Rome from the Gauls in 380 B.C.

The spirits of Pompey and Julius Caesar are seen together ; they are friends before their lives begin, and, though eventually united by the marriage of Caesar's daughter to Pompey, they were to plunge Italy into a deadly civil war. Caesar marched on Italy from France across the Alps, while Pompey brought Eastern peoples to oppose him.

The conquerors of Greece and Macedonia a hundred years before the time of Caesar were Lucius Mummius and Aemilius Paulus. Cato was famous as a censor who in 184 B.C. made an attempt to check the spread of luxury ; he became the Roman ideal of old-fashioned strength of character and severity of morals. Cossus was a Roman general who killed the King of Veii in 426 B.C. : Veii was a city to the north of Rome which was always a thorn in her side till it was finally captured by Camillus a few years later. The Gracchi were two brothers—Tiberius and Caius—who were champions of the working-class people and tried to bring about land reforms nearly a hundred years before the assassination of Julius Caesar and the reign of the Emperor Augustus. The Scipios were the heroes of Rome's hundred-year struggle with Carthage in Africa ; the elder Scipio conquered Hannibal in 202 B.C. and the younger Scipio destroyed Carthage in 146 B.C. For these services they were awarded the title 'of Africa,' as modern generals often take their titles from their famous battles—Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Lord Byng of Vimy.

Fabricius was a general in the wars of the Romans against King Pyrrhus, who invaded Italy about 281 B.C. : the King was utterly unable to tempt him with bribes. Serranus was found sowing on his farm when he was called to the highest office of the State—the consulship. The

Fabii were a very famous family throughout Roman history; Quintus Fabius, who is here called 'Greatest,' was consul when the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, invaded Italy in 218 B.C., and it was said that his policy of delay and patience, of never risking a battle, but always harassing the enemy, in the end defeated Hannibal and saved Italy.

Last of all comes Marcellus, who won the greatest trophy of war by killing the general of the Gauls against whom he was commanding a Roman army in 222 B.C. This trophy had only been twice won before, and Marcellus dedicated the spoils of his enemy in the temple of Quirinus, the name given to Romulus after his death. By the side of Marcellus in the underworld walks the spirit of a young man of great beauty but sad expression. Aeneas asks his father who this young man is destined to be. Anchises answers that but for the cruelty of Fate he would be another Marcellus as great as his great ancestor; as it is, he will die young.

In this last passage Virgil is referring to Marcellus, who was the son of Octavia, the sister of the Emperor Augustus; he was married to the Emperor's daughter, Julia, and was meant to become the Emperor's heir. When he died of fever, while still a young man, there was universal sorrow, for he was greatly beloved. He received a public funeral and was buried in the tomb of Augustus in the Field of Mars—the great parade-ground of Rome. Virgil read the *Aeneid* aloud to the Emperor and the rest of the royal family, and when he came to these last lines Octavia, the mother of the young Marcellus, fainted.

"Come, now, and hearken to the Dardan's fame,
What noble grandsons shall Italia grace,

Proud spirits, heirs of our illustrious name,
And learn the fates and future of thy race.
See yon fair youth, now leaning—mark his face—
Upon a pointless spear, by lot decreed
To stand the nearest to the light in place,
He first shall rise, of mixt Italian breed,
Silvius, an Alban name, the youngest of thy seed.

" Him, latest offspring of thy days' decline,
Thy spouse Lavinia in the woods shall rear,
The kingly parent of a kingly line,
The lords of Alba Longa. Procas, dear
To Trojans, Capys, Numitor are here,
And he, whose surname shall revive thine own.
Silvius Aeneas, like his great compeer
Alike for piety and arms well-known,
If e'er by Fate's decree, he mount the Alban throne.

" What youths! what strength! what promise of renown!
Behold the wreaths of civic oak they wear.
First founders these of many a glorious town,
Nomentum, Gabii and Fidenae fair;
They on the mountain pinnacles shall rear
Collatia's fortress, and Pometii found,
The camp of Inuus, which foemen fear,
Bola and Cora, names to be renowned,
Albeit inglorious now, for nameless is the ground.

" See Romulus, beside his grandsire's shade,
Offspring of Mars and Ilia, and the line
Of old Assaracus. See there displayed,
The double crest upon his helm, the sign,

Stamped by his sire, to mark his birth divine.
Henceforth, beneath his auspices, shall rise
That Rome, whose glories through the world shall shine;
Far as wide earth's remotest boundary lies,
Her Empire shall extend her genius to the skies.

" Seven hills her single rampart shall embrace,
Seven citadels her girdling wall contain,
Thrice blest, beyond all cities, in a race
Of heroes, destined to adorn her reign.
So, with a hundred grandsons in her train,
Thrice blest, the Mother of the Gods, whose shrine
Is Berecynthus, rides the Phrygian plain,
Tower-crowned, the queen of an immortal line,
All habitants of heaven, and all of seed divine.

" See now thy Romans; thither bend thine eyes,
And Caesar and Iulus' race behold,
Waiting their destined advent to the skies.
This, this is he—long-promised, oft foretold—
Augustus Caesar. He the Age of Gold,
God-born himself, in Latium shall restore,
And rule the land that Saturn ruled of old,
And spread afar his empire and his power
To Garamantian tribes, and India's distant shore.

" Beyond the planets his dominions lie,
Beyond the solar circuit of the year,
Where Atlas bears the starry-spangled sky.
E'en now the realms of Caspia shuddering hear
His coming, made by oracles too clear.
E'en now Maeotia trembles at his tread,
And Nile's seven mouths are troubled, as in fear

She shrinks reluctant to the deep, such dread
Hath seized the wondering world, so far his fame hath spread.

" But see, who, crowned with olive wreath, doth bring
The sacred vessels ? By his long, grey hair
And grizzled beard I know the Roman King,
Whom Fate from lowly Cures calls to bear
The mighty burden of an empire's care,
In peace the fabric of our laws to frame.
Now, Tullus comes, new triumphs to prepare,
And wake the folk to arm from idlesse fame,
And Ancus courts e'en now the popular acclaim

" Would'st thou behold the Tarquins ? Yonder stands
Great Brutus, the Avenger, proud to tear
The people's *fasces* from the tyrant's hands.
First Consul, he the dreaded axe shall bear,
The patriot-father, who for freedom fair
Shall call his own rebellious sons to bleed.
O noble soul, but hapless ! Howsoe'er
Succeeding ages shall record the deed.
'Tis country's love prevails, and glory's quenchless greed.

" Lo, there the Drusi and the Decii stand,
And stern Torquatus with his axe, and lo !
Camillus brings in triumph to his land
The Roman standards, rescued from the foe.
See, too, yon pair, well-matched in equal show
Of radiant arms, and, while obscured in night,
Firm knit in friendly fellowship ; but oh !
How dire the feud, what hosts shall arm for fight,
What streams of carnage flow, if e'er they reach the light !

" Here from Monoecus and the Alps descends
The father ; there, with Easterns in array,
The daughter's husband. O my sons ! be friends ;
Cease from the strife ; forbear the unnatural fray,
Nor turn Rome's prowess to her own decay ;
And thou, the foremost of our blood, be first
To fling the arms of civic strife away,
And cease for lawless victories to thirst,
Thou of Olympian birth, and sheathe the sword accurst

" See who from Corinth doth his march pursue,
Decked with the spoils of many a Grecian foe.
His car shall climb the Capitol. See, too,
The man who lofty Argos shall o'erthrow,
And lay the walls of Agamemnon low,
And great Aeacides himself destroy,
Sprung from Achilles, to requite the woe
Wrought on old Ilion, and avenge with joy
Minerva's outraged fane, and slaughtered sires of Troy.

" Shalt thou, great Cato, unextolled remain ?
Cossus ? the Gracchi ? or the Scipios, ye
Twin thunderbolts of battle, and the bane
Of Libya ? Who would fail to tell of thee,
Fabricius, potent in thy poverty ?
Or thee, Serranus, scattering the seed ?
O spare my breath, ye Fabii ; thou art he
Called Maximus, their Greatest thou indeed,
Sole saviour, whose delay averts the hour of need.

" Others, no doubt, from breathing bronze shall draw
More softness, and a living face devise
From marble, plead their causes at the law

More deftly, trace the motions of the skies
With learned rod, and tell the stars that rise.
Thou, Roman, rule, and o'er the world proclaim
The ways of peace. Be these thy victories,
To spare the vanquished and the proud to tame.
These are imperial arts, and worthy of thy name."

He paused; and while they pondered in amaze,
"Behold," he cried, "Marcellus, see him stride,
Proud of the spoils that tell a nation's praise.
See how he towers, with all a conqueror's pride.
His arm shall stem the tumult and the tide
Of foreign hordes, and save the land from stain.
'Tis he shall crush the rebel Gaul, and ride
Through Punic ranks, and in Quirinus' fane
Hang up the thrice-won spoils, in triumph for the slain."

Then thus Aeneas spoke, for, passing by,
He saw a comely youth, in bright array
Of glittering arms; yet downcast was his eye,
Joyless and damp his face: "O father, say,
Who companies the hero on his way?
His son? Or scion of his stock renowned?
What peerless excellence his looks display!
What stir, what whispers in the crowd around!
But gloomy Night's sad shades his youthful brows surround."

Weeping, the sire: "Seek not, my son, to weigh
Thy children's mighty sorrow. Him shall Fate
Just show to earth, but suffer not to stay.
Too potent Heaven had deemed the Roman state.
Were gifts like this as permanent as great.

Ah! what laments, what groanings of the brave
Shall fill the field of Mars! What funeral state
Shall Tiber see, as past the recent grave
Slowly and sad he winds his melancholy wave!

"No Trojan youth of such illustrious worth
Shall raise the hopes of Latin sires so high.
Ne'er shall the land of Romulus henceforth
Look on a fosterling with prouder eye.
O filial love! O faith of days gone by!
O hand unconquered! None had hoped to bide
Unscathed his onset, nor his arm defy,
When, foot to foot, the murderous sword he plied,
Or dug with iron heel his foaming charger's side

"Ah! child of tears! can'st thou again be free
And burst Fate's cruel bondage, Rome shall know
Her own Marcellus, reappeared in thee.
Go, fill your hands with lilies; let me strow
The purple blossoms where he lies below.
These gifts, at least, in sorrow will I lay,
To grace my kinsman's spirit, thus—but oh!
Alas, how vainly!—to the thankless clay
These unavailing dues, these empty offerings pay."

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

CAMILLA

WHEN Aeneas lands in Italy certain of the Italian tribes, led by a chieftain called Turnus, gather together to fight against him. Virgil gives a long description of all the men who follow him, and of the homes, all familiar spots in his own Italy, from which they came. Last comes the

soldier-maiden, Camilla, who has been brought up by her father to live in the forests, a follower of the Huntress-goddess, Diana :

Last came Camilla, with the Volscian bands,
Fierce horsemen, each in glittering arms bedight,
A warrior-virgin ; ne'er her tender hands
Had plied the distaff ; war was her delight,
Her joy to race the whirlwind and to fight.
Swift as the breeze, she skimmed the golden grain,
Nor bent the tapering wheatstalks in her flight,
So swift, the billows of the heaving main
Touched not her flying feet, she scoured the watery plain.

Forth from each field and homestead, hurrying, throng,
With wonder, men and matrons, young and old,
And greet the maiden as she moves along.
Entranced with greedy rapture, they behold
Her royal scarf, in many a purple fold,
Float o'er her shining shoulders, and her hair
Bound in a coronal of clasping gold,
Her Lycian quiver, and her pastoral spear
Of myrtle, tipt with steel, and her, the maid, how fair !

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

"IN THEIR DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED"

NISUS and Euryalus, two young followers of Aeneas, ask leave of Iulus, the son of Aeneas, to make a sudden attack on the camp of the Rutulians, allies of Turnus. They sally out and are at first successful, but are cut off and both killed by another body of the soldiers of Turnus.

Nisus, the bold, stood warder of the gate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ida fair,
The huntress, on Aeneas sent to wait,
Quick with light arrows and the flying spear.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his fere ;
Scarce on his cheeks the down of manhood grew,
The comeliest youth that donned the Trojan gear.
Love made them one ; as one, to fight they flew,
As one they guard the gates, companions tried and true.

Then Nisus : " Is it that the Gods inspire,
Euryalus, this fever of the breast ?
Or make we gods of but a wild desire ?
Battle I seek, or some adventurous quest,
And scorn to dally with inglorious rest.
See yonder the Rutulians, stretched supine—
What careless confidence is theirs, oppressed
With wine and slumber ; how the watch-fires shine,
Faint, few, and far between ; what silence holds the line.

" Learn now the plan and purpose of my mind,
' Aeneas should be summoned,'—one and all—
Camp, council—cry, and messengers would find
To take sure tidings and our chief recall.
If thee the meed I ask for shall befall—
Bare fame be mine—methink the pathway lies
By yonder mound to Pallanteum's wall."
Then, fired with zeal and smitten with surprise,
Thus to his ardent friend Euryalus replies :

" Me, me would Nisus from such deeds debar ?
Am I to send thee singly to thy fate ?
Not thus my sire Opheltes, bred to war,

Brought up and taught me, when in evil strait
Was Troy, and Argives battered at her gate.
Not thus to great Aeneas was I known,
His trusty follower through the paths of Fate.
Here dwells a soul that dares the light disown,
And counteth life well sold, to purchase such renown."

" For *thee* I feared not," Nisus made reply,
" 'Twere shame, indeed, to doubt a friend so tried.
So may great Jove, or whosoe'er on high
With equal eyes this exploit shall decide,
Restore me soon in triumph to thy side.
But if—for divers hazards underlie
So bold a venture—evil chance betide,
Or angry deity my hopes belie,
Thee Heaven preserve, whose youth far less deserves to die.

" Mine be a friend to lay me if I fall,
Rescued or ransomed, in my native ground ;
Or, if hard fortune grudge a boon so small,
To make fit honour to my shade redound,
And o'er the lost one rear an empty mound.
Ne'er let a childless mother owe to me
A pang so keen, and such a cureless wound.
She, who, alone of mothers, dared for thee
Acestes' walls to leave, and braved the stormy sea."

" My purpose holds and shifts not," he replies,
" These empty pretexts cannot shake me—no.
Hence, let us haste." And to the guard he cries,
Who straight march up, and forth the two friends go
To find the chief. All creatures else below
Lay wrapt in sleep, forgetting toil and care ;
But sleepless still, in presence of the foe,

Troy's chosen chiefs urge council, what to dare,
Whom to Aeneas send, the desperate news to bear.

There, in the middle of the camp and plain,
Each shield in hand, and leaning on his spear,
They stand; when lo! in eager haste the twain,
Craving an audience instantly, appear.
High matter theirs, and worth a pause to hear.
Then first Iulus greets the breathless pair,
And calls to Nisus. "Dardans, lend an ear,"
Outspake the son of Hyrtacus, "Be fair,
Nor rate by youthful years the proffered aid we bear.

"See, hushed with wine and slumber, lies the foe.
Where, by the sea-gate, parts the road in twain,
A stealthy passage from the camp we know.
Black roll the smoke-clouds, and the watch-fires wane
Leave us to try our fortune, soon again
Yourselves shall see, from Pallanteum's town,
Aeneas, rich with trophies of the slain.
Plain lies the path, for oft the chase hath shown
From darksome vales the town, and all the stream is known."

"O Gods!" exclaimed Aletes, wise and old,
"Not yet ye mean to raze the Trojan race,
Who give to Troy such gallant hearts and bold."
So saying, he clasped them in a fond embrace,
And bathed in tears his features and his face.
"What gifts can match such valour? Deeds so bright
Heaven and your hearts with fairest meed shall grace.
The rest our good Aeneas shall requite,
Nor young Ascanius e'er such services shall slight."

. . . . . .

" No time, I ween," Euryalus replies,
" Shall shame the promise of this bold design,
Come weal, come woe. One boon alone I prize
Beyond all gifts. A mother dear is mine,
A mother, sprung from Priam's ancient line.
Troy nor the walls of King Acestes e'er
Stayed her from following, when I crossed the brine
Her of this risk—whate'er the risk I dare—
Weetless,[1] I left behind, nor breathed a parting prayer.

" Night bear me witness ; by thy hand I swear,
I cannot bear a parent's tears. But O !
Be thou her solace, comfort her despair ;
This hope permit, and bolder will I go,
To face all hazards and confront the foe."
Grief smote the Dardans, and the tears ran down,
And young Iulus, pierced with kindred woe,
Outweeps them all ; in filial love thus shown,
Touched to the heart, he traced the likeness of his own.

. . . . . .

So past the trench, upon the shadowy plain
Forth issuing, to the foemen's tents they creep,
Fatal to many, ere the camp they gain.
Warriors they see, who drank the wine-bowl deep,
Beside their tilted chariots stretched in sleep,
And reins, and wheels and wine-jars tost away,
And arms and men in many a mingled heap.
Then Nisus : " Up, Euryalus, and slay !
Haste, for the hour is ripe, and yonder lies the way.

" Watch thou, lest hand be lifted in the rear.
There, flanked with swaths of corpses, will I reap
Thy pathway ; broad shall be the lane and clear."

[1] Ignorant of.

So saying, he checks his voice, and, aiming steep,
Drives at proud Rhamnes. On a piled-up heap
Of carpets lay the warrior, and his breast
Heaved with hard breathing and the sounds of sleep:
Augur and king, whom Turnus loved the best.
Not all his augur's craft could now his doom arrest.

. . . . . .

Lamus and Lamyras he slew outright,
And fair Serranus, as asleep he lay,
Tamed by the God; for long and late that night
The youth had gamed. Ah! happier, had his play
Outlived the night, and lasted till the day.
Like some starved lion, that on the teeming fold
Springs, mad with hunger, and the feeble prey,
All mute with terror, in his clutch doth hold,
And rends with bloody mouth, and riots uncontrolled.

Such havoc wrought Euryalus, so flamed
His fury. Fadus and Herbesus died,
And Abaris, and many a wight unnamed,
Caught unaware. But Rhoetus woke, and tried
In fear behind a massive bowl to hide.
Full in the breast, or e'er the wretch upstood,
The shining sword-blade to the hilt he plied,
Then drew it back death-laden. Wine and blood
Gush out, the dying lips disgorge the crimson flood.

Thence, burning, to Messapus' camp he speeds,
Where faint the watch-fires flicker far away,
And tethered on the herbage graze the steeds,
When briefly thus speaks Nisus, fain to stay
The lust of battle and mad thirst to slay:
"Cease we; the light, our enemy, is near.

Vengeance is glutted ; we have hewn our way."
Bowls, solid silver armour here and there
They leave behind untouched, and arras rich and rare.

The arms and belt of Rhamnes, bossed with gold,
Which Caedicus, his friendship to attest,
Sent to Tiburtine Remulus of old,
Whose grandsons took it, as a last bequest
(Rutulians thence these spoils of war possessed)—
These trophies seized Euryalus, and braced
The useless trappings on his valorous breast,
And on his head Messapus' helm he placed,
Light and with graceful plumes ; and from the camp they haste.

Meanwhile from out Laurentum rides a train
With news of Turnus, while the main array
With marshalled ranks is lingering on the plain,
Three hundred shieldsmen Volscens' lead obey.
Now to the ramparts they have found their way,
When lo, to leftward, hurrying from their raid,
They mark the youths amid the twilight grey.
His glittering helm Euryalus betrayed,
That flashed the moonbeams back, and pierced the glimmering shade.

Nor passed the sight unheeded. Shrill and loud
" Stand, who are ye in armour dight, and why ?
What make ye there ? " cries Volscens from the crowd,
" And whither wend ye ? " Naught the youths reply,
But swiftly to the bordering forest fly,
And trust to darkness. Then around each way
The horsemen ride, all outlet to deny ;

Circling, like huntsmen, closely as they may,
They watch the well-known turns, and wait the expected prey.

Shagg'd with rough brakes and sable ilex, spread
The wood, and, glimmering in the twilight grey,
Through broken tracks a narrow pathway led.
The shadowy boughs, the cumbrous spoils delay
Euryalus, and fear mistakes the way.
Nisus, unheeding, through the foemen flies,
And gains the place—called Alba now—where lay
Latinus' pastures; then with back-turned eyes
Stands still, and seeks in vain his absent friend, and cries:

"Where, in what quarter, have I left thee? Where,
Euryalus, shall I follow thee? What clue
Shall trace the mazes of this sylvan snare,
The tangled path unravelling?" Back he flew,
Picking his footsteps with observant view,
And roamed the silent brushwood. Steeds he hears,
The noise, the signs of foemen who pursue.
A moment more, and, bursting on his ears,
There came a shout, and lo, Euryalus appears.

Him, in false ways, amid the darkness, ta'en,
The gathering band with sudden rush o'erbear.
Poor Nisus sees him struggling, but in vain.
What should he do? By force of arms how dare
His friend to rescue? Shall he face them there,
And rush upon the foemen's swords, to die,
And welcome wounds that win a death so fair?
His spear he poises, and, with upturned eye
And stalwart arm drawn back, invokes the Moon on high:

" Come thou, Latonia, succour my distress!
Guardian of groves, bright glory of the sky,
If e'er with offerings for his son's success
My sire thine altars hath adorned, or I
Enriched them from the chase, and hung on high
Spoils from thy deep-domed temple, or arrayed
Thy roof with plunder; make this troop to fly,
And guide my weapons through the air." He prayed,
And, winged with strength, the steel went whistling through the shade.

. . . . . .

Fierce Volscens raves with anger, nor espies
The wielder of the weapon, nor which way
To rush, aflame with fury. " Thou," he cries,
" Thy blood meanwhile the penalty shall pay
For both," and with his falchion bared to slay
Springs at Euryalus. Then, wild with fear,
Poor Nisus shouts, in frenzy of dismay,
Nor longer in the dark can hide, nor bear
A pang of grief so keen—to lose a friend so dear.

" Me—me, behold the doer! mine the deed!
Kill me, Rutulians. By this hand they fell.
He could not—durst not. By the skies I plead,
By yon bright stars, that witnessed what befell,
He only loved his hapless friend too well."
Vain was his prayer; the weapon, urged amain,
Pierced through his ribs and snowy breast. Out swell
Dark streams of gore his lovely limbs to stain;
The sinking neck weighs o'er the shoulders of the slain.

So doth the purple floweret, dying, droop,
Smit by the ploughshare. So the poppy frail

On stricken stalk its languid head doth stoop,
And bows o'erladen with the drenching hail.
But onward now, through thickest ranks of mail,
Rushed Nisus. Volscens only will he slay;
He waits for none but Volscens. They assail
From right and left, and crowd his steps to stay.
He whirls his lightning brand, and presses to his prey.

Ere long he meets him clamouring, and down
His throat he drives the griding sword amain,
And takes his life, ere laying down his own.
Then, pierced he sinks upon his comrade slain,
And death's long slumber puts an end to pain.
O happy pair! if aught my verse ensure,
No length of time shall make your memory wane,
While, throned upon the Capitol secure,
The Aeneian house shall reign, and Roman rule endure.

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

THE ONLY SON

AENEAS made an alliance with the Arcadian King Evander, who had built a city on the banks of the river Tiber, where Rome stood in later years. Evander sent his only son, Pallas, with a contingent of soldiers to help Aeneas in his war against Turnus for the kingdom of Latium. Pallas was killed in battle after great bravery. This passage describes his funeral procession and the lament of his father, Evander. Trojans are here called sometimes 'Teucrians' or 'Phrygians.'

Thus he with tears; then to the door withdrew,
Where an old man was watching Pallas' corse,
Acoetes, who was shield-bearer of yore

To King Evander, but with star less kind
Since followed that dear charge. Around him stand
The servitors, a throng of Trojan men,
And Ilian wives with mourning locks unbound;
Who, when Aeneas passed the high-built doors,
Beating their breasts, uplifted to the stars
Loud wailing, and the palace moaned with grief.
He saw the pillowed head, the snow-white face,
The open gash of the Ausonian spear
In that smooth breast, and spoke with rising tears:

"Unhappy boy! Hath Fortune come to bless,
Yet spared not thee to see a realm of ours,
And ride in triumph to thy father's home?
Not thus I promised when I left thy sire
Evander, who embracing sent me forth
To Empire, and who warned me in his fear
How bold my foes, how hard my strife should be!
Even now, perchance, by hollow hope enthralled,
He pays the vow, and loads his shrines with gifts;
While with vain rites in mourning train we go
By his dead boy, who owes the Gods no more.
Unhappy! Thou shalt see his woeful bier!
Is this our waited triumph and return?
This my firm pledge? Yet thou shalt see no scars
Of shame, Evander, nor shall thy son's life
Make death his father's prayer. O what a shield,
Iulus! Italy! ye both have lost!"

He ceased; and bade them lift the piteous dead;
And sent a thousand men, his army's prime,
To bear him escort on the final road,
And share his father's tears; for grief so great
Small comfort, yet the mourning father's due.

Others not slothful weave a lissom bier,
Wattled with arbutus and sprays of oak,
And heap a bed, with shady leafage screened.
Here, on his woodland litter, he is laid ;
Like some soft violet or harebell frail
Plucked by a maiden's hand, which hath not lost
Its glow and beauty as yet, but now the earth,
Its nursing mother, lends it life no more.
Then purple vestures twain Aeneas brings,
Heavy with gold, that once in happy toil
Sidonian Dido's hands had worked for him
Threading the web with gold : and one of these,
A last sad tribute, on the dead he lays ;
With one he hides the fire-devoted head.
Then many a prize of Latian field he heaps,
And bids them bring his spoils, a long array,
Steeds, arms from foemen reft ; and with their hands
Pinioned behind go victims for the tomb,
Destined to wet his death-flames with their blood.
Then tree-trunks clad with foemen's arms and scored
With foemen's names, he bids the leaders bear ;
And sad Acoetes, worn with years, is led,
Rending his breast and face, who falling prone
Casts all his length on earth. And forth they draw
The chariot reeking with Rutulian blood.
Next comes his war-horse, with all trappings doffed,
Aethon, who with big tear-drops wets his face.
Some bear his lance and helm (for Turnus keeps
All else). Arcadians then, with arms reversed,
Tuscans and Trojans follow, trooping sad.

When all the train had passed, Aeneas stopped,
And sighing spake : " Now hence to other tears

Calls this dread doom of War! Hail evermore,
Great Pallas, and for evermore farewell!"

Translated by C. J. BILLSON

Now Rumour, harbinger of woe so great,
That told of Pallas victor, fills again
Evander's town. All hurry to the gate,
With torches snatched, as ancient rites ordain.
A line of fire, that parts the dusky plain,
The long road gleams before them, as they go
To meet the mourners. Soon the wailing train
The Phrygians join. With shrieks the matrons know
Far off the funeral throng, and fill the town with woe.

Naught stays Evander; through the midst he springs,
And falling on the bier, as down they lay
Dead Pallas, groaning to his child he clings,
And hangs with tears upon the senseless clay,
Till speech, half-choked with sorrow, finds a way:
"Pallas, not such thy promise to thy sire,
Warely to trust the War-God in the fray.
I knew what ardour would thy soul inspire,
The charms of new-won fame, and battle's fierce desire.

"O bitter first-fruits of a youth so fair!
O war's stern prelude! promise dashed to scorn!
Unheeded vows, and unavailing prayer!
O happy spouse! not left, like me, to mourn
A son thus slaughtered, and a life outworn.
I have o'erlived my destiny; life fled
When Pallas left me childless and forlorn.
O, had I fall'n with Trojans in his stead,
And me this pomp brought home, and not my Pallas dead!

" Yet, Trojans, you I blame not, nor the hands
We joined in friendship, nor the league we swore.
Old age—too old—this cruel lot demands.
Ah, sweet to think, though falling in his flower,
He fell, where thousand Volscians fell before,
Leading Troy's sons to Latium. Thou shalt have
A Trojan's funeral—can I wish thee more?—
What rites Aeneas offers to the brave,
And all Etruria's hosts shall bear thee to the grave.

" Proud trophies those who perish by thy hand
Bear thee, and slaughtered foemen speak thy fame.
Thou, Turnus, too, an effigy should'st stand,
Hung round with arms, and Pallas' praise proclaim,
Had but thine age and Pallas' been the same,
Like thine the vigour of his years. But O!
Why, Teucrians, do I keep you? wherefore claim
An old man's privilege of empty woe?
This message bear your king, and con it as ye go:

" If yet I linger on, with Pallas slain,
Loathing the light, and longing to expire,
'Tis thy right hand that tempts me to remain,
That hand from which—thou see'st it—son and sire
The penalty of Turnus' blood require.
This niche of fame—'tis all the Fates bestow—
Awaits thee still. For me, all life's desire—
'Twere vain—hath fled; but gladly would I go,
And bear the welcome news to Pallas' shade below."

Translated by E. FAIRFAX-TAYLOR

Horace

ABOUT fifty years ago so many British tourists sought a remote valley of the Sabine Hills not far from Rome, because it was the country home of the poet Horace, that the Italian peasants who lived there thought that Horace must have been an Englishman! It is probably true to say that of all classical writers Horace has endeared himself most to posterity; not only have his poems been used as a school book in Europe for hundreds of years, but he has also been the constant companion of many men throughout their lives. He has won the affection of men as famous (and as different) as Dante, Voltaire, Gibbon, Wordsworth, and Gladstone. Thackeray in one of his novels thinks his hero's education is satisfactory if he knows enough Latin "to quote Horace respectably through life." Indeed, many phrases and sayings of Horace are so constantly quoted that they have almost become part of the English language.

Horace was born on December 8th, 65 B.C., ten years before Julius Caesar's first invasion of Britain, and he died at the age of fifty-seven, eight years before the birth of Christ. This meant that his lifetime covered the death of Julius Caesar, the wars that followed it, the end of the Republic, and the beginning of the Roman Empire under Augustus. He was the son of a peasant farmer—a freed slave—and his home was Venusia (now called Venosa), a small

town of Apulia in the south-east of Italy. Like the poet Burns, he was devoted to his father and was never ashamed of his humble origin. The father wished his son to have as good an education as rich boys, and therefore he was sent to school at Rome and later to the University of Athens, where all the noble families of Italy sent their sons at that time. While he was at the University, Julius Caesar was assassinated and civil war broke out in Italy. The leaders on the Republican side recruited an army in Greece, which Horace joined; he fought at the battle of Philippi in Macedonia, where the Republican cause was finally defeated. This is the battle represented in the last scenes of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. When he returned to Italy all his property was confiscated because he had taken the losing side in the civil war, but he managed to earn his living by a small clerkship in the civil service at Rome. During these years of poverty he made friends with the poet Virgil, who introduced him to Maecenas, one of the chief ministers and advisers of the Emperor Augustus. Maecenas was much interested in literature and helped a number of struggling authors whom he made his friends. In his will he commended Horace especially to the care of the Emperor.

The relationship between Horace and Maecenas was that of equal friendship, for the poet was too independent to be a slave to patronage. He did, however, receive from Maecenas a small estate in the Sabine Hills, which was the delight of his later life. Here he loved to retire in the summer from the heat and fever of Rome, travelling on his mule along the lonely road across the Campagna from Rome to Tivoli, where the tramway now runs. This road commands a panorama of the Alban and Sabine Hills, which girdle the horizon, crowned with

Many a lonely hamlet
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of the purple Apennine.

From the olive-groves of Tivoli Hill, whence the river Anio dashes headlong into a green wood, he would look back to Rome; then the road plunges into the network of Sabine valleys, following the banks of the river Licenza from Vico Varo to the little village of Roccagiovine. Just beyond has been located the site of the farm, which Horace shall describe in his own words:

Girdled by hills it lies, through which but one
Small valley, rich in shade, is seen to run,
Where on the right the morning sunbeams play,
Whilst on the left they rest at close of day.
You'd like the air. Wild cherry there, and sloe
Purply and dark, in rich profusion grow,
While oak and ilex bounteously afford
Food for my herds, and shelter for their lord.[1]

The poems of Horace fall into two classes; there are his satires and letters, which are full of wit and wisdom, anecdote and criticism of contemporary life at Rome; then there are his *Odes*, four books of short poems on which he based his own claim to be remembered. These odes were the first attempt to write Latin poems in the varied metres of the best Greek lyric poetry. In this pioneer attempt Horace was so successful that the odes have some of the beauty of delicate mosaics; not a word can be altered, and they still defy the efforts of translators.

Horace does not possess the intense ardour of a lyric poet; he is an artist, who obeys reflection rather than impulse. The mainspring of his almost universal appeal to later ages is the fact that he is so human; he takes men into his own life and sees into theirs; his sympathy,

[1] *Epistles*, I, 16 (trans. Sir T. Martin).

his common sense, his moderation, his experience of the world, are summed up in many a phrase of mellow wisdom and perfect expression.

SPRING

In this poem the coming of spring and the renewal of life is contrasted with the shortness of man's time on earth. Sestius is urged to make the best of the years he has before he must go to Pluto, the god of the underworld.

The gods and goddesses are imagined as joining in the activities of earth after the sleep of winter. Venus, the goddess of love, dances in the fields with the Nymphs and Graces. Vulcan, the god of smiths, is busy in his forge with the Cyclops, giants who help him. Pan, the god of the country and forest, is looking for his spring sacrifice.

Hard Winter melts; the welcome Spring again
  Comes back, and in her train
The West Wind, and the laid-up keels once more
  Are launched from the dry shore.
No longer do the herds the stalls desire,
  Nor husbandman his fire;
The meadows that but now were white with frost
  Their pallid hues have lost.
In dance by Cytherean Venus led,
  With the moon overhead,
Joined with the Nymphs the sister Graces beat
  The earth with rhythmic feet,
While at the Cyclops' ponderous forge the light
  Makes swarthy Vulcan bright.
Now round the tresses that with unguents shine
  Green myrtles we may twine,

Or flowers with which from icy fetters freed
Earth garnishes the mead.
Now is the time to make in shady groves
The offerings Pan loves,
Whether he may demand a lamb or bid
Oblation of a kid.
Pale Death before them stalks impartially
Whether the portals be
Of peasant or of prince—hovel or tower—
Alike all feel his power.
O happy Sestius! Life's little span
Forbids long hope to man;
Thy sunny day impending night invades,
Thee wait the fabled shades,
And Pluto's narrow house; where, once thou go,
No more by lucky throw
Of dice wilt thou in banquet hall recline
King of the realms of wine;
No tender Lycidas will love inspire,
Whose charms thou dost admire,—
Whom rival youths regard with jealous eye,
And maids will by and by.

Translated by J. O. SARGENT

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY"

SORACTE is a mountain which stands up out of the plain to the north of Rome and is easily seen from the city.

Deep in white snow Soracte gleams,
The woods with wintry load opprest
To breaking-point are bowed, the streams
By piercing frost are held at rest.

Pile high the fire with logs to thaw
The numbing cold, and, Thaliarch mine,
In jugs of ampler measure draw
From Sabine jar the seasoned wine.

Leave to the gods all else. Whene'er
Their word the battling winds allays
Or seething main, no truant air
Cypress or aged rowan sways.

Ask not to-morrow's secret. Treat
As gain each day that dawns for you;
Nor grudge, my boy, to dalliance sweet
Nor to the dance the season due,

'hile crabbèd age keeps far away.
Your prime let manly sports amuse,
And whispers low when fading day
The twilight hour of tryst renews.

For silvery laugh at corner list,
That hiding girl betrays, nor scorn
To win the pledge of love from wrist
Or coyly clinging finger torn.

Translated by L. L. SHADWELL

DIRGE

THIS ode is addressed to Virgil by Horace and mourns the death of their friend Quintilius. It begins with an invocation of Melpomene, the Muse or goddess of poetry.

Unshamed, unchecked, for one so dear
We sorrow. Lead the mournful choir,
Melpomene, to whom thy sire
Gave harp, and song-notes liquid-clear!

Sleeps he the sleep that knows no morn?
Oh Honour, oh twin-born with Right,
Pure Faith, and Truth that loves the light,
When shall again his like be born?

Many a kind heart for him makes moan;
Thine, Virgil, first. But ah! in vain
Thy love bids heaven restore again
That which it took not as a loan:

Were sweeter lute than Orpheus' given
To thee, did trees thy voice obey;
The blood revisits not the clay
Which He, with lifted wand, hath driven

Into his dark assemblage, who
Unlocks not fate to mortal's prayer.
Hard lot! yet light their griefs who bear
The ills which they may not undo.

Translated by C. S. CALVERLEY

TO FORTUNE

Fortune, fair Antium's Queen august,
Strong to uplift the lowly from the dust,
Or change the pomps that crown the conqueror's head
For the cold trappings of the dead,

Mistress of winds and waves, to thee
The anxious rustic bends his knee;
To thee the sailor makes his vow
Lashing Carpathian foam with keen Bithynian prow.
The Dacian hordes, the Scythians of the North,
Cities and nations,—Rome herself,—pour forth
Their prayers into thine ear:

Thee barbarous Queens, thee purple despots fear,
Lest thou with ruthless foot prostrate
The standing pillar of the State;
Or lest the frenzied crowd
To arms! To arms! should shout aloud,
And crush beneath their feet the empire of the proud.

Fate moves before thee darkly, silently,
In brazen hand the nails and wedges folding,
The cruel hook and liquid lead upholding.
But Hope abides, and white-robed Honour clings
Close to thy side, when with inconstant wings,
Changed robe, and angry aspect, thou dost fly
From homes of Power, and palaces of Kings.
The false, the coward, and the vain
Forsake the fallen; like th' ungrateful guest
The cask that's on the lees disdain,
And shun the sorrow where they shared the feast.

Fortune! Preserve our Caesar: save
That swarm of Roman youth that flies
To quell our farthest enemies
On Britain's shores and by the Red-sea wave.
Alas, our guilty bosoms bear the scars
Of kindred strife, not honourable wars.
O iron age! What altars have ye spared?
What gods not spurned, what crime not dared?
Sharpen, great Queen, our blunted steel once more—
Stain it with Arab, not with brothers' gore.

Translated by SIR STEPHEN DE VERE

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Licinius, trust a seaman's lore:
  Steer not too boldly to the deep,
Nor, fearing storms, by treacherous shore
    Too closely creep.
Who makes the golden mean his guide,
  Shuns miser's cabin, foul and dark,
Shuns gilded roofs, where pomp and pride
    Are envy's mark.
With fiercer blasts the pine's dim height
  Is rock'd; proud towers with heavier fall
Crash to the ground; and thunders smite
    The mountains tall.
In sadness hope, in gladness fear
  'Gainst coming change will fortify
Your breast. The storms that Jupiter
    Sweeps o'er the sky
He chases. Why should rain to-day
  Bring rain to-morrow? Python's foe
Is pleased sometimes his lyre to play,
    Nor bends his bow.
Be brave in trouble; meet distress
  With dauntless front; but, when the gale
Too prosperous blows, be wise no less,
    And shorten sail.

Translated by J. CONINGTON

CONTENTMENT

THIS poem contrasts the simplicity of Horace's life at his Sabine farm with the luxury of rich men who drive out the poor from their homes in order to obtain more land.

The homeless peasant is pictured as carrying his *Penates* with him; these were his household gods, the symbol of home, and so most precious to the Roman. Orcus is the kingdom of the dead.

Many rich men's villas were built on the shore of the lovely Bay of Baiae, which lies in the northern curve of the Bay of Naples; when there was no more room on land houses were built projecting into the Bay. Tiles and mosaic from these Roman palaces are still washed up by the sea.

Not panelled roof where ivory's whiteness
And the pure sheen of fretted gold
Like a fair firmament their brightness
And beauty infinite unfold
Is mine, for me no palace gleaming
With columns quarried o'er the waves,—
Numidian marbles well beseeming
Their fair Hymettian architraves.

For me no robes of grace and beauty
Of Spartan purples rich and rare
Are wrought by dames in gentle duty,
Of face and lineage proud and fair.
And Fate not once a gleam more tender
Turns on my penury:
The secret dream of power and splendour
Remains a dream for me.

But yet the rich and proud have sought me
For all my poor and mean estate,
And compensations fair hath brought me
The long hostility of Fate:
A soul whose whispers not reprove me

For falsehood or for wrong,
And like a star that shines above me
The gift divine of song.

Blest with that boon, Heaven's best and rarest,
My life its lowly course fulfils,
Content 'mid Sabine hills the fairest
Of all the fair Italian hills;
Where from my little farm disdaining
The pomps and pageantry,
I mark the moons of beauty waning,
I count the dawns that die.

But thou the solemn tomb forgetting
So near the hour in greed of gain,
Nor thinking how the suns are setting
And all thy false ambitions vain,
Canst count with scornful glance the acres
Where rise the marble halls,
And drive the piles 'mid Baiae's breakers
To found new palace walls;

And with a greed of gold insaner
Remove the ancient landmarks true,
Driving afar the sad retainer
From the loved fields his fathers knew;
And still his poor Penates holding
He leaves the roof unblest,
His wan-browed wife their children folding,
In tatters, to her breast.

Yet, if a surer end await thee
Than the proud hall of thy desire,

Ah, think not aught shall reinstate thee
  Or save thy head from Orcus dire.
Cease the wild quest; for no escaping
  Of the one end may be:
The grave for prince and pauper gaping
  Will find a place for thee.

Translated by A. L. TAYLOR

SIN

IN the ode from which these stanzas are taken Horace is contrasting the morals and social customs of his own day with those of the great days of the Roman Republic, when Roman armies had defeated Hannibal, the Carthaginian, who is here called 'the son of Barca,' and other invaders. He declares that the degeneracy of his time is due to an impure home life and to neglect of religion, and exhorts his fellow-countrymen to return to their gods and a simpler life. It was written at a time when the Emperor was trying to revive religion. His picture of sunset at the end of the ode, when he describes Phoebus, the sun-god, as flinging shadows from the mountain, is typical of Italy, where almost every landscape is bounded by hills and whose very word for sunset literally means 'the time when the sun goes behind the mountains.'

A guilty epoch's guiltless heir,
  Roman, on thee the vengeance falls
  Till tottering shrine and temple walls
And blackened image thou repair.

Who heaven obeys shall earth command;
  Thence is all origin and end:

It is neglected gods who send
Misfortune on our mourning land.

. . . . . .

Yea, more,—for here was faction's home,
From Dacia's woods and Egypt's coasts
The archer and the sailor hosts
Scarce spared to lay their hands on Rome.

An age of sin has left a trace
Polluting wedlock, tainting home
And child: from that foul fountain foam
Disasters on the realm and race.

. . . . . .

Ah me! they were not mothered thus
Who purpled seas with Punic gore,
Who smote the son of Barca sore,
And Pyrrhus, and Antiochus.

The farmer-soldier's manly brood
Was trained to delve the Sabine sod,
And at an austere mother's nod
To hew and fetch the fagot wood,

While Phoebus threw from mountain crest
An ever-changing shadow shape,
And let the weary steers escape,
And, passing, ushered kindly rest.

Each baleful evening leaves us less!
We, of degenerate sires the seed,
Degenerate too, are doomed to breed
Sons deeper sunk in wickedness.

Translated by T. RUTHERFURD CLARK

DAY-DREAMS

How unhappy are the maidens who with Cupid may not play,
Who may never touch the wine-cup, but must tremble all the day
At an uncle, and the scourging of his tongue!

Neobule, there's a robber takes your needle and your thread,
Lets the lessons of Minerva run no longer in your head;
It is Hebrus, the athletic and the young!

Oh, to see him when anointed he is plunging in the flood!
What a seat he has on horseback! Was Bellerophon's as good?
As a boxer, as a runner, past compare!

When the deer are flying blindly all the open country o'er,
He can aim and he can hit them; he can steal upon the boar,
As it couches in the thicket unaware.

Translated by J. CONINGTON

MY FOUNTAIN

THIS fountain, which Horace calls 'Bandusia,' was almost certainly on his Sabine farm, and it has been identified with a fountain which can still be seen there, gushing out cool and clear under a small rock, which is now crowned by a fig-tree instead of the ilex mentioned in this ode. The sacrifice of a kid and the offering of flowers and wine are to be made to the god of the spring; in the old Roman

religion there was a spirit or deity of all the features of the countryside. A spring of cold water is indeed a god-send in the fierce heat of an Italian summer—the season of 'blazing Sirius,' the dog-star.

With flowers and sweet wine,
Worthy to deck thy shrine,
Fount of Bandusia, more than crystal clear,
To-morrow shall a firstling of the year
Be given to thee; his brow, with horns in bud,
Betokens love and battles; but in vain;
The offspring of the frolic flock shall stain
Thine icy outpour with his warm red blood.

Not thee the seasons fierce
Of blazing Sirius pierce,
But on plough-weary oxen, coming home,
And flocks as tired with the long day's roam,
Thy grateful coolness thou dost oft bestow:
Numbered with far-famed founts shall be thy spring,
Since the ilex planted o'er thy grot I sing,
Whence leap thy waters, babbling as they flow.

Translated by F. COUTTS

WINE

THIS ode is addressed to a jar of wine which Horace is bringing out to entertain Corvinus. Wine was dated by the name of the two consuls of the year, and this wine was very old, as it belonged to the year of Horace's birth. It came from the district round Monte Massico, a huge limestone rock in the north of Campania, not far from where the main railway-line from Rome to Naples now

runs; this district was very famous for good wine in Horace's day.

'Lyaeus' and 'Liber' (both names for the god of wine) are summoned to the feast with Venus, the goddess of love. Horace declares that even old Cato (always quoted by Romans as an example of plain living and high thinking) did not resist a glass of wine now and then. The Romans drank wine as the Italians do now, mixed with a large quantity of water.

Thou gentle jar, who hadst with me thy birth
When Manlius was Consul, dost thou bear
Quarrels within thee, plaints, mad love, or mirth
And easy slumber? What result soe'er

Lurks in the vintage of the Massic vine
(Worthy of proof on some auspicious day),
Now, since Corvinus orders mellower wine,
No longer in the storehouse shalt thou stay.

Steeped in Socratic learning though he be,
He will not cynically say thee no;
Despite Old Cato's virtue, even he
Oft drank a glass, to keep his blood aglow.

Merry Lyaeus helping, wine has wrought
On many a sluggish wit with urgence slight,
A torment soft, yet moving, and has brought
Grave thought and counsels of the wise to light;

Wine cheers the anxious mind, and can allay
With strength and courage needy men's alarms,
Who, when they drink of it, feel no dismay
At angry monarchs' crowns or soldiers' arms.

Liber and Venus (if she condescend),
The Graces, loth their hands to disunite,
With burning lamps, my jar, shall thee attend,
Till Phoebus put the stars again to flight.

Translated by F. COUTTS

A FARMER'S GODS

THE old Roman religion was essentially a religion of the countryside and the fireside. Every cottage, however humble, had its *Lares* or spirits of the farm and the home, to which offerings of food and drink were made, every plot of ground, however small, its 'genius' or protecting deity and its spirit of stream, tree, or hill. This ode is addressed to Phidyle, a peasant woman; Horace must have known many such in the Sabine valleys, where his farm was situated. He contrasts her simple observance of the old-fashioned rites and customs with the pomp and ritual of sacrifices to 'the great gods' at Rome, and promises that her humble offerings shall win protection for her crops from blight and the unhealthy wind, called scirocco, which blows over Italy from the African deserts

If, Phidyle, your hands you lift
To heaven, as each new moon is born,
Soothing your Lares with the gift
Of slaughter'd swine, and spice, and corn,
Ne'er shall Scirocco's bane assail
Your vines, nor mildew blast your wheat,
Ne'er shall your tender younglings fail
In autumn, when the fruits are sweet.
The destin'd victim 'mid the snows
Of Algidus in oakwoods fed,

Or where the Alban herbage grows,
  Shall dye the pontiff's axes red;
No need of butcher'd sheep for you
  To make your homely prayers prevail;
Give but your little gods their due,
  The rosemary twined with myrtle frail.
The sprinkled salt, the votive meal,
  As soon their favour will regain,
Let but the hand be pure and leal,
  As all the pomp of heifers slain.

Translated by J. CONINGTON

THE PEACEFUL LIFE

IN the first part of this ode Horace urges his friend, Maecenas, to leave the cares of state and the luxury of his palace at Rome to share Horace's simple life at his Sabine farm in the heat of an Italian summer; from this invitation Horace passes on to his own philosophy of life, which counsels moderation in all things and a calm independence of the smiles and frowns of Fortune.

Maecenas, heir of Tuscan kings,
  I still keep mellow wine for you,
Untouched as yet, and fragrant oil
  To scent your hair, rose-garlands too.
I've waited long. Come, hasten now,
  Nor always look with longing eyes
Where streams dash down from Tivoli
  Or Alban mountains pierce the skies.
Leave all your tiring luxury,
  Your vast and lofty palace home,

And cease to wonder at the joys,
The wealth, the roar, the smoke of Rome.
Rich men oft love a change; as guests
In cottages with simple fare,
The gold and purple left behind,
Their anxious brows are freed from care.
Now fiery constellations reign,
The sun brings back the scorching days,
The weary shepherd seeks the shade
And rivulet and pathless ways,
Through thickest woods with tired flock;
No stray breeze fans the silent stream.
But you are asking anxiously
What policy the statesmen deem
Fit for the hour; at Rome you dread
Intrigues, rebellions far from home
Of Asiatic tribes, and where
The warlike Cossack archers roam.

. . . . . .

Wisely God hides in blackest night
The future, and if mortal dare
To pass his bounds, He smiles; heed well
And take your joy while skies are fair.
All else may Fortune bear away,
Like the broad stream that one day flows
Between its banks to Tuscan sea
In peace, next day a tempest blows;
Rocks, cattle, homes and trees uptorn
Are whirled along; the quiet rills
Rage in fierce flood; the torrent's roar
Re-echoes through the woods and hills.
That man shall live in happiness
Who, master of himself, can say

" To-morrow let the sun or storm
Cover the sky ; I lived to-day."
No Power can wash out the past
Nor change what once the hour has brought,
Swift-fleeting. Proud Fate ceases not
To ply her cruel trade and sport,
Delighting with a fickle hand
To make life's honours mine to-day,
To-morrow yours. Uncertain gifts !
She gives that she may take away.
When she is mine I speak her fair,
But if she spread her wings and fly,
I cancel all her gifts and seek
A dowerless bride in Poverty,
Wrapped in mine honour for a cloak ;
I do not rush to craven prayers
As in a storm a merchant prays
To save his costly Eastern wares
From shipwreck ; in a two-oared skiff
A gentle breeze will bear me far
From all the wild Aegean waves,
Protected by the Sailor's Star

IMMORTALITY

In this poem Horace claims for his odes an immortality which is the greatest he can imagine ; he says that a large part of him shall escape Libitina (the goddess of death) as long as the priests and priestesses of Rome shall go up the Capitol to offer sacrifices. He could not imagine that Imperial Rome would ever fall, but even though the Rome he knew has vanished, his poetry is known throughout the civilized world. He declares that the people of his

native province, Apulia, where the river Aufidus makes its turbulent way into the Adriatic, shall be proud of him. The praise of his skill in writing Latin poems in Greek measures he renders to Melpomene, the Muse of Poetry, from whom alone he will accept the poet's laurel crown.

My monument is finished ; it will last
Longer than bronze, and reach a loftier height
Than royal Pyramids ; it will remain
Unharmed by gnawing rain
Or furious north-wind blast
Through countless links of years and ages' flight.

Not all of me shall die ; a part not small
Shall Libitina never hold in thrall,
But I shall grow into the future, still
In fame renewed. So long as Pontiffs climb
With silent vestals up the Sacred Hill,
On to the Capitol, I, risen sublime
From low estate, where the wild waters fall,
Of thundering Aufidus, where Daunus ruled
A peasant people in an arid plain,
Shall be renowned as he who first of all
Aeolian song to modes Italian schooled.

Melpomene, no honours could I gain
Save through thy merits ; then accept them, thou,
And graciously with Delphic laurels deign
To wreathe my brow.

Translated by F. COUTTS

A Prince of Story-Tellers

THERE were no novels written or published in ancient Rome, but people loved a good story in those days as much as they do now. Modern novelists often capture the interest of their readers by transporting them to far-off lands and telling them weird and fascinating stories of Africa or the Far East. In ancient Rome all the most romantic stories came from Greece. During the last century of the Republic and the early years of the Empire Rome loved Greece and all things Greek; the man who did most to capture the romantic spirit of Greek legends in the Latin language was the poet Ovid. His greatest work was a long poem in fifteen books called *Metamorphoses* ("Changing Shapes"); in it all the Greek fairy-stories of men changed into beasts, or of maidens into trees and birds and rocks, are vividly and romantically told. The last lines of this poem are:

> My work is done; neither the wrath of Jove,
> Nor Age, the great Destroyer, fire or sword
> Can blot it out; let Death come when she will
> And end my span of life's uncertainty:
> My body only death can hold in thrall;
> A better part of me for evermore
> Shall live above the lofty stars; my name
> Shall never die; where'er Rome's might, far-flung,
> Reigns over conquered lands, there men shall read
> My poetry, and through the centuries,
> If prophets' words be true, I still shall live.

This claim of Ovid's has been justified, for there is no ancient poet who has more deeply influenced later litera-

ture. English literature owes him a great debt : Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales* and other poems has drawn freely from Ovid's store of romance ; so has Gower ; and at the time of the Revival of Learning, when classical literature was eagerly studied all over Europe, Ovid was the poet who inspired countless pictures as well as poems and romances. Shakespeare, who knew only a little Latin, yet knew enough to read Ovid, and there are echoes in all his plays of Ovid's poetry.

The *Metamorphoses* has influenced later ages more than the rest of Ovid's work, but it is, as a matter of fact, only about a third part of all he wrote. He was born in 43 B.C., the year after Julius Caesar's assassination, at Sulmo, ninety miles south of Rome ; he belonged to a wealthy family, and after the usual education of a boy of his class—school at Rome and the University of Athens—he spent some time travelling in the East and in Sicily. Law was to be his profession, but at heart he was always a poet and found that verses came naturally to his pen. For this he was sternly rebuked by his father, who said that poets never grew rich and he had better stick to the law. However, all his interests were literary, and as he had money of his own it was easy for him to enjoy the life of fashionable and literary circles at Rome. From time to time he published small books of love poems, but *The Art of Love*, his first long poem, was not published till he was over forty.

In A.D. 8 he was banished by order of the Emperor to Tomi, a town on the shores of the Black Sea near the mouth of the Danube : no one knows what his offence had been, but it must have been something which made his presence in Rome intolerable to Augustus, for in spite of many appeals he was never recalled, and died after ten years of exile in A.D. 18. The cold weather, the monotony,

the lack of social life in this remote frontier town profoundly depressed Ovid, who loved light and colour and the gay society of Rome. From Tomi he wrote many poems short and long, bewailing his exile and longing for home: these are called *Tristia* ("Poems of Sadness"). If Augustus meant to punish Ovid severely he was certainly successful.

Ovid handled the Latin language in a different way from any writer before him. He seemed to have an almost uncanny control over words and metre, so that his verses were always brilliant and perfectly finished. In his poems the natural heaviness of the Latin tongue seemed to be lightened, making it a fit instrument of expression for gay fancy and romantic legend.

LAMENT FOR TIBULLUS

TIBULLUS was a contemporary and great friend of the poet Horace. He was also much admired and loved by Ovid, who wrote this lament after his death in 19 B.C. The poems of Tibullus, which are still preserved, are chiefly graceful love-poems with a tinge of melancholy in them; his verses were polished and full of music. This poem of Ovid shows how greatly Tibullus was mourned by the literary world of Rome at that time: his friends find it hard to believe that all the beauty which he represented to them has been blotted out by death. So Shelley mourns for Keats in *Adonais*:

> Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
> But for our grief, as if it had not been,
> And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!

And Wilfrid Wilson Gibson writes of his friend Rupert Brooke:

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair,
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

Like these, Ovid's poem is the lament of a poet for a poet-friend.

If goddess mothers wept their hero sons
And human grief can touch a heart divine,
Then, Muse of Elegy, weep, rend thy hair,
Sad Elegy, so true a name is thine!
Thy poet, thy Tibullus, thy renown,
A lifeless corpse is burnt upon the pyre.
True, poets are called 'sacred,' 'Heaven's care,'
Some even think us gods: and yet the dire
Fate of untimely Death with hand profane
Snatches at all things sacred unaware:
Live and die righteously and love the gods;
Yet e'en from temple steps cruel Death shall bear
You swift to yawning tomb; all your sweet songs
Can save you not; here lies Tibullus dead,
All left of him a tiny urn contains;
Poet divine, on you have fierce flames fed?
Yet were it worse if in a foreign land
Unknown beneath the common sod you lay,
Here your own mother closed your dying eyes,
And brought last gifts to speed you on your way.
If aught of us except a name and shade
Lasts on, among the Valleys of the Blest
Tibullus lives; there come to welcome him
All poets young who early reached their rest;
Brilliant Catullus, ivy-garlanded,
With his dear Calvus, company thy ghost,

Melodious Tibullus ; thou art one,
If ghosts have being, in the mighty host
Of noble souls ; and for thy bones I crave
That they may rest at peace in quiet urn
And may the earth lie gently on thy grave.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

THIS is a Greek legend of the origin of the echo, which is personified in a nymph changed into a bodiless voice, and of Narcissus, the son of a river-god, who was so beautiful that he fell in love with his own reflection and pined away ; he was changed into the flower we call by his name.

Narcissus was his name ; a prophet, asked
If he would live to see a ripe old age,
Replied, " He will, unless he see himself."
Narcissus grew and reached his sixteenth year,
Already half a man though still a boy ;
And many youths and maidens loved him well,
Though none could touch him, for he was so proud.
A nymph beheld him as he hunted down
The frightened deer and drove them to the snares,
Echo the nymph with far-resounding voice.
And when she saw Narcissus wandering
Through trackless ways she burned with love of him
And followed secretly his steps ; sometimes
The boy would stray alone and leave his friends,
Then shout, " Is someone there ? " " Is someone there ? "
Echo would answer and he was amazed.
Or when his friends were scattered he would cry
" Come " ; straightway Echo called to him to come.

He looked behind and, seeing no one there,
Cried, " Wherefore shun me ? " And whatever words
He said, he heard again. He stopped, deceived
By the delusion of the answering voice,
And said, " Come meet me here," and nothing loth
Echo replied, " Come meet me here," and went
Forth from the trees to throw her arms around
His neck long-hoped-for ; but he fled and she
Hid in the woods rejected ; yet her love
Remained and grew with sorrow for her loss.
Her grief wore out her wretched body ; thin
And pale she grew, fading away to air ;
Only her voice remained, that voice we hear.
And so Narcissus made a sport of her
And all the other nymphs of wave or hill.
There was a spring with waters crystal clear
And shining bright like silver, never touched
By shepherds or the mountain goats or flocks ;
No bird or beast disturbed it and no branch
Falling from trees near by ; the grass that grew
Upon its banks was ever fresh and green ;
And the cool woods suffered no blazing sun
To warm its waters. Here Narcissus came,
And wearied by his hunting and the heat
Lay down, and while he looked about him longed
To slake his thirst ; and while he drank he saw
Reflected his own beauty, and straightway
He fell in love with unreality :
He saw a shadow and he thought it real :
He marvelled at himself and motionless
Gazed at his face, like marble, statuesque ;
Lying upon the ground he saw his eyes,
Twin stars, hair like Apollo's glossy curled,

Smooth cheeks and neck as white as ivory,
A face most beautiful, where mixed with snow
Red roses grew ; and all in vain he gave
Thousands of kisses to the lying pool.
Thousands of times he plunged his arms in vain
Into the water, striving to embrace
The neck he saw but never captured it.
Then, as the golden wax melts before fire
And morning dew is dried by the sun's heat,
So worn out by his love he pined away,
Consumed by hidden fires ; no more his cheeks
Were red and white ; his strength was gone and all
That beauty Echo once had loved ; she saw
And grieved for his sad plight, though mindful still
Of how he scorned her ; when the wretched lad
Cried " Woe is me," she echoed " Woe is me."
At last he laid his weary head to rest
On the green grass and darkness closed his eyes,
Still wondering at the beauty of their lord.
And when he reached the regions of the dead
Still in the pools of Styx he gazed upon
His own reflection ; and the water-nymphs,
His sisters, wept for him and cut their hair.
The forest-nymphs wept too and their lament
Echo repeated answering ; they brought
A funeral pyre, a bier and torches bright,
But he was gone ; no body could they find,
Only a yellow flower with petals white.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

THIS story is used by Shakespeare in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where he makes the company of working

men act to the Duke of Athens "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby."

Thisbe, the fairest maid in all the East,
And Pyramus, the handsomest of lads,
Were neighbours in an old Egyptian town.
So the boy came to know the girl ; their love
Increased with time ; he would have wedded her
But fathers stern forbade ; ev'n they could not
Forbid the love that burned in captive hearts.
They had no go-between ; by nods and signs
They spoke ; the more they hid their love, the more
Tumultuously it burned ; a tiny crack
Made when the house was built ran down the wall
That joined his home and hers ; safely through it
They murmured lovers' talk and often said,
" O cruel wall, why do you stand between
True lovers ? If you would but grant us one
Embrace, or let our lips meet in a kiss."
So all in vain they spoke each side the wall,
And said " Good night " and kissed the bricks between.
When the next dawn had put to flight the stars,
And the sun's rays had dried the dewy grass,
Straight to their crack they go and whispering soft
Resolve by silent night to try to leave
Their homes, escaping from the watchful eyes
Of parents and beyond the city gates
To meet at Ninus' tomb beneath the shade
Of a high tree covered with snow-white fruit
Near to an ice-cold spring, a mulberry.
Thisbe at nightfall softly turned the door
Upon its hinge and went out secretly,
Veiling her face ; she reached the tomb and sat

Under the tree ; her love had made her bold.
When suddenly behold a lioness comes
Fresh from her kill of oxen, foaming blood,
To slake her thirst in the clear spring near by.
As soon as Thisbe saw her by the light
Of the moon's rays far off, with trembling foot
Into a cave she fled, and as she ran
To hide she dropped her veil and left it there.
The savage lioness had slaked her thirst
With draughts of water and returning home
To forest lairs picked up the gauzy veil
And tore it with her bloodstained jaws. Then came
Pyramus, and he saw the wild beast's tracks
In the deep sand, and all his face grew pale.
But when he found the blood-stained veil, he cried,
" This night two lovers shall destroy, of whom
She was more worthy of a longer life.
My heart is guilty ; O unhappy one,
'Tis I who killed thee, I who bade thee come
By night to regions full of fear and came
Myself too late. O all ye lions that dwell
Beneath this rock, come tear my flesh, devour
This guilty body with your savage teeth.
But no, that is a coward's way, to long
For death by other hands." Lifting the veil
Of Thisbe, to th' appointed tree he went,
And wept and kissed the veil he knew so well.
"With my blood too," he cried, "thou shalt be stained,"
Then stabbed himself, and drew the dagger straight
From the fresh wound, as dying on the ground
He lay ; a jet of blood leapt high and splashed
The berries on the tree, whose colour then
Became blood-red, and the roots, soaking in

The blood, dyed all the berry-clusters red.
But Thisbe now fearing to lead astray
Her lover comes and seeks him ev'rywhere,
Longing to tell him all the dangers she
Had 'scaped, when suddenly she saw the place
And knew the tree was changed ; the coloured fruit
Held her back wondering if 'twas the same.
Then she saw writhing limbs that trembled on
The bloodstained soil ; and, shrinking back, her face
As pale as yew-berries, she shook with fear.
But soon she recognized her love and tore
Her hair, embracing her beloved's corpse.
Weeping she filled his wounds and with his blood
Mingled her tears ; she kissed his ice-cold cheek,
And cried, " O Pyramus, what cruel Fate
Has snatched thee from me ? Pyramus, reply !
Thisbe, my darling, Thisbe calls to thee,
Listen, lift up thy face." At Thisbe's name
He opened once his eyes glazing in death,
To look on her, and then for evermore
He closed them. But when Thisbe saw the veil
And empty dagger-sheath, she cried, " Thine own
Hand and thy love destroyed thee, wretched one,
But my hand, too, is strong for this one deed,
And love is strong to nerve me for the stroke.
Dead Pyramus, I follow thee ; the cause
Most wretched of thy death, I yet will be
Named comrade of thy dying. Hear us both
Unhappy ones, father and mother mine,
His parents too, grant us, whom our last hour
Has joined in one and love too late to save,
Grant us to share a tomb ; and thou, O tree,
That with thy branches coverest one corpse

And soon shalt cover two: bear evermore
The marks of our sad death; and let thy fruit
Be black for mourning and memorial
Of lovers' blood." She spoke and plunged the knife
Still warm into her breast. The gods on high
Granted her prayer; her parents granted too
Her last request; for ripened mulberries
Are always black; and in one quiet urn
The bodies of the lovers lie at rest.

DAEDALUS AND ICARUS

THIS is a Greek legend of how men first tried to fly. Daedalus, who was a famous craftsman, was detained in the island of Crete against his will by the Cretan king, Minos. He made wings of feathers and tried with his son Icarus to fly home to Athens over the Aegean Sea.

Daedalus longed to see his home again
And hated his long exile in far Crete.
The sea was closed. "Let the king block the land
And sea," he cried; "the heaven lies open still,
There lies my way; Minos, the king of all,
Is not king of the air." His mind he turns
To arts unknown and seeks inventions strange.
Feathers he lays in order by their length,
From smallest up to greatest, as the pipes
That peasants play are made of reeds that slant
In varying lengths up to a point. He binds
The centre quills with mud, the outer ones
With wax and gives the wing thus made a twist
To curve it like a bird's. Then Icarus,
His boy, who stood by laughing (unaware

He handled his own peril) when the breeze
Ruffled the feathers, snatched at them ; his thumb
Softened the golden wax and by his play
He marred his father's wondrous work ; at last
The final touch was laid ; then Daedalus
Balanced his body on the wings and hung
Amid the gusts of air and warned his son :
" Be sure," he said, " to keep a middle course,
Fly not too low lest the waves soak your wings,
High up the sun may scorch them ; fly between.
Let not your eyes be gazing on the stars,
But follow me." He told him how to fly
Fitting his shoulders with the strange new wings,
And as he talked and worked with trembling hands
The old man's cheeks were wet with tears ; he kissed
His son for the last time, rose on his wings
And flew ahead fearing for Icarus.
Ev'n so a bird from a high nest lures forth
Her young ones to the air and urges them
To follow her. He plied his fatal craft,
Flapped his own wings, looking back at his son's.
The shepherd with his crook, the fisherman
With bending rod, the peasant leaning on
His plough beheld them flying, and amazed
Believed them gods who could thus travel through
The air. Already on the left they passed
Samos and Delos ; Paros lay behind,
Lebynthos and Calymne, haunt of bees,
When the boy, joyful at his daring flight,
Forsook his guide, and seized with mad desire
For the wide heav'n, flew up and up until
Near the fierce sun the scented wax, that held
His wings together, melted and grew soft.

With wingless shoulders he could fly no more,
But calling on his father's name he fell
Into that sea which takes its name from him.
His wretched father, childless now, called out
" Where art thou, Icarus ? " " Where shall I seek
Thee, Icarus ? " he cried ; then saw the wings
Amid the waves and cursed what he had made.
He laid the body in a tomb ; the land
Was named from Icarus.

THE CAVE OF SLEEP

Near to the Land of Darkness lies a cave
Deep hidden in a mountain side, and there
Has drowsy Sleep his home and secret shrine.
Never can ray of sun at morn or eve
Or at high noon come there ; the very ground
Breathes forth dark mists and vapours; twilight reigns,
And shadows ; no cock wakes to greet the dawn
With crowing, and no restless barking dogs
Nor geese, more watchful still, the silence break,
Neither wild beasts nor tame are heard, no wind
Moaning in the tree-tops, no human voice.
Here deathlike stillness dwells. Yet from the rock
Wells up the water of Forgetfulness,
And murmuring gently o'er the pebbles flows
With slumb'rous sound inviting sleep ; before
The cave great clumps of poppies bloom and herbs
Innumerable whose juices full of sleep
Night gathers and distills o'er darkened lands.
No sentinel upon the threshold stands ;
No door there is to turn on creaking hinge
Within the palace ; but an ebon bed

Stands in the midst, high, black, with curtains
black,
All soft with downy feathers ; there the god
Himself is stretched, his limbs relaxed in rest.
Around him everywhere lie empty dreams
Of countless shapes, in number like the ears
Of corn at harvest-time, or forest leaves
Or sand on the sea-shore.

PERSEPHONE

PERSEPHONE was the daughter of the goddess Ceres, and when she was gathering flowers in the Sicilian meadows Pluto, the god of the underworld, came with his chariot and carried her off to his kingdom down below.

Persephone through meadows once was straying
With girls, her wonted playmates, when she found
A shady spot a waterfall was spraying
That leapt from lofty hills to valley ground.
There all the colours Nature knows were gleaming,
With countless flowers the earth was painted bright.
" Come, girls," the maiden cried, " and cease your
dreaming.
We'll fill our arms with blossoms, our delight."
Their girlish hearts were filled with joy of plunder,
So hard they worked it made the work seem less,
One baskets filled of osiers woven under,
One fills her arms and one her loosened dress,
One seeks the violets blue, another golden
Kingcups, another plucks the poppies frail,
By hyacinths and amaranth are holden
Yet others, thyme they pick and clover pale,

And cassia, and most of all sweet roses,
And nameless flow'rs ; the maid Persephone
Wanders afar in her desire of posies,
White lilies, slender crocuses ; none see
Their mistress go ; of all the girls none follow,
But she is seen, and swift from realms below
Comes Pluto, captures her and straight the hollow
Road underground lies open and they go,
Drawn by his great black horses hardly bearing
The strange and unaccustomed light of day.
She cried aloud and screamed, her long robes tearing,
" My darling mother, I am snatched away."
But now, her basket full of flow'rs, each maiden
" Persephone ! " calls, " Come to your gifts, come ! "
Wretched, they beat their breasts, the hills are laden
With crying ; she they call alone is dumb.

The Historian of the Roman Empire

SOME histories are simply the record of events; others are so written that they transport the reader to the scenes they describe and make him see the actors in the drama play their parts. Tacitus, who is one of the world's greatest historians, has the power of painting with remarkable vividness the picture of events, while at the same time he reproduces their atmosphere. His life covered the last half of the first century after Christ and included fifteen or twenty years of the next century; he was a native of Terni, in Umbria, and after a literary training at Rome he entered the civil service and was rapidly promoted to positions of importance under government. In this he was helped by his marriage in A.D. 77, when he was little over twenty, to the daughter of Julius Agricola, an eminent soldier and Imperial administrator. The life of his father-in-law which Tacitus wrote is a masterpiece of biography.

Since he was early brought into contact with Imperial administration and the leading men of his time, Tacitus had abundant opportunities of obtaining materials for his history. He originally intended to write an account only of his own lifetime, but later changed his mind and began with the death of the Emperor Augustus in A.D. 14. Only certain portions of this history of the early Empire have been preserved, but they are enough to cause historians

and casual readers alike to long for the rest. Certain modern critics maintain that the lurid picture Tacitus has painted of the emperors is the prejudiced view of a supporter of government by the Senate. But apart from the testimony of other less trustworthy writers, the reputation of Tacitus as a scientific historian, and his personal knowledge of his own times, are too great to be entirely discounted. No one who had not lived through them could have described the atmosphere of those years, breathless with expectation of fresh terrors and portentous with a sense of impending doom.

Even in translations the brilliance of Tacitus can be appreciated, and his Latin style is a new creation; it combines force and brevity with pictorial description, and the harmonies which had first been heard in the poetry of Virgil are by him introduced into prose.

CARACTACUS AT ROME

After Julius Caesar's expeditions to Britain in 55 and 54 B.C. the island was left alone for nearly a hundred years, and it was not till nearly fifty years after the birth of Christ that a definite attempt was made to bring Britain under the rule of the Roman Empire. One of the principal British chiefs who resisted the Roman attacks was named Caractacus; after many years of warfare he was finally captured and brought to Rome, to be led like all Roman prisoners of war in the triumphal procession of the victorious general. This was in A.D. 50, when Claudius Caesar was emperor. The following passage describes how Caractacus was received at Rome.

It was a great victory; the wife and daughter of Caractacus were captured; his brothers also surrendered.

Caractacus had trusted himself to the loyalty of Cartimandua, the Queen of the North, but he was put in chains and given up to the conquerors; so friends always desert the unfortunate. The war had been going on in Britain for more than eight years and the fame of Caractacus had travelled far beyond those islands; it had spread through the neighbouring provinces and in Italy too his name was in every mouth. People longed to see what manner of man this was who for so many years had defied our armies. Even in Rome itself his name was not without honour; and Caesar by exalting his own triumph increased the glory of his conquered foe.

The people were summoned to look upon a wonderful display; the Guards were drawn up fully armed on the parade-ground in front of their camp. The vassals of the British chieftain headed the procession in which were carried the ornaments, necklaces, and all the trophies he had won in his wars against other tribes; next were seen the brothers of Caractacus, then his wife and daughter, last of all Caractacus himself. All the rest in terror made craven prayers; but not so did Caractacus; he did not ask for pity with crestfallen countenance or with submissive words; when he stood in front of the Emperor's tribunal he spoke as follows:

"If my humility in prosperity had been equal to my nobility of birth and my high estate, I should not have come to this city as a prisoner of war, but as a friend; you would not have disdained to make a treaty of peace with me, for I spring from renowned ancestors and am king over many peoples. The very humiliation of my present lot enhances your glory. I too have had my horses, my men, my arms, my riches; do you wonder that I would not give them up without a struggle? If you

Romans wish to rule the world, does it follow that all men must accept slavery? If I were a prisoner who surrendered without a blow, my fortune and your glory would be alike unknown to history; if I am executed now, I shall soon be forgotten; but if you spare my life, I shall be an example to future ages of your clemency."

After listening to this Caesar granted pardon to Caractacus, his wife, and his brothers.

THE GREAT FIRE OF ROME

MOST people know the proverb about 'Nero fiddling while Rome was burning'; the origin of that proverb is in the Emperor Nero's reported conduct during the Great Fire at Rome in A.D. 64. It was said that, while the fire was raging, Nero sang and played in his own private theatre, which he had had made to act in himself. Nero is one of those characters whom history has painted in lurid colours, and we shall never fully understand and know his remarkable complexity. Tacitus, who is one of those chiefly responsible for our knowledge of Nero, describes here in great detail the able measures he took to relieve the homeless people, bringing food up the river Tiber from Ostia, the port of Rome; he also elaborated wise precautions for preventing future fires.

At the same time, Tacitus tells us, there were strange stories going round; Nero, people said, had his own reasons for wanting to destroy Rome, and after the fire had been quenched did it not break out again on an estate belonging to Nero's favourite, Tigellinus? To allay these suspicions, we are told, Nero punished scapegoats selected from the still obscure sect called Christians. Christians were for a long time at Rome regarded as

Jews, and that is why they are accused of "hatred of mankind"; for the Jewish nation was so individual in its religion and customs and, from the Roman point of view, so exclusive that Jews were considered enemies of all other races.

The ferocity and diabolical cruelty of Nero were probably largely due to the strain of insanity in his family working on a temperament unbalanced and uncontrolled.

A calamity followed, a fire more disastrous and more terrible than any that had ever devastated Rome; it is not known whether it happened by accident or was secretly contrived by the Emperor, for there are authorities for both theories. The fire broke out in that part of the Great Amphitheatre which is near the Palatine and Caelian Hills; directly it was kindled it gathered strength and, fanned by the wind, it licked up the shops, which were full of inflammable goods, and swept over the whole length of the amphitheatre. For no palaces standing in their own grounds blocked the way, no temple precincts, nothing which could delay its course. The flames spread furiously, now along the level ground, then shooting up to the hills, then again devouring the hollows; no efforts could overtake them, partly because they advanced too quickly, partly because the city itself was an easy prey; for old Rome was built with narrow alleys winding in all directions and irregular blocks of buildings.

Added to this, the shrieks of terrified women, the weakness of old people, the helplessness of children, the crowds, some seeking their own safety, some thinking of their friends, some hastening to drag out sick people, others lingering to wait for them, all increased the general confusion. Often while they were looking behind them

they were cut off by the flames breaking out at the side or in front ; if they escaped to safety close at hand, when the fire had reached that refuge they would find that districts which they had thought far beyond its reach were overwhelmed also. In the end, not knowing which quarter to leave or which to make for, they filled the streets and threw themselves down in the fields ; some who had lost all their fortunes, even their daily livelihood, others out of love for their relations whom they had not been able to save, welcomed death even when a way to safety was open to them. No one dared to fight the flames, for there were many who threatened any attempt to put out the fire, and also some actually threw torches openly and declared loudly that they had orders to do so ; this may have been true or they may have done it in order to plunder undisturbed.

At the moment Nero was at Antium, and by the time he returned to Rome the fire was approaching his house which he had built to connect the Gardens of Maecenas with the Palace. It could not, however, be prevented from consuming the Palace, the house Nero had built, and all the buildings in the neighbourhood. To help the refugees who had lost their homes, Nero threw open the big Parade Ground, the Agrippa Memorial, and even his own gardens, and built emergency huts for the crowds of destitute. He had supplies of food brought up from Ostia and the neighbouring towns and ordered corn to be sold for much less than the market price. These were popular measures, but Nero got no credit for them ; for a rumour had spread abroad that at the very moment when the city was blazing, the Emperor had gone on to the stage in his private theatre and sung *The Fall of Troy* as an appropriate background for the great fire.

At last, on the sixth day, the fire was brought to a standstill at the foot of the Esquiline Hill by the destruction of buildings on a large scale, so that its uninterrupted fury might be met by clear ground and empty space. Yet hardly had the people settled down and recovered their spirits when the fire broke out again, attacking this time the more open quarters of the city; therefore the loss of life was not so great, but far more temples were ruined, and colonnades where the people spent their leisure time. There was even more suspicion connected with this fire because it had broken out on the Aemilian estate of Tigellinus, and people thought that Nero was ambitious to found a new city and call it by his own name. For out of the fourteen quarters into which Rome is divided, four only remained intact; three were burnt to the ground, and in the other seven only a few smoking ruins of houses were left.

It would not be easy to count up the palaces, tenement blocks, and temples that were destroyed. Among the oldest of the temples burnt were the Temple of the Moon, dedicated by Servius Tullius, and the great altar and shrine which the Arcadian king Evander had consecrated to Hercules, who appeared to him in visible form; the temple, which Romulus vowed to Jupiter, the Stayer of Flight, the palace of King Numa, the shrine of Vesta with the household gods of the Roman people were all burnt; the treasures also which Rome had won in many victorious battles, and masterpieces of Greek art as well as the ancient and genuine monuments of genius, which the older generation remembered; in spite of the beauty of the restored city these could never be replaced. . . . Nero, however, took advantage of his country's desolation to build a palace whose glory was not gold and precious

stones (for luxury had made them too common), but lawns and lakes and an artificial 'wilderness' and woods, alternating with open spaces and wide vistas. . . .

The rest of the city which was not occupied by Nero's palace was laid out with rows of houses carefully measured, and wide streets in between, and not rebuilt as it had been after the burning by the Gauls, without any order or plan; a limit was set to the height of houses; open spaces were left and colonnades were added as a protection to the fronts of tenement blocks. Nero promised to build these colonnades at his own expense and to hand over the open spaces when cleared of rubbish to their owners; he also offered rewards, graded according to rank and property, to all who finished their houses or blocks of buildings within a given time. He chose the marshes at Ostia as a dumping-place for the rubbish, and arranged that the ships which had brought the corn up the river Tiber should carry the rubbish down. Certain parts of the buildings were to be solidly constructed without beams of wood, and entirely of Gabine or Alban stone, which is fireproof. People had been diverting water illegally for private use, so inspectors were appointed to see that there was a more plentiful supply of water in public places; every householder was obliged to keep in his courtyard apparatus for putting out fires; party walls were forbidden and each house had to be completely detached. These regulations were made for safety, but they greatly improved the appearance of the new city. Still, there were some people who thought that the plan of the old city was healthier, because the narrow streets and high buildings were a protection against the heat of the sun, while the open spaces and broad streets had no shade and were exposed to scorching heat. . . .

But neither human effort nor the generosity of the Emperor, nor the services of expiation, could remove the horrible suspicion that the fire had been ordered by Nero. Therefore, to get rid of this rumour, the Emperor laid the guilt at the door of the Christians and inflicted on them the most terrible forms of punishment. The Christians, as they were popularly called, were hated for their secret abominations and took their name from one Christ, who was executed in the reign of Tiberius by the provincial governor Pontius Pilate; though it was temporarily checked, this deadly superstition broke out again not only in Judaea, where the mischief began, but spread even to Rome, the very sink of all that is shameful and horrible.

First, all those who confessed that they were Christians were arrested, and on their statements a vast number of others were convicted, not of having caused the fire, but of "hatred of mankind." Their death was made a public sport and spectacle; they were wrapped in the skins of wild beasts and torn to pieces by dogs; they were nailed to crosses or burnt to serve as lamps when night had fallen. Nero had given up his own gardens for this performance, and entertained the people too with circus shows, mixing in the crowds in the dress of a charioteer, or driving a chariot. So it happened that, though men thought Christians were criminals who deserved extreme punishment, yet they began to pity them because they were not being sacrificed for the public good but simply to gratify the cruelty of one man.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM

DURING one year—A.D. 69—there were four emperors in quick succession to one another at Rome; the last of these four was Vespasian, who founded a dynasty

which lasted through several reigns. His first task was to bring back peace to the Empire, which had been greatly disturbed by the struggles of the 'Year of the Four Emperors.' His son Titus was sent to the East to complete the subjugation of Palestine, which had revolted in the time of Nero and was now entirely reconquered—except the city of Jerusalem. This city set in the rough hill-country of Judaea has always been an almost impregnable fortress, and even in modern times offered a strong resistance to General Allenby.

We know from other historians that Titus captured Jerusalem in A.D. 70, and destroyed it; but the account which Tacitus wrote of the siege has not been preserved. The passage quoted here is his introductory description of Jerusalem and its history. His general attitude to the Jews is that of a civilized member of a great Empire to an obscure tribe, whose religious rites were almost certainly barbarous and savage. The Romans always suspected and hated the Jews; both peoples possessed a religion which was bound up with their national feeling, but neither could understand the other. The Romans, who from childhood were accustomed to numberless gods and spirits presiding over every action of their lives, could not understand the worship of one God, who had no image in his shrine, nor could they tolerate the refusal of the Jews to allow Jehovah to be numbered as one more god among the countless gods of Rome; the Jews' belief that all the gods of the other nations were idols made it impossible for them either to acknowledge the divinity of the Roman emperor or to share in the tolerance of all gods and all forms of religion which prevailed throughout the Empire.

Early in the year Titus Caesar was chosen by his

father to complete the conquest of Judaea ; before his father became emperor, Titus had distinguished himself as a soldier, and now, as his reputation for energy increased, was becoming daily more popular in the provinces and in the armies. He was anxious to show himself independent of the fortune which had made him a prince and was always well-disciplined and efficient in the field ; his cheery comradeship called forth devoted service and he mixed constantly with his men in the trenches or on the march, without losing any of the respect due to him as general. Three legions awaited him in Judaea, the Fifth, Tenth, and Fifteenth, all veterans who had served under his father. To these he added the Twelfth Legion from Syria and detachments from the Eighteenth and the Third, brought from Alexandria. He was also accompanied by twenty divisions of allied troops and eight squadrons of cavalry, as well as the kings Agrippa and Sohaemus, the auxiliary troops of King Antiochus, and a strong contingent of Arabs, who hated the Jews as fiercely as people always do hate their neighbours ; lastly, there was a crowd of people who had come from Rome and Italy in the hope of winning the first place in the good opinion of the Prince, which no one yet held. With this force Titus entered the enemy's territory in marching order ; he sent out scouts in all directions and, being fully prepared to give battle at any moment, he finally encamped near Jerusalem.

Since I am going now to describe the last days of a famous city, it seems suitable to give some account of its early history. . . . Most authorities agree that a plague, which disfigured the body, broke out in Egypt, and that the king, Bocchoris, was ordered when he consulted the oracle of Ammon to find a remedy, to cleanse his kingdom,

and to drive this tribe into some foreign land because they were hated by the gods. So these people were sought out, gathered together, and finally abandoned in a vast multitude in the desert. They were all giving themselves up to hopeless grief, when one of the exiles, called Moses, warned them not to look for help from gods or men. "We have been abandoned by both," he said; "we must trust in ourselves; our heavenly leader will be the first man who helps us out of our present wretched plight." They agreed, and set out blindly, guided only by chance. They suffered most from scarcity of water, and, almost at the last gasp, had thrown themselves down all over the plain, when a herd of wild asses left their pasture for a rock which was shaded by trees. Moses followed them, and, conjecturing that where there was grass there would be water, opened up abundant springs. This lightened their hardships, and they continued their march for six days, and on the seventh day drove out the native tribes and occupied the country in which they consecrated their city and temple.

In order to strengthen his hold over the people in the future Moses introduced new religious rites different from those of the rest of the world. Our religion seems heathen to them; on the other hand they allow practices which we abominate. . . . They fast often to commemorate their long hunger in bygone days; and, as a token of corn hurriedly carried off, Jewish bread is to this day made without leaven. It is said that they rest on the seventh day because this day brought an end to their troubles; later they grew so fond of idleness that they set apart also the seventh year for rest. . . . Whatever their origin, these customs have the sanction of antiquity; their other practices, which are wrong and filthy, have held their

ground through their very wickedness. For the scum of all other races have renounced the religion of their own country to pay tribute and gifts to the Jews; this is one reason why they are so rich; another is that among themselves they are devotedly loyal and will do anything to help one another; but they hate every one else with a deadly hatred. . . .

They believe in one God, unseen by the bodily eye; He is supreme, eternal, there is no other like Him, He will never pass away. They hold it wicked to make statues of the gods in the form of men out of stuff that perishes; therefore they allow no images in their cities or their temples; not even to their own kings or to the emperors will they pay the compliment of this homage. . . .

The country is bounded by Arabia on the east, by Egypt on the south, by Phoenicia and the sea on the west; from the Syrian frontier it has a wide view to the north. The people are healthy and can stand hard work. Rain is scarce and the soil fertile. Its products are like our own, with the addition of balsam and palm-trees. . . . The chief mountain is Lebanon, a marvel in this scorching climate, for it is deeply wooded and crowned with eternal snow from which the river Jordan rises and draws its water. The Jordan does not fall into the sea, but flows right through two lakes and is lost in the third. This lake is very large and like the sea, but it tastes more bitter; it has a poisonous smell which brings disease to those who live near it; the wind cannot ruffle it, no fish can live in it or water-fowl frequent it. . . . Not far from the lake are the Plains, which they say were once fertile and populous with great cities, but were struck by lightning and burned. They say that there are still traces of this, because the ground still looks scorched and the soil will grow nothing.

. . . Judaea is almost entirely a country of scattered villages, but they have towns as well. Jerusalem is the capital. There stood a Temple of unmeasured wealth; the city lay within the outside wall of defence, then came the Palace, while the Temple was enclosed by an inner wall. Only the Jews were allowed to approach the doors; none but the priests might cross the threshold. . . . Pompey was the first Roman to overcome the Jews, and he entered the Temple by right of conquest. After that it became known that there was no image of any god in the shrine, that the sanctuary was empty and the secret places without mystery. The walls of Jerusalem were destroyed and the Temple left standing. . . .

The Jews endured Roman rule till the governorship of Gessius Florus; then war broke out. Cestius Gallus, the governor of Syria, tried to suppress it but suffered several defeats. When he died, either from natural causes or from vexation, Nero sent out Vespasian, who used his reputation, his good fortune, and his able staff to such purpose that within two summers he was holding with a victorious army all the level ground and all the cities except Jerusalem. The next year was given up to civil war, so the Jews were left alone. But, when peace was restored to Italy and there was time to spare for foreign policy, it made us angry to think that the Jews were the only people who had not given in. . . . Therefore, as I have stated, Titus encamped before the walls of Jerusalem and displayed his troops in battle-array. . . .

The city stood high and had been fortified by massive outworks which would be strong enough even for a city standing on level ground. Two hills of great height were ringed by walls cleverly bent inward so that the flank of an attacking party was exposed to the fire of the garrison.

The top fell away in precipices; the towers on the higher part of the hill were only sixty feet high, those on the lower slopes rose to one hundred and twenty feet, so that from a distance they were a wonderful sight and all appeared to be of equal height. Another wall used to run inside this one protecting the palace, and the Antonia Castle, called by Herod after Mark Antony, stood on a commanding peak. The Temple was built like a citadel with its own walls, constructed with more care and labour than any of the others. The very colonnades which ran round it were an excellent rampart. There was a spring of water which never failed; the hill was honeycombed with underground passages, and there were pools and cisterns for holding rain-water. . . . It is said that the total number of the besieged, of every age and of both sexes, was six hundred thousand. There were arms for all who could use them, and a very large proportion of the total number volunteered. The women were as determined as the men; if they had to leave their home, they feared life more than death. Such was the people and such the city, which Titus Caesar resolved to besiege.

BRITAIN UNDER THE EMPERORS

BRITAIN is the largest of the islands known to Roman geography; its size and position are as follows: on the east it faces Germany, on the west Spain, on the south it can be seen from France; its northern coasts have no land opposite them and are washed by a vast open sea. Livy, the most graphic of our older historians, and Fabius Rusticus, the most graphic of the moderns, have compared the shape of the whole country to an oblong dish or battle-axe. And this is what it looks like if you leave out

Scotland; the figure, however, has been used to describe the whole island. But those who cross the border will find a huge tract of country jutting out from the furthest part of the coast and narrowing into a kind of wedge. Now for the first time a Roman fleet sailed round this shore of the most distant sea and proved that Britain is an island, and at the same time discovered and conquered the Orkney Islands, up to that time unknown. They also sighted Shetland, but they had orders to go no further, and winter was coming on. . . .

It is not known who the original inhabitants of Britain were, whether they were indigenous or invaders, for barbarians never know their own origin. But their physical characteristics vary, and deductions may be made from them. The inhabitants of Scotland have red hair and large limbs, which proves their German origin; the Welsh have dark complexions and generally curly hair, and, since Spain is the coast opposite to them, probably in ancient times Spaniards crossed over and settled there; those who live nearest to the Gauls are like them; it is either the persistent influence of a common origin, or in two countries which almost touch each other the climate has produced a similar physique. On the whole I think it likely that the Gauls occupied the island lying so near them. You find their religious rites and beliefs in Britain; their language is almost the same; both peoples challenge danger with daring, and, when it comes, shrink from it with cowardice. The Britons, however, are much bolder, for a long peace has not yet tamed their warlike spirit. Indeed, history tells us that the Gauls were once great fighters; but peace made them idle, and they lost their courage when they lost their freedom; this has happened to the Britons who were subdued a long time ago; the rest are still what the Gauls used to be.

Their strength is in infantry; some tribes also fight from chariots; the driver has the honourable position and his dependents fight in front of him. Long ago they were ruled by kings, but now they are divided under petty chieftains into factions and rival parties; in our wars against such strong tribes their lack of power to combine has been our great ally; it is very seldom that two or three tribes join together to fight a common danger; so they fight independently and are all conquered.

The climate is vile, always rain and clouds; extreme cold is unknown. . . . The soil is fertile and bears all kinds of crops except the olive and the vine and plants accustomed to a warmer climate; the crops ripen slowly but grow quickly; the cause is the large quantity of moisture in the soil and atmosphere. Britain offers a reward to the conqueror, her gold, silver, and other metals. The ocean too produces pearls, but they are dull and yellowish. . . .

The Britons readily endure conscription, taxes, and the other burdens imposed by the Imperial Government, so long as they are not unjustly treated; oppression they will not tolerate; they are subdued enough to obey us, but not to be our slaves.

THE GOVERNOR OF BRITAIN

In A.D. 78 Agricola was given the governorship of Britain, which was by then a province of the Roman Empire. The following passage from his life, written by his son-in-law, describes his governorship.

Agricola earned the name of a great and successful governor because directly he arrived in his province he became immersed in hard work and fighting, instead of wasting time, like other governors, in a round of shows

and ceremonies. He did not use his success to glorify himself personally; he said that he had suppressed a conquered tribe and that it did not deserve to be called a campaign or a victory; even his dispatches were not bound in laurel. But his fame was increased by his very indifference to it; for people thought he must be aiming very high if he did not consider these great achievements worthy of mention.

He understood the feelings of the Britons and had learnt from the experience of others that conquest avails little if it is followed by injustice; so he resolved to root out the causes of war. He began at home with himself and his immediate subordinates, by disciplining his household; many men find this as hard a task as governing a province. No public business was done through freedmen or slaves; in making military appointments he was not influenced by his own likes and dislikes, nor by the recommendations or requests of others; the best men were the men he trusted. He knew everything, but did not always use his knowledge. Small offences he excused, to serious ones he was severe; yet he was more often than not satisfied with penitence and did not exact full punishment. He preferred to place men of integrity in positions of trust and authority, rather than to punish men after they had proved dishonest.

He lightened the burden of the corn tribute and other taxes by equalizing the contributions and by abolishing the devices for extortion, which were more bitterly resented than the actual taxes. For the Britons were being compelled to go through the farce of waiting at the closed doors of our granaries and of buying at a fancy price corn they did not want. They were ordered to deliver the corn in distant parts of the country away from

main roads, so that even tribes who had a winter encampment close to them were obliged to carry their corn to remote and inaccessible places. In this way a few men drew profit from a commodity which could have been easily supplied to every one.

Agricola put an end to these abuses in his first year of office, and so gave peace a good name; up till now, because former governors had been either negligent or oppressive, peace had been feared as much as war. But when summer came he mobilized the army and was continually with his men on the march, praising good discipline and urging on stragglers. He chose places for camps himself, and in person explored estuaries and forests; meantime he allowed the Britons no rest from sudden raids on their territory; then, when he had frightened them into submission, he showed them by his clemency the attractions of peace. The result of this was that many tribes, which up till then had been independent, gave hostages to the Romans and laid aside their enmity; they were surrounded with garrisons and forts so wisely and carefully that this annexation of new territory in Britain was the most peaceful ever known.

The following winter was spent in making salutary reforms. The Britons were uncivilized, living in isolated settlements, and naturally inclined to war; Agricola aimed at accustoming them to quiet and peaceful habits through the delights of civilization; by private influence and by grants of public money he encouraged the building of temples, law-courts, and good houses; he praised the energetic and rebuked the indolent. So they did not need to be coerced, for they competed for his praise. He gave the sons of chiefs a liberal education and declared that the natural talents of the Briton were superior to all the

industry of the Gaul, so that men who had refused to speak the language of the Roman now longed to be Latin orators. Then Roman dress came into fashion and the *toga* was commonly worn. From this, step by step, they descended to those pleasant signs of decadence, the lounge, the bath, the elegant banquet; this by the thoughtless was called civilization, though it was really only another form of slavery.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT ROMAN

THESE are the closing chapters of the life of Agricola, in which Tacitus laments the death of his father-in-law and the fact that he and his wife could not be present at his death-bed. His regret that Agricola was not spared to see Trajan as emperor is modified by satisfaction that he escaped the 'Terror' of the last years of the Emperor Domitian's reign. Agricola was born in A.D. 40 and died in A.D. 93.

Agricola was born on June 13th in the third consulship of the Emperor Caligula; he died in his fifty-fourth year on August 23rd, during the consulship of Collega and Priscus. Posterity may wish to know what he looked like; he was good-looking, but not impressive in appearance; his expression was genial and far from forbidding. People trusted him instinctively and gladly recognized him as a great man. Although he was cut off in the prime of life, yet he could have won no greater glory had he lived to a ripe old age. For he had attained all the graces of character which are a man's true riches; he had reached the consulship and won a triumph; what more could fortune have given him? He took no pleasure in excessive wealth; he had not been spoilt by ostentation

and grandeur. His wife and daughter survived him, and we may think of him as happy in escaping the years that were to follow, for he died at the height of his glory, while his honours were yet fresh and his family and his friends still alive. It is true that he had prayed to see the dawn of these happier days and Trajan on the throne—often he confided to me his hopes and prophesied their fulfilment—but it was a great comfort in his untimely death to know that he had escaped those last years during which, in a final paroxysm, Domitian ceaselessly, without respite or pause, drained the very life-blood of the State. . . .

Happy Agricola! Happy indeed! Your life was glorious, and you were fortunate in the moment of your death. Those who heard your last words tell us that you met your fate bravely and cheerfully, anxious it seemed to do all you could to clear the Emperor of guilt. But your daughter and I have not only lost a father—a bitter pain—but our sorrow is all the greater because we could not be near you in your illness, we could not lighten the last hours of weakness, we could not have the consolation of your last look and embrace. You would have given us some last words, some commands, which we should treasure deep in our hearts. This it is which hurts us most in our grief—our absence from Rome, which took you from us four years before your death. Best of fathers! Your loving wife was with you, and we know that all love and respect could do for you was done. Yet there were others who would have wept for you, and your dying eyes sought in vain the faces of two you loved.

If there is any home for the spirits of the just, if, as wise men believe, great souls do not perish with the body, may you rest in peace, calling us, your dear ones, from weak regrets and womanish tears, to the thought of your

splendid life. For that we dare not weep or mourn ; we will rather keep your memory green by our admiration and immortal praise, and by growing with the help of Nature more like you. That is the way for your kinsfolk to show their love and their respect.

To daughter and widow too I would say, " Honour the memory of your father, of your husband, by pondering in your hearts all he ever said and did ; cherish the picture not of his body, but his soul. Not that I would say a word against portraits in marble or bronze, but, as the faces of men crumble into dust, so too their images are but weak and perishable memorials ; but the beauty of the soul lives for ever ; you may keep it and express it not in sculptured stone or bronze, but in your own lives. Whatever we loved in Agricola, whatever we admired, lives and will live in the minds of men, in the eternity of the ages, in the pages of history ; many of our forefathers have been forgotten, as though their greatness and glory had never been ; the story of Agricola has been told to posterity, and he will live."

A Neapolitan Poet

THERE were three influences (possibly four) which moulded the life of Statius and his poetry—the beauty of the Bay of Naples where he lived, that beauty which has given rise to the famous saying, " See Naples and die " ; the fact that his father was a celebrated schoolmaster, who filled his son with admiration of Greek poetry and legend ; the tomb of Virgil, two miles out from Naples on the Posilipo road. Statius gave all his hero-worship to Virgil and followed him as a master in the school of poetry. Dante (whether using a medieval legend or more sure historical evidence we do not know) depicts Statius in his *Purgatory* as a Christian, and puts into his mouth words addressed to Virgil, which acknowledge him as teacher in religion as well :

> Thou first didst send me to Parnassus' caves,
> And thence didst light me on to God, like one
> Who travelleth by night and bears a lamp
> Behind him ; so it profits not himself
> But maketh others wise that follow him.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A poet I became through thee, and then
> A follower of Christ . . . and was baptized,
> But kept the pagan rites and long remained
> Through fear a secret Christian.

When Paul landed at Puteoli about A.D. 61 Statius was a boy of fifteen or sixteen, and there was then quite a large community of Christians at the seaport close to his home. He spent his later life almost entirely in Rome at the court of the Emperor—a court-poet—as all had

to be under Domitian, but in the Emperor's household and in his army too there were Christians, as Paul's letters tell. So Dante's picture may be true.

Statius lived in an age when poets recited their compositions aloud, so that, though his long epic poems on Greek subjects are musical, full of imagination and fine technique, they are also overburdened with rhetoric and a rather cumbrous use of mythology. They were much admired and translated in England about the time of Pope. The following extracts are taken from a collection of shorter poems, written to commemorate special occasions.

IN MEMORIAM

[*Atedius, the father, has lost his son, Glaucias.*]

And so Death took him. Yet be comforted:
Above this sea of sorrow lift thy head.
Death—or his shadow—look, is over all;
What but an alternating funeral
The long procession of the nights and days?
The starry heavens fail, the solid earth
Fails and its fashion. Why, beholding this,
Why with our wail o'er sad mortality
Mourn we for men, mere men, that fade and fall?
Battle or shipwreck, love or lunacy,
Some warp o'the will, some taint o'the blood, some touch
Of winter's icy breath, the Dogstar's rage
Relentless, or the dank and ghostly mists
Of Autumn—any or all of these suffice
To die by. In the fee and fear of Fate
Lives all that is. We one by one depart

Into the silence—one by one. The Judge
Shakes the vast urn : the lot leaps forth : we die
But *he* is happy and you mourn in vain.
He has outsoared the envy of gods and men,
False fortune and the dark and treacherous way—
Scatheless : he never lived to pray for death,
Nor sinned—to fear her, nor deserved to die.
We that survive him, weak and full of woes,
Live ever with a fearful eye on Death—
The how and when of dying : ' Death ' the thunder,
' Death ' the wild lightning speaks to us.
In vain—
Atedius hearkens not to words of mine.
Yet shall he hearken to the dead: be done,
Sweet lad he loved, be done with Death, and come,
. . come to thy father, soothe
His sorrow, dry his eyes, and day and night
A living voice be with him—look upon him,
Tell him thou art not dead (thy sister mourns,
Comfort her, comfort her as a brother can)
And win thy parents back to thee again.

Translated by H. W. GARROD

TO SLEEP

What sin was mine, sweet, silent, boy-god Sleep,
Or what, poor sufferer, have I left undone,
That I should lack thy guerdon, I alone ?
Quiet are the brawling streams : the shuddering deep
Sinks, and the rounded mountains feign to sleep.
The high seas slumber pillowed on Earth's breast ;
All flocks and birds and beasts are stilled in rest,
But my sad eyes their nightly vigil keep.

Oh ! If beneath the night some happier swain,
Entwined in loving arms, refuse thy boon
In wanton happiness—come hither soon,
Come hither, Sleep. Let happier mortals gain
The full embrace of thy soft angel wing.
But touch me with thy wand, or hovering
Above mine eyelids sweep me with thy train.

Translated by W. H. FYFE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE SLAVE

Who is so hard of heart that he can set
A bound to sorrow or the tears we shed ?
Can the sad father's heart be comforted,
Standing beside his children's graves ? And yet
Still deeper is his sorrow whose dear wife
By Death is from his arms untimely torn ;
Brothers for sisters, sisters brothers mourn,
But he alone must weep his broken life.
These are great sorrows ; but the smaller woe
Pierces the heart with no less keen a pain,
You mourn—a slave—for blind Fate will not deign
To grant to him a worthier name to show
How good he was, how loving and how true,
How nobler than unbroken pedigree
His life was writ because his soul was free.
Hide not your tears for him ; they are his due.

SORRENTO

THIS poem, describing a visit to the villa of a friend, Pollius, at Sorrento, might almost have been written yesterday. It is true that sea and wind alter the cliffs

SORRENTO

and beaches year by year, that the great port of the Roman Empire at Puteoli (modern Pozzuoli) is now disused, and that the modern liners come and go from the harbour of Naples, that hydroplanes flit over the Bay, that Armstrong's have planted a factory at lovely Baiae. But it is easy to forget all this if you go to the Point of Sorrento at sunset, climbing the white, winding, dusty road from the town (alas ! there is now no colonnade to shade you), and then slipping down the narrow path through olive and lemon groves till you come out on to a little peninsula, gorgeous in May with golden marguerites and fragrant with thyme and wildflowers.

You are almost at the southernmost tip of the Bay of Naples ; the Cape of Campanella, carrying a lighthouse now instead of a temple to Minerva, runs out behind you ; on your left to the west is the open sea, broken as your eye travels round to the right by the islands of Ischia and Procida, strange shapes like crouching animals. Twenty miles away Cape Misenum forms the northern tip of the Bay, and, by a series of beautiful inlets and headlands, Pozzuoli, Baiae, Posilipo, the coast drops down to where Naples lies opposite you almost level with the water. Then a long, unbroken curve slopes up from the water's edge to the crater of Vesuvius, whence a tiny puff of white cloud idly droops.

Standing right inside the Bay, the quiet blue mountain dominates every view, showing up in sharp relief the little plateau and bay of Sorrento, which lie close at hand on the right. Vines, oranges, olives, and lemons clothe the hills of this fertile garden, growing in the rich volcanic soil. On the steep grey cliffs the villas of the rich, American, Russian, Italian, and the hotels full of visitors, who come to this beautiful health resort as much as the Romans did,

look down at their reflections, red, gold, white, and green, in the calm sea. Then the sun, a blazing ball of fire, dips into the western ocean, and directly it is gone the sudden shadow of the southern night falls from the hills behind; then comes the afterglow, flushing the Bay, the houses, Vesuvius, the clouds with its crimson glory, which slowly fades into violet-grey.

If you are fortunate, you may see a shoal of porpoises (the old-time dolphins) at play; huge grey and white fish leaping in and out of the waves with an irresistible merriment. Perhaps they still love music; anyhow, they hear the fishermen singing at their oars, for all Neapolitans are musical, and even Caruso sang in the streets of Naples as a boy. Look down at the sea splashing the rocks at your feet. There are some of the walls of the villa of Pollius; here are a few arched rooms into which you can go—perhaps they were the baths. Through eighteen centuries Roman, Vandal, Goth, Saracen, Norman, and Spaniard have come and gone; yet but for the ravages of Vesuvius and the sea the villa might be standing even to-day. Walk home through the long straight street of the little town, and on your right you will see the name 'Vincenzo Pollio' over a shop where you may buy excellent rope-soled shoes: and some day, if you care to go to the cypress-guarded cemetery, you can read the name 'Pollio' on many tombs. And we think an English family old which "came over with William the Conqueror" in 1066!

Between the rocks called by the Sirens' name
And crags which bear that temple of old fame,
Minerva's shrine, looking across the Bay
To Puteoli's harbour far away,

A villa stands high on the vine-clad hills,
Where sweet grapes ripen and the vintage spills
A juice Falernian vats cannot excel.
It happened once that when my birthday fell
In Naples, Pollius of the silver tongue
And his wife, Polla, radiant and young,
Lured me across the Bay, my native Bay,
Turning my steps back from the Appian Way,
That sweeps, a queen of highways, north to Rome
Pleasant delay! I came to their quiet home;
A crescent bay—cliffs meet the curving waves
That break on rounded rocks; one beach through caves
Leads to the shore, and a fresh-water spring
Gushes to meet the sea, where glittering
The twin cupolas of the baths appear.
A wondrous calm is on the sea, and here
The raging of the waters turns to rest;
Even wild winter spares this shelter'd nest;
The fierce scirocco calms its blast; winds cease
To stir the pools, calm mirrors of the peace
That holds their master, Pollius. Along
The rocks above with arches curved and strong,
Fit for a city, runs a colonnade,
Where once a path, rough, dusty, without shade,
Wearied the traveller; this fairest spot
In Nature's garden human hands have not
Marred by their building; eastward stately halls
Face, where the earliest beam of sunrise falls;
Others are flooded by the setting sun,
Lit with the afterglow, when day is done
And the great mountain flings his shadow deep
Over the Bay, while hall and palace sleep
All shimm'ring, mirrored in the glassy sea

Landward, the peaceful sounds of bird and bee
Just break the silence ; other rooms resound
With ocean's deep-mouthed music, echoing round
Their walls. I climb the roof ; on every hand
A lovelier view ; its glimpse of sea and land
Each window frames ; here Ischia is seen,
There Cape Misenum lies and in between
Stands rugged Procida ; unhealthy haze
Hangs over Nisida ; with envious gaze
Your Limon looks across and sees his dear
Master, happy in sweet Sorrento ; here,
Fairest of all, beyond the level sea
Towers of my Naples shine alluringly.

. . . . . .

When Pollius plays his lyre, the wild winds rest,
The rolling sea falls calm, and from the crest
Of waves leaping to hear the music gay,
Around the rocks the merry dolphins play.
O lord and lady of this loveliness,
Long life to you and constant happiness !
May future ages grant your noble name
An unforgotten and undying fame !

Letters of a Roman Gentleman

PLINY'S letters tell their own story; they give a picture of the life of a busy man of affairs at Rome in the first century after Christ; some of them have a familiar ring and might well have been written in the eighteenth or nineteenth century. These letters are not entirely unstudied, but were carefully composed at a time when letter-writing was an art, and they were almost certainly intended for publication. Como, on the Larian Lake (now called Lake Como), far up in the north of Italy, was Pliny's birthplace; many inns and restaurants round the lake are still called 'Plinio' after him, and his name even appears on the lake steamers. He was a great benefactor to the citizens of his native town, and helped to provide a college for the higher education of their sons, so that they should be saved the seventy-mile journey to Milan. Pliny was born in A.D. 61 or 62, just about the time that Paul was brought a prisoner to Rome; he was wealthy and belonged to what we should call 'an old county family.' He was given a good education at Rome and was later called to the Bar, where he became a most successful pleader. At the age of seventeen he was adopted by his uncle, Pliny the Elder, who wrote a large *Natural History*. He was staying at his uncle's villa in the Bay of Naples when the famous eruption of Vesuvius took place in A.D. 79, and the elder Pliny, who held a high command in the Roman fleet, was killed.

Besides being an eminent barrister, Pliny took a large

part in public life and held different posts under Government. The most important of these was the governorship of Bithynia (the modern Turkey-in-Asia) : Bithynia was one of the provinces of the Roman Empire, and to be its governor was rather like being governor of a Crown colony. A large number of letters which Pliny wrote home to the Emperor Trajan from Bithynia have been preserved, and are a very interesting illustration of what Roman colonial government was like.

Pliny owned several villas and country estates, including one on Como, one in Tuscany, and one at Laurentum. His chief hobbies were literary work and improving his different estates. He was philanthropic and generous both with money and influence ; though his letters often show him to have been rather pompous and self-satisfied, yet he is a good example of a man of the world, who was also an upright and public-spirited Roman gentleman.

AT THE LAKES

MY DEAR CANINIUS RUFUS,

How is our darling Como looking ? Tell me about that lovely villa of yours—and about its portico, where it is always spring—and the shady groves of plane-trees. How is the little stream, set in its green banks starred with flowers ? And the lovely view of the lake below ? Write and tell me all about the soft springy drive and the sunny bathroom, and the dining-room too, and all the bedrooms, big and little. Do you use them all in turn or are you always being called away on business ? If you are spending all your time there, you are very lucky ; if not, you are in the same boat as most of us. It is really time you handed over these tiresome duties to others, so that you

could give all your time to study in that beautiful retreat. . . Hammer out . . . and fashion something of your own that will last for ever. . . Good-bye.

PLINY

A DAY'S SPORT

MY DEAR TACITUS,

You will certainly laugh at me, as very well you may. You know what kind of a sportsman your old friend is? Well, I, even I, have bagged three magnificent boars! "What! You?" I can hear you say. Yes, I did it and managed it too without giving up my usual quiet ways. I was sitting close to the nets, but with pen and note-books in my hand instead of hunting-spear or knife. I kept on making notes of the ideas that came into my mind, so that if I went home empty-handed my note-book at least should be full. You need not look down on this way of studying; it is wonderful how exercise and movement help to stimulate the imagination. Besides, I find that the solitude of the woods and the silence necessary out hunting almost compel me to think deeply. So, when next you have a day's sport, I advise you to take your note-book as well as your lunch-basket and bottle of wine. You will find that Minerva haunts the hills as much as Diana.

Ever yours,

PLINY

"MY LITTLE PLACE IN THE COUNTRY"

THIS villa of Pliny's lay on the coast between Ostia and Laurentum, a favourite seaside resort in his day because it was so near to Rome. The site of the villa has been easy to discover because of the exact way in which Pliny

describes it, and excavations have discovered some walls of a house. This part of the coast is now covered with beautiful pine-forests which are the hunting preserves of the King of Italy; in spring the ground is covered with pink cyclamen and many other sweet-scented flowers.

Only part of Pliny's description of his house is given here; there were many more rooms than this extract mentions. The fives-court was really a court for different games of ball, generally played for exercise rather than amusement; the ball games played by the Romans are not very clearly described, but it seems certain that they were played with the hand and without any kind of bat.

MY DEAR GALLUS,

You wonder why I am so fond of my house at Laurentum? It is only seventeen miles from town, so that I can easily spend my evenings there after working all day in Rome. There are two roads to it; if you go by the Laurentum road, you must turn off at the fourteenth milestone; by the Ostia road you turn at the eleventh. Both are rather sandy, which makes them heavy for a carriage, but soft and easy for a horse. The landscape is always changing; sometimes the road is shut in by woods, sometimes it opens out and winds ahead through broad meadows, where are many herds of sheep, cattle, and horses; they are driven down from the mountains by the winter cold and grow fat on the grass in the warm spring weather.

My villa is big enough for my needs, but it is not a show-place. You enter through a courtyard, simple, but in good taste, which leads into a colonnade shaped like the letter D, and the courtyard it encloses looks bright and cheerful and makes a splendid refuge in bad weather;

STREETS IN POMPEII
Photo Brogi

it is covered in and has glass windows. Opposite the middle of the colonnade is a delightful hall leading into a splendid dining-room, which runs out toward the sea, and when the scirocco blows the spray of the spent waves just touches it. This room has folding-doors or windows as large as doors, so that on three sides you look on to the sea, and looking back through the hall and courtyards you see the woods and mountains in the distance. . . . Another room, with its outside wall rounded into a big bay-window, catches the sun all day; there are book-shelves in its walls for all my favourite books. Next door is a bedroom with a passage in between, fitted with pipes, which circulate hot air through all the rooms. . . . Close to the hot and cold swimming-bath is the fives-court, which gets the warm afternoon sun.

The garden is full of fig- and mulberry-trees, the only trees which this soil will grow, but there is a good kitchen-garden. From it you enter a kind of cloister with windows on both sides, but twice as many on the side overlooking the sea; on a fine day we leave them all open; if the wind blows we shut those on the exposed side. In front of this cloister is a terrace fragrant with violets. . . . Indeed, it is all so beautiful and convenient that there is only one disadvantage—we have no running water. But we have wells wherever we like to dig for them, fresh water, although so near the sea. We get plenty of firewood from the forests and provisions from Ostia. A man of simple tastes might get all he wanted from the next village; it possesses three public baths, which are a great convenience if an unexpected visitor arrives and my bath-water is not hot.

The whole coast looks very pretty, for it is dotted all over with villas. I cannot say that the sea produces any

very choice fish, but we certainly do get excellent soles and prawns. . . . Aren't you jealous? And won't you add to the attractions of my little villa by coming to stay in it? Do.

PLINY

TO CALPURNIA

MY DARLING WIFE,

Never before have I felt my work so tiresome as now, when it has prevented me both from taking you into Campania and from following you there immediately. I should especially like to be with you just now to see for myself if you are getting stronger and putting on weight as you should, and if you are really enjoying Campania and all its good things and amusements. Even if you were quite well, I should be worried while you are away; for it is enough to make anyone anxious and worried to have no news; for I love you more than I can say. As it is, your illness coupled with your absence fill me with all kinds of vague anxieties. I fear and imagine all sorts of things, and, like all nervous people, I conjure up those very things of which I am most afraid. So please do remember how anxious I am, and write to me every day, no, twice a day. For I shall feel easier while I am reading your letters, though I shall begin worrying again directly I have finished.

Your own
PLINY

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

THESE two letters were written to Tacitus, the historian, who was a great friend of Pliny, and who wished to secure for his history an eyewitness's account of the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. Pliny was staying with his mother

in his uncle's villa at Misenum in the Bay of Naples; Cape Misenum bounds the Bay on the north. The shores of the Bay were lined as they are to-day with the seaside homes of the wealthy. Three popular resorts, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae, quite close to the foot of the volcano, were completely buried in ashes. Stabiae was rebuilt almost at once, and the modern dockyard town which stands on its site is called Castellamare di Stabia; but Pompeii and Herculaneum remained buried till 1860, when systematic excavations were started, which are still going on.

About half the town of Pompeii has been unearthed, and you may walk up and down the narrow streets of this city of the dead, looking at the houses, temples, baths, pictures, and even cooking utensils of people who lived nearly nineteen centuries ago. The ground under which many houses still lie buried is cultivated, and the plough makes its way in between roof-tops where they show through. *The Last Days of Pompeii*, by the first Lord Lytton, tells the story of this eruption. There have been many eruptions of Vesuvius since then; the last and worst was in 1906, when dust from the volcano fell even in Paris, Constantinople, and on the shores of the Baltic Sea. There are villages scattered all over the lower slopes of the mountain to which the inhabitants return even after they have been wholly or partially destroyed, for they seem to cling to the place as home, even though it is sometimes a dangerous home.

MY DEAR TACITUS,

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's death, in order that you may hand it down accurately to posterity. I am grateful to you, for I see that his death,

if celebrated by your pen, will attain undying fame. For, though he perished along with whole peoples and cities in a disaster which overwhelmed one of the fairest spots on our coast, in a disaster so remarkable as to secure that at least he will not be forgotten, though, besides this, he had written many books that will be remembered, yet the undying fame of your writings will help to keep his memory green. So I am ready, nay anxious, to do what you ask.

My uncle was at Misenum in supreme command of the fleet. On August 24th, about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother drew his attention to the appearance of a cloud, unusually large and of a strange shape. He had taken a sun-bath followed by a cold bath, and was lying down after lunch, reading. He immediately put on his shoes and climbed to a spot whence he could better see this phenomenon. None of the people who were looking at the cloud from a distance were certain from which mountain it was coming (we found out afterward that it was Vesuvius) ; it was more like a pine-tree than anything else, for it shot up into a trunk of great height and then spread out into several branches. Sometimes it looked white, sometimes spotted, as though it had drawn up earth or cinders.

To a scholar like my uncle a natural phenomenon of this magnitude seemed worthy of closer study. So he ordered a launch and said I could go with him if I liked. But I said that I would rather go on with my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me some writing to do. Just as he was leaving the house a note came from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was terrified at the approaching danger ; his villa stood just below ours, and there was no means of escape except by sea ; she begged my uncle to save her from this perilous position. So he changed his

mind and went out in the guise of a rescuer rather than a scientific observer. Large boats were launched, and he embarked with the intention of carrying help not only to Rectina, but to many others who lived along that shore because it was so picturesque. Therefore he hastened in the direction whence fugitives were coming and steered a straight course for the point of danger ; so free from fear was he that he dictated and noted down all the motions and shapes of that terrible portent as he went along.

Already ashes were falling on the ships, and the nearer they drew the hotter and thicker grew the showers ; then came pumice-stones and other stones, blackened and scorched and cracked by fire, while the sea ebbed suddenly and the shore was blocked by landslides. The steersman was for turning back, and my uncle hesitated for a moment, and then said to him, " Fortune favours the brave. Try to reach Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiae, right across the corner of the Bay (for the sea sweeps far into the curving shore just there), where the danger was not yet close at hand ; but it was in full view and certain to come nearer as it spread, so he had packed up and gone into a boat, ready to push off directly the contrary wind fell. This wind blew my uncle into Stabiae, and he embraced Pomponianus, who was trembling with fright, cheering him up and encouraging him ; in order to calm his friend's fears by showing how safe he felt himself, he ordered a bath, after which he sat down to dinner in high good humour, or at least he managed to assume a mask of good humour, which is equally wonderful.

Meanwhile, broad sheets of flame broke out all over Mount Vesuvius, rising high in the air and lighting up the sky, their brightness silhouetted against the darkness of the night. My uncle tried to quiet people's fears by

saying that fires had been left burning by terrified peasants when they deserted their houses, which were now in flames and causing this light. Then he went to bed and really slept, for, being a stout man, he breathed heavily and loudly, so that he was heard by the people who were waiting about outside his door. But the courtyard which led to his room was covered to such a depth under a drift of ashes and pumice-stones that if he had stayed in bed any longer he would not have been able to get out of the door.

So he was wakened and joined Pomponianus and the others, who had been keeping watch. They consulted together as to whether it would be better to stay under cover or to go wandering about in the open. For the house was beginning to totter under the frequent and violent earthquakes, and it seemed to rock to and fro as though it had been shaken from its foundations. On the other hand, if they went outside they had the falling pumice-stones to fear, though, being porous, they were light. After comparing the two risks they chose the latter. They tied pillows on their heads with table-cloths; this was their only protection against the showers of stones and ashes.

Day had now dawned elsewhere, but with them was darkness, blacker and deeper than the deepest night, though here and there it was relieved by torches and other lights. They decided to go down to the shore in order to see from close at hand whether the sea would allow them to get away, but the waves were still high and contrary. There my uncle lay down on a disused sail and again and again called for cold water, which he drank. Then flames, heralded by a strong smell of sulphur, put the others to flight and roused him. Leaning on two slaves he managed

to stand up, but instantly fell down again ; I think his breathing was blocked by the thick fumes, which choked the narrow passage of his throat ; it was never very strong and often got inflamed. When daylight returned—three days after his death—his body was found without any wound or scar, covered with the clothes he had been wearing. He looked more like a man asleep than dead.

Meantime, Mother and I were at Misenum. But you don't want to hear about anything but my uncle's death, so I will close. Let me add that I have related either what I witnessed myself or heard at the time, when one gets the truest accounts. You will pick out what you want. For it is one thing to write a letter to a friend, and quite another to write a history for the general public.

Good-bye.

PLINY

MY DEAR TACITUS,

You say that the letter I wrote you at your request, describing my uncle's death, has made you anxious to know what terrors and dangers I endured, left behind at Misenum.

After my uncle had gone I spent the rest of the day in study ; for I had stayed at home for this purpose. Then I had a bath and supper and went to bed, but I got little sleep and that only in snatches. For several days beforehand we had had earthquakes, which did not alarm us much, as they are common in Campania. But that night the shocks were so violent that the very universe seemed to be uprooted. Mother rushed into my bedroom ; I was just getting up, meaning to wake her if she was asleep. We sat down in the courtyard of the house, which separated us by a small space from the sea. I don't know whether I ought to be called brave or foolhardy—I was

only seventeen—but I sent for a volume of Livy, the historian, and went on reading it and even copying extracts from it, as though to-morrow would do.

Then in came a friend of my uncle's, who had lately arrived from Spain to visit him; seeing Mother and me sitting there and me actually reading, he spoke sharply to me for being so confident and to her for putting up with it. But I took no notice and remained glued to my book.

It was now six o'clock in the morning, but the light was still faint and tired-looking. The buildings round us were already trembling, and, though we stood on open ground, we should certainly be in danger if they fell. Then we decided to leave the town. When we got beyond the houses we stopped, and there went through an experience which was wonderful but very terrible. The carriages we had ordered to come with us could not keep still, even though they were on level ground and wedged with stones; we saw the sea sucked back to its inmost depths and driven back by the shaking of the earth. On the other side a black, dreadful cloud of fiery vapour yawned open, bursting into weird ribbons of fire, with twisting, forked tongues of flame: they were like flashes of lightning, only larger.

Then the Spanish friend took command and said sharply: "If your brother—your uncle (turning to me)—is still alive, he wants you to be saved; if he is dead he wants you to survive him. Why do you hesitate and linger here?" We said that our own safety was nothing to us if we were uncertain of his. So our friend waited no longer, but rushed away from the danger-zone as fast as he could go.

Soon afterward the cloud came down upon the earth

and covered the sea; it had encircled and hidden the island of Capri and even blotted out Cape Misenum. Then Mother began to beg and pray and finally to order me to escape as best I could. "You are young," she said, "I am old and good for nothing. I shall die happy, if only I have not caused your death." I said that I would not be saved without her, so I took her by the hand and made her hurry along. Already ashes were falling, but only here and there; I looked behind me and saw dense blackness just at our backs, spreading over the earth like a torrent. "Let us turn aside," I said, "while we can see; then we shan't be knocked down in the road and trampled on by the crowds in the dark."

We had hardly sat down before blackness overtook us, not the blackness of a cloudy or moonless night, but of a room that is shut up with the lamp out. You could hear women shrieking, children screaming, men shouting; some were looking for their parents, others for their children, and others for their wives or husbands, able to recognize them only by their voices; one man would be lamenting his own fate; another the fate of his dear ones; some in terror of death were praying to die. Many were praying to the gods; but most declared that the gods were no more, and that this was the last eternal night of the world.

Gradually it grew light; we did not think it was daylight, but only the sign of approaching fire; however, the fire did not come very near us, and the darkness fell again, and another heavy shower of ashes. All the time we kept on getting up and shaking ourselves; otherwise we should have been buried and crushed under their weight.

At last this darkness melted away into a kind of smoke or cloud and vanished; then followed real daylight, and

even the sun came out, though it looked pale as in an eclipse. To our trembling eyes everything appeared different, being covered with deep drifts of ashes. We went back to Misenum, took what rest we could, and passed an anxious night hovering between hope and fear; fear got the upper hand, for the earthquakes were still going on. But even then, after all the dangers we had gone through with the prospect of still worse things ahead of us, we had no idea of leaving the town without news of my uncle. Please excuse all these details.

PLINY

COUNTRY HOUSES

ANY visitor to Lake Como may identify the sites of these two favourite villas from Pliny's description, though there are no ruins to show exactly where they stood. On the left side of the lake coming up from Como a wooded promontory juts out far into the water; its tip is crowned by a fairylike villa with a terraced garden, called the Villa Arconati; the other side of this headland (which is called the Point of Balbianello) the shore bends back into a gently curving bay, which sweeps round to Lenno, the first of that string of smiling villages lining the lakeside for three or four miles. Standing among trees just outside the Arconati park, there was until lately a simple little 'Ristorante Plinio,' where the lakeside folk used to dance to a barrel-organ on holidays; it is now a foreigner's villa; from here you can look down on the Bay of Lenno, and, if the water is clear and the fishermen are not too busy with their nets, you may see the submerged remains of a Roman villa which was almost certainly Pliny's. It is a lovely sheltered spot, and walking round the shore you have a far-off glimpse of the other villa, which stood high on a promontory.

On Lake Como
Photo Brogi

The lake is shaped almost like a letter Y, with Como at one tip and Lecco at the other. Just where the three arms meet is the Point of Bellagio, a bold headland from which on every side there are glorious views—straight ahead where blue and green and purple chase each other over the wide expanse of the lake's ruffled surface and the snow-crowned Alps stand sentinel in the background, back down the Como arm with Balbianello set like a jewel in laughing blue waves, or on the other side across to Varenna, smiling amid her regiments of cypresses, or down into the deep green waters of Lake Lecco. The Villa Serbelloni, which stands on the Bellagio Point to-day, belongs to one of the oldest families in Italy ; but at present it is let to an hotel-keeper, and for a small payment you may climb the terraced paths to its garden, hunt for the modern bust of Pliny in its woodlands, and judge for yourself if he knew where to build a villa.

MY DEAR ROMANUS,

So you are building too. Splendid ! For it keeps me in countenance. We agree, too, as to site, for you are building by the sea and I on Lake Como. I have several villas already on the lake, but there are two which are my favourites, where I am always busy. One stands on a rocky headland and overlooks the lake, as the villas down at Baiae overlook the Bay, the other almost touches the water like some of the Baiae villas. Each has its own charm, and whichever I am living in at the moment I prefer just because it is different from the other.

From one you have a near view of the lake, from the other a panorama. One looks on to a single curving bay, the other, jutting out on its headland, looks down on two ; at one I have a broad walk along the shore, at the other

the ground slopes gently in broad terraces to the lake. The headland breaks the waves; in the bay you do not feel them. From one you may watch the fishermen at work; from the other you may fish out of your bedroom window, as you lie in bed, as easily as from a boat.

Good-bye.

PLINY

A SUMMER HOLIDAY

MY DEAR FUSCUS,

You ask how I spend my day in summer at my Tuscan villa. I get up when I feel inclined, generally about six, often earlier, but seldom later. I keep the shutters closed as I find that, when I am left to myself, the darkness and silence help me to concentrate my mind and prevent my eyes distracting my thoughts. If I have any literary work on hand, I think it over in detail, correcting it as I go along, doing little or much according to the difficulty of the subject. Then I call my secretary, open the shutters, and dictate what I have composed. Then he goes away, and after a time comes back for more work.

After he has gone away again, about ten or eleven o'clock (I don't keep to a fixed time), I go out on to the terrace or, if the weather is not good enough for that, into the covered portico and continue my work. Then I go for a drive and still go on composing, just as I do when walking or lying down. The change refreshes my mind. When I come back I take a short nap; then I go for a walk and afterward read aloud with expression a Greek or Latin speech, to improve, not my voice, but my digestion. Then I go for another walk, do my exercises, and have a bath. At supper, if only my wife and a few friends are there, a book is read to us; after supper we have some

music or a little acting. Then I go for a stroll with some of my own people, among whom are several well-educated men.

So we pass the evening with talk on all kinds of subjects, and the longest day soon comes to an end. Sometimes friends come in from the neighbouring towns to see me, and that takes up part of the day. Now and then I go hunting, but always with my note-book, so that, if I get no sport, I may not waste time. Part of my time, too, is given to my tenants, though not as much as they would like; the complaints of these peasants and farmers give a zest to my studies and to my society obligations in town.

Yours ever,

PLINY

TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN

YOUR MAJESTY,

I had a very pleasant voyage as far as Ephesus, but travelling on from there by coach I suffered greatly from the intense heat, and was kept for some time at Pergamum by attacks of fever. I went on from there in a coasting vessel, but was detained by contrary winds, so that I did not arrive in Bithynia till September 17th—rather later than I had hoped. However, I must not complain of the delay, since I have been able to start by celebrating your birthday in my province. I am writing this, your Majesty, immediately on arrival.

(*A few days later.*)

YOUR MAJESTY,

I entered this province on September 17th, and found the people obedient and loyal to your Majesty, as is your due from all mankind. Would your Majesty consider whether

it is necessary to send a surveyor here, for I think that considerable sums of money might be recovered from the contractors for public works if an honest inquiry were made? I am certain of this from the accounts of the people of Prusa, which I am going into very carefully.

PLINY

TRAJAN'S ANSWER

DEAR PLINY,

I wish you and your staff could have reached Bithynia without any trouble or illness and that your journey on from Ephesus had been as good as your voyage from Italy. I note, my dear Pliny, from your letters the date of your arrival in Bithynia. I think the people of the province will understand that I have their interests at heart. For you must take care to let them know that you have been specially chosen as my representative. You must pay special attention to the public accounts, for it is quite clear that things have not been going quite right. As for surveyors, I have hardly enough for the work going on in and around Rome, but in every province there are reliable men whom you will be able to find to help you, if you choose to look for them.

TRAJAN

THE FIRE-BRIGADE

YOUR MAJESTY,

While I was visiting a distant part of the province a great fire broke out at Nicomedia and destroyed many private houses, two public buildings, the almshouses, and the Temple of Isis, though they were on opposite sides of the street. The fire spread so far partly because of the violence of the wind and partly because of the lethargic inhabitants, who stood idly by (every one agrees about

this) and simply watched the catastrophe. Besides, the city had not a single engine, bucket, or any apparatus for putting out fire. I have now ordered these to be provided. Will your Majesty consider if you think a fire-brigade with not more than 150 members ought to be instituted? I would take care that the brigade should not be open to anyone else; it will not be difficult to keep an eye on so small an organization.

PLINY

TRAJAN'S ANSWER

DEAR PLINY,

You have got hold of this idea of setting up a fire-brigade in Nicomedia like those already existing in other cities. But I remember that guilds and societies of this kind have caused a great deal of trouble already, in Bithynia and especially in Nicomedia. Whatever name we give them and whatever the object of their society be, men who are banded together for a common end will soon become a political organization. It is better, therefore, to provide the apparatus for putting out fires and encourage property-owners to use it, calling in the help of the crowds if necessary.

TRAJAN

HOW TO DEAL WITH CHRISTIANS

THIS letter was written about eighty years after the crucifixion of Christ. The charges on which Christians were generally prosecuted were three:

1. They refused to worship the images of the Roman Emperor and of the other Roman gods. This was regarded as an act of disloyalty to the Roman Government rather than impiety, for the Romans, who built the Pantheon as a

temple for the gods of all the nations, could not understand a religion which acknowledged one god alone.

2. Their meeting together for a common meal was suspected (according to pagan custom) of being a meeting for human sacrifice.

3. They were under suspicion, like all secret societies at that time, of being a political organization. To be a Christian or a member of a trade-guild, or even a fire-brigade, was to be suspect at once.

Pliny shows good-natured contempt for what he calls the " unmitigated superstition " of Christians, and thinks the sect can easily be suppressed. Four centuries later, when the beautiful Gothic cathedral at Como was built, Pliny's statue was placed on the west front, where it can still be seen. So did the Christian Church in Como commemorate one of Como's most famous citizens.

YOUR MAJESTY,

It is my custom to refer to you all matters about which I am in doubt. For who can better remove my doubts or tell me if I am wrong? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charge against them, what sentences are usually passed, or what questions are asked. Is any allowance to be made for youth? Are they to be let off if they recant? Or should a man who has once been a Christian gain nothing by recanting? Should the name itself, even when borne by otherwise innocent persons, or should only the crimes associated with the name be punished? I am in great doubt on all these points.

Meanwhile, all those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians I have treated as follows: I asked them whether they were Christians; if they said

yes, I asked them again, and, if they persisted in the same answer even when threatened with punishment, I condemned them to imprisonment. For, whatever the nature of this thing they confessed, I was quite certain that their pertinacity and inflexible obstinacy ought to be punished. There were others who showed like folly, but, being Roman citizens, I ordered them to be sent to Rome.

These accusations spread, as usually happens when you inquire into a thing, and a variety of cases came to light. A long list of names was published anonymously. Some of these people said that they were not Christians and never had been ; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods and offered incense and wine with prayers to your image (which I had ordered to be brought with the statues of the gods) ; all such I thought should be dismissed, especially as they cursed the name of Christ, which (so they say) those who are really Christians cannot be induced to do.

Others who were accused by a definite witness at first said they were Christians and then denied it ; they said they had once been Christians, but had given up the religion some three years ago, others further back still, and a few even twenty-five years ago. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the gods and cursed Christ.

But they declared that their only guilt or crime consisted in this—that they were accustomed to meet on a certain fixed day before dawn and sing, in alternate verses, a hymn to Christ as God, binding themselves by a solemn oath not to commit any fraud, robbery, or adultery or breach of faith, nor to keep themselves money entrusted to them for others ; so far were they from combining into a society for committing crime. After this they were

accustomed to disperse and then to assemble again for a common meal of a perfectly ordinary and harmless nature. But even this they had given up after my proclamation (made by your Majesty's order) forbidding secret societies. Therefore I thought it necessary to try to get at the real truth by torturing two women slaves, who were called by the Christians ' deaconesses.' But all I got from them was debased and unmitigated superstition.

So I adjourned the proceedings in order to consult you. It seems worthy of your consideration, chiefly because of the numbers in danger. People of all ranks and ages and both sexes are involved in these prosecutions, which will go on. For the contagion of this superstition is not confined to the cities, but has spread into the villages and the country ; it seems to me, however, that we can check it.

PLINY

TRAJAN'S ANSWER

DEAR PLINY,

You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against Christians who have been brought before you. For it is not possible to lay down a hard and fast rule to meet so many contingencies. Do not go out of your way to look for these people. If they are brought before you and proved guilty, they must be punished—with this reservation, that if anyone says he is not a Christian and proves the truth of his words by praying to our gods, then he is to be pardoned, whatever be his past record. Anonymous accusations must carry no weight ; they are a very dangerous precedent and alien to the spirit of our age.

TRAJAN

A Ballad of Love

NO one knows the author of the poem which follows; it is called *The Vigil of Venus*, and is a hymn for the spring festival of the goddess of love. But the imagination of an English writer—Walter Pater—has given us a picture of the experience of the nameless writer of this poem. In his book *Marius the Epicurean* he describes two young men, Marius and Flavian, whose friendship was bound up with their passionate desire to write in their own language, Latin, something which would recall the freshness of the early flowers of Greek genius.

"It was one of the first hot days of March—'the sacred day'—on which, from Pisa, as from many another harbour on the Mediterranean, the *Ship of Isis* went to sea, and everyone walked down to the shore-side to witness the freighting of the vessel, its launching and final abandonment among the waves, as an object really devoted to the Great Goddess, that new rival, or 'double,' of ancient Venus, and, like her, a favourite patroness of sailors. On the evening next before, all the world had been abroad to view the illumination of the river; the stately lines of building being wreathed with hundreds of many-coloured lamps. The young men had poured forth their chorus,

Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again, [1]

as they bore their torches through the yielding crowd, or rowed their lanterned boats up and down the stream, till

[1] Pater quotes this line in the Latin.

far into the night, when heavy raindrops had driven the last lingerers home. Morning broke, however, smiling and serene; the long procession started betimes. The river, curving slightly, with the smoothly paved streets on either side, between its low marble parapet and the fair dwelling-houses, formed the main highway of the city; and the pageant, accompanied throughout by innumerable lanterns and wax tapers, took its course up one of these streets, crossing the water by a bridge upstream, and down the other, to the haven, every possible standing-place, out of doors and within, being crowded with sightseers. . . .

"Marius followed with the rest to the harbour, where the mystic ship, lowered from the shoulders of the priests, was loaded with as much as it could carry of the rich spices and other costly gifts, offered in great profusion by the worshippers, and thus, launched at last upon the water, left the shore, crossing the harbour-bar in the wake of a much stouter vessel than itself with a crew of white-robed mariners, whose function it was, at the appointed moment, finally to desert it on the open sea.

"The remainder of the day was spent by most in parties on the water. Flavian and Marius sailed further than they had ever done before to a wild spot on the bay, the traditional site of a little Greek colony, which, having had its eager stirring life at the time when Etruria was still a power in Italy, had perished in the age of the civil wars. . . . They reached land at last. The coral fishers had spread their nets on the sands, with a tumble-down of quaint, many-hued treasures, below a little shrine of Venus, fluttering and gay with the scarves and napkins and gilded shells which these people had offered to the image. Flavian and Marius sat down under the shadow

of a mass of grey rock or ruin, where the sea-gate of the Greek town had been, and talked of life in those old Greek colonies. Of this place, all that remained, besides those rude stones, was a handful of silver coins . . . only these, and an ancient song, the very strain which Flavian had recovered in those last months. . . .

"Marius noticed also, however, as high spirits flagged at last, on the way home through the heavy dew of the evening, more than physical fatigue in Flavian, who seemed to find no refreshment in the coolness . . . and by the evening of the next day he was lying with a burning spot on his forehead, stricken, as was thought from the first, by the terrible new disease. . . .

"Flavian lay there . . . in a fancied convalescence; and would, at intervals, return to labour at his verses, with a great eagerness to complete and transcribe the work, while Marius sat and wrote at his dictation one of the latest but not the poorest specimens of genuine Latin poetry.

"It was in fact a kind of nuptial hymn, which, taking its start from the thought of nature as the universal mother, celebrated the preliminary pairing and mating together of all fresh things, in the hot and genial spring-time—the immemorial nuptials of the soul of spring itself and the brown earth; and was full of a delighted, mystic sense of what passed between them in that fantastic marriage. . . .

"In the expression of all this Flavian seemed, while making it his chief aim to retain the opulent, many-syllabled vocabulary of the Latin genius, at some points even to have advanced beyond it, in anticipation of wholly new laws of taste as regards sound, a new range of sound itself. . . . Flavian had caught, indeed, something

of the rhyming cadence, the sonorous organ-music, of the medieval Latin, and therewithal something of its unction and mysticity of spirit. There was in his work, along with the last splendour of the classical language, a touch, almost prophetic, of that transformed life it was to have in the rhyming middle age, just about to dawn."

This quotation from Pater gives a fine description of the contrast and connexion between this hymn—written perhaps at the end of the second century after Christ, perhaps later—and the rhyming Latin hymns of the Middle Ages.

The verses from the poem which are quoted here describe the coming of spring and the marriage of the rosebuds; then follows the pageant and festival of the Love-goddess, Venus or Dione or the Cyprian, and her son Cupid. The West Wind brings the soft, warm airs of spring; the Court of the Queen of Love is held in the flowery Sicilian meadowland of Hybla. Among the songs of the other birds the nightingale is heard—a maiden changed into a bird as the legend said:

> Now the bird of Tereus answers, fluting in the poplar grove.

The nightingale's song breaks off the poem into silence—the silence of the city of Amyclae, destroyed—according to the stories—because its inhabitants were not allowed to speak.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS

Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

Spring-tide cometh in with music; Spring-tide, and a world renewed;
Love and Spring keep chime together; birds are mating in the wood.

Forest flingeth loose her tresses, 'neath the kisses of the rain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

For the Queen of Love to-morrow, where the leaves their shadows shower,
From the tender sprays of myrtle weaveth many a verdant bower;
Yea, and all the woods to-morrow into festal song shall flower,
Where Dione, high enthroned, o'er her worshippers shall reign.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

. . . . . .

She the blushing year adorneth with the jewels of the rose,
Into rounded beauty swelling every slender bud that blows,
To the wooing of the West Wind. She with fostering hand bestows
Dews that when the night hath parted, radiant in the morn remain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

Lo the tears of night that glisten as they tremble on the spray,
Where the tiny orbèd dewdrop scarce its quivering weight can stay.
Every drop distill'd at even from the calm night's starry ray
In the morn unclasps the mantle where the sleeping bloom hath lain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

See the rosebud's envious raiment in her glory flung aside,
And the flaming petal flashing from the sheath that still would hide.

'Tis the goddess bids the blossom glow in splendour, as a bride
Glows to greet her marriage morning, in her beauty pure of stain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

Of the Cyprian's blood created, of the kiss of love she came
From the crimson of the sunrise, from the ruby and the flame,
In the rapture of the beauty that to-morrow, freed from shame
To unveil its glowing splendour to the day shall not disdain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

. . . . . .

All amid the flowery garlands, 'mid the bowers of myrtle fair,
Cometh Ceres, cometh Bacchus, and the Lord of Song is there.
All the night the chant of triumph dies not on the moonlit air.
Leave the forest, Maid of Delos; 'mid the glades Dione reign!
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

High amid the flowers of Hybla shall her judgment-seat appear;
There, enthroned amid the graces, she shall speak her edicts clear.
Hybla, strew thy flowers about her, all the bloom of all the year!
Hybla, don thy flowery vesture, all the wealth of Enna's plain!
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

From the fields the maids shall gather, they shall gather from the hill,
Nymph of every grove and forest, nymph of every fount and rill,
At the feet of Cupid's mother they shall sit, and learn her will:
" Trust him not, my son the naked, trust him ne'er, or trust in vain."
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

That the year might bear its foison, from the teeming clouds o'erhead,
Heaven to Earth in showers descended, Earth and Heaven of old were wed.
Through the sky and through the ocean, through the land the life-flood spread,
All the world with life commingled burgeoning to life again.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

. . . . . .

She hath made herself a pathway, where the seed of life is shed,
Through the Earth and through the Heaven, through the gloom of ocean's bed.
With the breath of her the rapture flaming in the veins is fed.
Still the lore of life's renewal to the world she maketh plain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow; lovers old shall love again.

. . . . . .

All the fields have felt her passing; all the fields are glad with corn;

Love himself, thy babe, Dione, of the fields, men say, was born.
For, when earth conceived and bare him, thou didst take the babe forlorn ;
With the breath of flowers didst feed him, in thy bosom he hath lain.
Lovers new shall love to-morrow ; lovers old shall love again.

Where the broom in gold is gleaming, bulls in tawny might appear.
All the joyful beasts assemble, peaceful bonds of love to wear.
'Neath the trees the ewes lie bleating, happy for their lords are near,
And the music faileth never of the song-birds' sweet refrain :
" Lovers new shall love to-morrow ; lovers old shall love again."

Now the song of swans unceasing harsh above the mere doth move,
Now the bird of Tereus answers, fluting in the poplar grove.
Hark the music, swelling, dying ! Can the theme be aught but love ?
Doth she wail a sister's treason, doth she chide a savage swain ?
Lovers new shall love to-morrow ; lovers old shall love again.

She is singing, we are silent. When for me doth Spring awake ?
When for me the wintry silence into swallow-music break ?
Silent—and the muse disdaineth, and Apollo doth forsake.
Silent fell of old Amyclae, silent ever to remain.
LOVERS NEW SHALL LOVE TO-MORROW ; LOVERS OLD SHALL LOVE AGAIN.

Translated by R. KENNARD DAVIS

The First Poet of France

LATIN poets did not generally sing of the beauties of Nature; all descriptions of scenery are the background for the lives and actions of human beings. Modern poets write of Nature studied and described for her own sake.

Born in A.D. 310 at Bordeaux, the son of a doctor, Ausonius became a professor in his native town and later at Trèves. Though he wrote poems in the language and metre of the earlier Latin poets, his attitude to Nature is new and much nearer to that of modern poets. So he stands at the end of the old literature and the beginning of the new, the herald in his native France of the spirit which could create new poetry in French, the language which later developed out of the Latin spoken in Gaul.

The life of Ausonius is interesting because in his writings he has left a very intimate account of his home-life, his work, his tutorship to Gratian, the son of the Emperor Valentinian, his offices of state—he held the governorship of half the Western Empire and (most treasured of all) the consulship. But though interesting as biography, most of his poems have little or no literary value. Quotations are given here from the *Moselle*, a fine poem to the great river on which Trèves stands, and from a romantic lyric poem on roses.

ROSES

THE subject of this poem has become famous in the writings of poets better known to later ages than Ausonius.

Ronsard, the Renaissance French poet, wrote a little poem beginning *Mignonne, allons voir la rose?*, Herrick's line "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" has almost become a proverb, and within recent years Masefield has written a sonnet beginning:

> Roses are beauty, but I never see
> Those blood drops from the burning heart of June
> Glowing like thought upon the living tree
> Without a pity that they die so soon,
> Die into petals, like those roses old,
> Those women, who were summer in men's hearts
> Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold
> Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.

So through all ages from the beauty of roses has come the thought of the mortality of beauty to the poet's mind. But when Ausonius wrote it was new to Latin literature.

'Twas spring, and from the golden East
    A gentle breeze blew sweet,
Chill airs had ushered in the Dawn,
    Heralds of midday heat.
I wandered through a garden trim
    'Mid streams and pathways fair,
Eager to gather strength and life
    Drinking the morning air.
I saw the roses all in bloom
    Heavy with morning dew;
Did Dawn from them her crimson steal
    Or sunrise give their hue?
The Morning Star shines dewy red,
    Red is the dewy rose
At early dawn; both own one Queen;
    Perchance one perfume flows

From star and flow'r ; the scents of Dawn
Are lost in the far skies,
While near to us the crimson rose
Is fragrant till it dies.

. . . . . .

How swift a thief is Time ! The rose
Grows old while it is born ;
E'en as I speak a crimson show'r
Of petals rudely torn
From roses red comes floating down
And carpets all the ground
With flame ; such beauty new and strange,
Such wondrous works are found
Within the compass of one day,
Yet one day ends them all.
O Nature, how we weep to see
The flowers' beauty fall !
You spread your gifts before our eyes
Then snatch them swift away ;
How long is the red rose's life ?
It liveth but a day.
To budding roses comes old age,
The sun that dawning red
Saw rosebuds fresh, returning late
At even sees them dead.
Maids, pluck your roses while they bloom,
While you are young and gay ;
Remember, as the roses fade
So hastes your youth away.

THE MOSELLE

THE river Moselle rises in the Vosges Mountains in the east of France and flows through Lorraine to Trèves in

Germany, where Ausonius was a professor for some years ; from there it flows on with infinite windings to Coblenz, where it joins the Rhine ; it is still the green, quiet, pleasant river that Ausonius described, and the hills which border its banks are still covered with vines, which produce a noted wine. In the last lines of this selection from the poem there is an intentional echo of Virgil, for whom Ausonius had a great admiration.

Hail, stream that waterest a splendid land,
Tilled by a splendid people ; on thy hills
Grow the sweet vines, river of waters green
Set in green banks . . . where beaches of firm sand
Damp from thy waves keep not the footprint's trace.
Through the smooth surface to thy glass-clear depths
We may look down ; thy secrets are laid bare ;
As to clear eyes the pleasant air is free
And gentle winds cannot obscure our sight,
So, deep in thy clear waters as we gaze
And linger gazing, all thy secret shrines
Far down lie open ; moving quietly
The rippling shallows play, the clear stream glides,
In dark-green light reflecting scattered shapes.
The water washing gently o'er the sand
Furrows and ribs it ; swaying water-weeds
Tremble and bow on the green river-bed ;
And ever shaken by its native springs
The nodding reeds endure the current's flow ;
The lurking pebbles flash ; through the green moss
The golden gravel shines : on Scotland's shores
The tide goes out leaving the seaweed green
And scarlet coral, and white, gleaming pearls,
Pearl-oyster-gems, pearls the delight of men,

And jewelled necklaces beneath the waves
Of the rich sea are stored like rich men's jewels.
So in the shallow reaches joyously
Of calm Moselle the green weeds parting show
Chains of bright-coloured pebbles, while in sport
Ever the shoals of fish with shining scales,
Darting between, dazzle our watching eyes.

. . . . . .

But fairest sight of all is when the stream
Grey-green reflects the shadows of the hills ;
All leafy seem the river waters, e'en
As if the vines grew in her waves ; when late
The evening brings the shadows and spreads deep
The mountains green over the green Moselle,
What colour fills her shallows ! All the hills
Float in her rippling eddies and the vine
Trembles, yet is not there ; the vintage swells
Mirrored in glassy waters ; fishermen
Count the green vines, deceived, as in mid-stream
Floating in rough canoes they glide along
O'er the smooth surface, where the mirrored hills
Blend with the river and the shadows meet.

. . . . . .

Hail, great Moselle, mother of mighty men,
Mother of harvests ! Thee chieftains renowned,
Thee warriors young adorn, and eloquence
Of pleading in the Latin tongue ; nay more,
Nature has giv'n thy children merry hearts
And peaceful spirits ; thou hast Catos too,
As great as any in historic Rome,
And men who loved justice and righteousness
As much as Aristides, called ' the Just,'
Whose fame was great in Athens long ago.

The Virgil and Horace of the Christians

THE fourth century after Christ was one of the great turning-points of history. By A.D. 400 Christianity, which had arisen in an insignificant province of the Roman Empire and been despised by the ruling powers as nothing but a new superstition, had conquered the Roman Empire itself. But though Roman emperors bowed the knee to Christ and Christians were no longer persecuted, though one of the great battles against heresy had been fought and won by Athanasius, though Christians were found in every walk of life, there were many educated men in all parts of the Empire who still refused anything but outward acknowledgment of the new religion. The whole of Greek and Roman literature, which they loved and admired, was full of the old gods and the old religion; Christianity had no new literature to offer them but the books of the New Testament, written in the colloquial Greek then spoken in the Eastern Mediterranean. The mythology which to later ages is simply the picturesque background of classical literature was still in the fourth century part of real belief and worship, and as such it was feared by Christians.

It was not till the fourth century after Christ that poems were written in the Christian Church which could be compared with earlier Latin poetry. Prudentius, a Spaniard, born at Saragossa in A.D. 348, has been named 'the Virgil and Horace of the Christians' because he wrote

poems in classical metres expressing his belief in Christ. Some of these poems are in praise of Spanish martyrs. The quotations given here come from a book called *Cathemerina* (" Hymns for the Day "). Parts of them are still used in the breviary of the Roman Church. Probably they were not written originally to be sung in church, as they are very long and full of digressions into picturesque stories from the Old Testament. These stories would for Christians help to take the place of the varied legends of pagan literature.

Prudentius was a man of good education and a barrister by profession; he became a judge, and held important posts in the government of his native province. In an introduction to his " Hymns " he tells the story of his life, and in an Epilogue he reveals his purpose, which is to glorify Christ by his poetic gifts. In the poems of Prudentius we find new life and a ring of new hope echoing through the old forms. It was the new spirit of hope which filled the Christian Church and which was transforming the whole Roman world as well as Roman literature.

HYMN BEFORE MEAT

Lord, without Thee naught is sweet,
Naught my life can satisfy,
If Thy favour make not meet
What I drink and what I eat;
Let faith all things sanctify!

O'er this bread God's grace be poured,
Christ's sweet fragrance fill the bowl!
Rule my converse, Triune Lord,
Sober thought and sportive word,
All my acts and all my soul.

What more worthy gift can I,
Child of light and aether, bring
Than for boons the Maker high
From His bounty doth supply
Lovingly my thanks to sing?

He hath set 'neath our command
All that ever rose to be,
All that sky and sea and land
Breed in air, in glebe and sand,
Made my slaves, His own made me.

Native wealth that knows no fail,
Golden wheat springs from the field:
Tendrils lush o'er vineyards trail,
Nursed of Peace the olives pale
Berries green unbidden yield.

Leave to the barbarian brood
Banquet of the slaughtered beast:
Ours the homely garden food,
Greenstuff manifold and good
And the lentils' harmless feast.

Foaming milk-pails bubble o'er
With the udders' snowy stream,
Which in thickening churns we pour
Or in wicker baskets store,
As the cheese is pressed from cream.

Honey's nectar for our use
From the new-made comb is shed:
Which the skilful bee imbues
With thyme's scent and airy dews,
Plying lonely toils unwed.

Orchard-groves now mellowed o'er
Bounteously their fruitage shed :
See ! like rain on forest floor
Shaken trees their riches pour,
High-heaped apples, ripe and red.

When morn breaks upon our sight,
Hymns, O Lord, to Thee shall ring :
Thee, when streams the midday light,
Thee, when shadows of the night
Bid us sup, our voices sing.

For my body's vital heat,
For my heart-blood's pulsing vein,
For my tongue and speech complete,
Unto Thee, Most High, 'tis meet
That I raise my grateful strain.

God of Love, Thy servants we
Pray Thee now to grant our prayer
That our feast may frugal be,
Nor that we dishonour Thee
By coarse surfeit of rich fare.

Translated by R. MARTIN POPE

HYMN FOR THE LIGHTING OF THE LAMPS

Blest Lord, Creator of the glowing light,
At Whose behest the hours successive move,
The sun has set : black darkness broods above :
Christ ! light Thy faithful through the coming night.

Thy courts are lit with stars unnumberèd,
And in the cloudless vault the pale moon rides ;
Yet Thou dost bid us seek the fire that hides
Till swift we strike it from its flinty bed.

So man may learn that in Christ's body came
The hidden hope of light to mortals given:
He is the Rock—'tis His own word—that riven
Sends forth to all our race the eternal flame.

From lamps that brim with rich and fragrant oil,
Or torches dry this heaven-sent fire we feed;
Or make us rushlights from the flowering reed
And wax whereon the bees have spent their toil.

Bright glows the light, whether the resin thick
Of pine-brand flares, or waxen tapers burn
With melting radiance, or the hollow urn
Yields its stored sweetness to the thirsty wick.

So by Thy gifts, great Father, hearth and hall
Are all ablaze with points of twinkling light
That vie with daylight spent; and vanquished Night
Rends, as she flies away, her sable pall.

Who knoweth not that from high Heaven first came
Our light, from God Himself the rushing fire?
For Moses erst, amid the prickly brier,
Saw God made manifest in lambent flame.

Ah, happy he! deemed worthy face to face
To see Heaven's Lord within that sacred brake;
Bidden the sandals from his feet to take,
Nor with his shoon defile that holy place.

The mighty children of the chosen name,
Saved by the merits of their sires, and free
After long years of savage tyranny,
Through the drear desert followed still that flame.

Striking their camp beneath the silent night
Where'er they went, to lead their darkling way,
The cloud of glory lent its guiding ray
And shone more splendid than the noonday light.

But, mad with jealous fury, Egypt's king
Calls his great hosts to battle for their lord :
Swiftly the cohorts gather at his word,
And down the mail-clad lines the clarions ring.

Girding their trusty swords the warriors go
To fill the ranks ; hoarse bugles rend the air ;
These seize their massy javelins, these prepare
The death-winged arrow and the Cretan bow.

The footmen throng in close battalions pressed ;
The chariots thunder ; to the saddle spring
The riders of the Nile, as forth they fling
Egypt's proud banner with the serpent crest.

And now, forgetful of the bondage past,
Thy children, tortured by the desert heat,
Drag to the Red Sea's brink their weary feet,
And on its sandy margin rest at last

See ! with their forsworn king the savage foe
Draws nigh : the threatening squadrons nearer ride ;
But ever onward urged the intrepid guide
And through the waves bade Israel fearless go.

Before that steadfast march the billows fall,
Then raise on either hand their crystal mass,
While through the sundered deep Thy people pass
And ocean guards them with a liquid wall.

But, mad with baffled rage, the dusky horde
Of Egypt, by their impious despot led,
Athirst the hated Hebrews' blood to shed
Pursued, all reckless of the o'er-arching flood.

Swift as the wind the royal squadrons ride,
But swifter yet the crystal barriers break,
The waves exultantly their bounds forsake
And roll together in a roaring tide.

'Mid steeds and chariots and drifting mail
The drownèd lords of Egypt found a grave
With all their swart retainers 'neath the wave;
And in their haughty courts the mourners wail.

What tongue, O Christ, Thy glories can unfold?
Thine was the arm, outstretched in wrath, that made
The stricken land of Pharaoh, sore afraid,
Bow down before Thy minister of old.

At Thy command the desert, parched and dry,
Breaks into laughing rills, and water clear
Wells from the smitten rock Thy flock to cheer
And quench their thirst beneath that brazen sky.

Faster than icy hail the manna falls,
Like snow down drifting from a wintry sky;
The feast is set: they heap the tables high
With that rich food from Thy celestial halls.

How great the love of God's own Son, that shed
Such wondrous bounty on His chosen race!
And still to us He proffers in His grace
The mystic Feast, wherewith our souls are fed.

Through the world's raging sea He bids us come,
And 'twixt the sundered billows guides our path,
Till, spent and wearied with the ocean's wrath,
He calls His storm-tossed saints to Heaven and home.

There in His paradise red roses blow,
With golden daffodils and lilies pale
And gentle violets, and down the vale
The murmuring rivulets for ever flow.

Sweet balsams, welling from the slender tree,
And precious spices fill the fragrant air,
And, hiding by the stream, that blossom rare
Whose leaves the river hurries to the sea.

There the blest souls with one accord unite
To hymn in dulcet song their Saviour's praise,
And as the chanting quire their voices raise
They tread with shining feet the lilies bright.

Yea, e'en the spirits of the lost, that dwell
Where the black stream of sullen Acheron flows,
Rest on that holy night when Christ arose,
And for awhile 'tis holiday in Hell.

No sun from ocean rising drives away
Their darkness, with his flaming shafts far hurled,
But from the cross of Christ o'er that wan world
There streams the radiance of a new-born day.

In holy gladness let this night be sped,
As here we gather, Lord, to watch and pray;
To Thee with one consent our vows we pay
And on Thy altar set the sacred Bread.

From pendent chains the lamps of crystal blaze;
By fragrant oil sustained the clear flame glows
With strength undimmed, and through the darkness throws
High o'er the fretted roof a golden haze.

Meet is the gift we offer here to Thee,
Father of all, as falls the dewy night;
Thine own most precious gift we bring—the light
Whereby mankind Thy other bounties see.

Thou art the Light indeed; on our dull eyes
And on our inmost souls Thy rays are poured;
To Thee we light our lamps: receive them, Lord,
Filled with the oil of peace and sacrifice.

O hear us, Father, through Thine only Son,
Our Lord and Saviour, by Whose love bequeathed
The Paraclete upon our hearts has breathed,
With Him and Thee through endless ages one.

Through Christ Thy Kingdom shall for ever be,
Thy grace, might, wisdom, glory ever shine,
As in the Triune majesty benign
He reigns for all eternity with Thee.

Translated by R. F. DAVIS

HYMN BEFORE SLEEP

Draw near, Almighty Father,
Ne'er seen by mortal eye;
Come, O Thou Word eternal,
O Spirit blest, be nigh.

The hour of rest approaches,
The toils of day are past,
And o'er our tired bodies
Sleep's gentle charm is cast.

The mind, by cares tormented
Amid life's storm and stress,
Drinks deep the wondrous potion
That brings forgetfulness.

O'er weary, toil-worn mortals
The spells of Lethe steal;
Sad hearts lose all their sorrow,
Nor pain nor anguish feel.

For to His frail creation
God gave this law to keep,
That labour should be lightened
By soft and healing sleep.

But while sweet languor wanders
Through all the pulsing veins,
And, wrapt in dewy slumber,
The heart at rest remains,

The soul, in wakeful vigour,
Aloft in freedom flies,
And sees in many a semblance
The hidden mysteries.

A thousand changing phantoms
She fashions through the night,
And 'midst a world of fancy
Pursues her rapid flight.

But divers are the visions
That night to dreamers shows;
Rare gleams of straying splendour
The future may disclose.

To him whose life is holy
The things that are concealed
Lie open to his spirit
In radiant light revealed;

But he whose heart is blackened,
With many a sin imbued,
Sees phantoms grim and ghastly
That beckon and delude.

But ah! how deep the secrets
The holy sleeper sees
To whom Christ shows His highest,
Most sacred mysteries.

For God's most faithful servant
The clouds were rolled away,
And John beheld the wonders
That sealed from mortals lay

Upon the saint heroic
Such wondrous slumber falls
That, in the spirit roaming,
He treads heaven's highest halls.

We may not, in our weakness,
To dreams like these aspire,
Whose souls are steeped in error
And evil things desire.

Enough, if weary bodies
In peaceful sleep may rest ;
Enough, if no dark powers
Our slumbering souls molest.

Christian ! the font remember,
The sacramental vow,
The holy water sprinkled,
The oil that marked that brow !

When at sleep's call thou seekest
To rest in slumber chaste,
Let first the sacred emblem
On breast and brow be traced.

The Cross dispels all darkness,
All sin before it flies,
And by that sign protected
The mind all fear defies.

And, though the weary body
Relaxed in sleep may be,
Our hearts, Lord, e'en in slumber,
Shall meditate on Thee.

Translated by R. F. DAVIS

EPILOGUE

The pure and faithful saint, whose heart is whole,
To God the Father makes his sacrifice
From out the treasures of a stainless soul,
Glad gifts of innocence, beyond all price :
Another with free hand bestows his gold,
Whereby his needy neighbour may be fed.

No wealth of holiness my heart doth hold,
No store have I to buy my brothers bread:
So here I humbly dedicate to Thee
The rolling trochee and iambus swift;
Thou wilt approve my simple minstrelsy,
Thine ear will listen to Thy servant's gift.
The rich man's halls are nobly furnishèd;
Therein no nook or corner empty seems;
Here stands the brazen laver burnishèd,
And there the golden goblet brightly gleams;
Hard by some crock of clumsy earthen ware,
Massive and ample lies a silver plate;
And rough-hewn cups of oak and elm are there
With vases carved of ivory delicate.
Yet every vessel in its place is good,
So be it for the Master's service meet;
The priceless salver and the bowl of wood
Alike He needs to make His home complete.
Therefore within His Father's spacious hall
Christ fits me for the service of a day,
Mean though I be, a vessel poor and small,
And in some lowly corner lets me stay.
Lo in the palace of the King of Kings
I play the earthen pitcher's humble part;
Yet to have done Him meanest service brings
A thrill of rapture to my thankful heart;
Whate'er the end, this thought will joy afford,
My lips have sung the praises of my Lord.

Translated by R. F. DAVIS

Rome the Mistress of the World

FOR more than four hundred years after the birth of Christ the Roman Empire stretched from Scotland in the north to Africa in the south, from Spain in the west to Mesopotamia in the east. Legions of Roman soldiers protected the frontiers of this vast empire; governors sent from Rome administered its provinces; men of all races, creeds, and languages acknowledged the Emperor and obeyed the laws of Rome.

In spite of many wars with outside enemies and internal struggles between rival emperors, the rule of Rome was regarded by her subjects as a rule of peace and justice. It was an honour to be called a citizen of Rome: Paul of Tarsus, a Jew born far away in an insignificant town of Asia Minor, was proud to claim this privilege. All over Europe and the Nearer East there are still marks of Roman rule, especially in France, Spain, and Portugal, where the language the people speak to-day comes straight from Latin, just as English comes from Anglo-Saxon.

Rome was founded by a small group of settlers in Latium on the banks of the river Tiber, and grew to be a city whose dominion extended far and wide. In A.D. 410 came the first great blow to the Roman Empire, when the City of the Seven Hills, who had been kept inviolate from foreign enemies for over seven hundred years, was sacked by Alaric the Goth. After that her power gradually declined, sapped by the invasion of vast

hordes of barbarian tribes, who swept over the Alps from the north and east of Europe.

This poem was written by a native of Egypt, named Claudian; he had been educated as a Greek, but he attained a mastery of poetic expression in the Latin language such as had not been known for three hundred years. In later life he became a kind of poet-laureate in the court of the Emperor Honorius, at Milan. The poem from which this extract comes was addressed to Stilicho, the patron of Claudian, on the occasion of his being made consul for the third time. At that period this was something like being made Prime Minister, except that elections were held for the office every year. Like many citizens of the Empire, Claudian was inspired by the majesty of Imperial Rome, and here he sings the praises of her rule, looking back to her beginnings as a small town of Latium and tracing her growth through defeat on the battlefields of Trebia and Cannae to final victory; her conquests, he says, have spread even to Britain, or Thule, as the Romans sometimes called the far-away northern island. It is a picture of Rome at the zenith of her power and on the eve of her decline.

O Consul! nearest to the gods art thou,
When such a city bends to thee her brow;
Than whom in all the lands no loftier queen
Is compassed by the Aether's vault serene!
Sight may not reach her vastness, heart contain
Her stately loveliness, nor words explain
Fitly her praises. To the stars, her peers,
Her golden pinnacles aloft she rears,
Mocking their radiance; and her hill-tops seven
Mirror on earth the planet-spheres of Heaven.

Mother of armies and of laws, the might
Of her victorious legions swept like Night
O'er the wide world, yet did she cradle right.
This, this is she, from Latium's narrow plain,
Who to each pole has stretched her vast domain ;
She who, undaunted by opposing fates,
When conquering Carthage thundered at her gates,
From Trebia, Cannae, red with Roman gore,
Rose furious, fearless with yet mightier roar,
Sprang at the Gaul, made the fierce Spaniard flee,

. . . . . .

And strewed with Punic slain the Tyrrhene Sea.
Nor Ocean stayed her course : with sails unfurled,
She sought and conquered Britain's alien world.

Rome ! Rome ! alone has found the spell to charm
The tribes that fell beneath her conquering arm,
Has given one name to the whole human race,
And clasped and sheltered them in fond embrace ;
Mother, not mistress, called her foe her son,
And by soft ties made distant countries one.
This to her peaceful sceptre all men owe—
That through the nations, whereso'er we go,
Strangers, we find a fatherland ; our home
We change at will ; may watch the far-off foam
Break upon Thulé's shore and call it play,
Or through dim, dreadful forests force our way,
That we may tread Orontes', Ebro's shore—
That we are all one nation, evermore !

Translated by T. HODGKIN

The Eternal City

WHEN Alaric the Goth with his northern barbarians captured and sacked Rome in A.D. 410 it seemed to the citizens of the Roman Empire that the very foundations of the world were cracking. For centuries the rule of Rome and the security which her protection gave had been accepted by men's minds as a permanent part of the world-order, and they had never faced the possibility of her destruction. Though society at Rome was decadent and rotten to the core, though a succession of wars and a series of boy-emperors had given warning of Rome's gradual decline, yet still in the provinces of her vast Empire the work of government and administration went on, and it was to the Roman legions that the frontier lands looked for protection. Therefore her collapse before the Gothic hordes shook all the traditions and beliefs in men's minds, as they saw a system which they had always believed permanent crumbling before their eyes. So in 1914 the world-war gave a shock to the accepted ideas and customs of a society which as it looked to the future had grown to take world-peace for granted. In 1914 there were some who declared that Christianity had failed ; so in the early fifth century there was an outcry against the Christian Church, but for different reasons. The pagans of the Empire declared that the old gods were visiting their wrath on Rome for abandoning the old religion, and that the sack of the city was their judgment on the Empire which had officially

adopted Christianity. To answer this outcry a book was written with the title *Concerning the City of God—An Answer to the Pagans.*

Its writer was Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, a town near the modern Bona in the fertile plains of Algeria. One of the most famous of all the books written in the Latin language is the *Confessions of St Augustine,* in which he tells the story of his life before he was converted and baptized—his boyhood at Thagaste in Algeria, his law studies amid the brilliant luxury of Carthage, the capital of Roman Africa, his schools at Thagaste and Rome. When he was thirty-one he obtained an important public appointment, the professorship of rhetoric at the University of Milan ; after three years he was baptized and returned to Thagaste, where for three years he lived an ascetic life in a community which he founded. The rest of his life was passed at Hippo, and was full of pastoral work, of writing and debating against heresies. He was fifty-six when Rome was sacked, and he died twenty years later, when the barbarians had penetrated to Africa and the Vandals were besieging Hippo.

The purpose of Augustine in *The City of God* was to answer yet again the pagan arguments against Christianity and to point amid the ruins of the Roman Empire to a safety and peace which was beyond earthly power of harm. He looked on the Roman Empire as a gift of God to men to teach them loyalty, sacrifice, and devotion ; but he maintained that no earthly peace or security could be considered permanent, and that the only true peace was to be found in the life of the ' City of God ' ; he seems to have meant by his ' Heavenly city ' the company of all people out of every nation who were followers of Christ, both in their life on earth and in the world to

come. This ' city ' he declared worth infinitely more love and devotion than the Romans had given to Rome, for which they sacrificed so much.

The passages which follow are simply one or two illustrations of the thought of this book, which after Augustine's death exercised a great influence on the development of Europe, passing beyond his own purpose and intention at the time when he wrote it. The Holy Roman Empire, which was to the medieval world what Rome had been to the ancient world, was largely founded on the ideas of the ' City of God.' In it an attempt was made to weld into unity the whole of man's life on earth and to govern his activities by the principles of religion and righteousness ; the Pope was the Head of the spiritual sphere and the Emperor the Head of the secular sphere, but both were regarded as parts of one unity. When the Reformation came this unity was broken and the idea of individual nationalities, which is still predominant, took its place.

The most glorious city of God, both in this epoch, while she is a pilgrim among the wicked, living by faith, and also when she is established in that eternal home for which she now waits patiently till " Justice shall be turned into judgment " and which then she shall obtain through her perfection when the last victory and peace are won . . . this city I must defend against those who prefer their own gods to her Founder. . . . It is a great and difficult task I have undertaken, but God is my helper. . . .

Of those who seem to do good that they may be praised by their fellow-men God says : " Truly, I say to you, they have received their reward." So the Romans gave up

their private fortunes for the common good, that is, for the Republic, and for the Treasury of the State ; they fought against avarice, they put the freedom of their country before everything and their laws did not allow them to yield to lust or crime ; by all these achievements they strove, as though their feet were on the true Way, to reach honour, empire, glory ; they were honoured among almost all nations, the laws of their Empire they imposed on many peoples, and to-day in literature and history they are glorified throughout the world : they cannot complain of the justice of God, the Mighty and True ; they have received their reward.

But the reward of God's saints is very different ; here they must endure scorn for the sake of God's truth, which the lovers of this world hate. Their city is eternal ; there no one is born, for no one dies ; there is true and perfect Joy, not a goddess, but the gift of God ; thence we have received the pledge of faith as long as we are exiles and long for the beauty of that city ; there the sun rises not on the evil and the good, but all are good and the Sun of Justice cherishes them ; there men will not work hard to fill the Treasury of the State, stinting themselves in their private fortunes, for there is the Treasury of Truth, open to all alike. Further, it was not only in order that the Romans might receive their reward that the Empire of Rome was made so great to win glory among men ; but also that the citizens of that heavenly city, while they are pilgrims here, may look with care and restraint at that great example and see how much they should love their country on high for its gift of life eternal, if an earthly city is loved so greatly by its citizens for mere human glory. . . .

How does it make for the safety of the world, for

upright living, or even for human honour, that nations should conquer one another? I cannot see, except that those who burned with great passion and waged flaming wars received from it that empty pride of human glory—and in this they had their reward. . . . Can they learn aught that others may not learn? Are there not many senators in far-off lands who have never seen Rome? Laying aside all arrogance, what are men but men? Nay, even if the perversity of this age would grant that the best men should be most honoured, even so we ought not to value human honour so much, for it is but smoke.

But let us learn from what our Lord God in His goodness has given to us; let us realize what sacrifices they made, what sufferings they endured, what passions they subdued for the sake of human glory, those men who were deemed worthy to receive it as a reward for their fine achievements; and let this help us to subdue our pride; for that city wherein a kingdom is promised to us is different from Rome even as heaven is far from earth, as life eternal is above fleeting joys, as real glory differs from empty fame, as the company of angels from the company of men, as the light of the sun and moon from the Light of Him who made the sun and moon; therefore the citizens of such a country should not think they have done a great thing if, to win it, they did good work and endured some suffering, seeing that the Romans have done and suffered so much for the earthly city which they have attained; and this is a good comparison, especially as the forgiveness of sins which gathers the citizens into the eternal city is faintly shadowed forth by the refuge of Romulus, that cave where all wrongdoers were freely allowed to gather, the people from whom he founded the mighty city of Rome. . . .

The earthly city, which does not live by faith, seeks an earthly peace and establishes in it the will of her citizens to rule and to obey, so that there may be some agreement of human wills on the affairs which are concerned with life on earth. And the heavenly city, or rather that part of the city which is a pilgrim on earth and lives by faith, uses also that peace because she must, until the earthly life which needs such peace is left behind. . . . Therefore the heavenly city, while she dwells on earth, calls her citizens out of all nations and gathers together a great society of all races and languages, not caring for the differences of character, of laws or of customs whereby they seek and hold their earthly peace ; these she does not uproot or destroy, but rather preserves and follows them, for different nations may have different ways, if they all aim at the same goal of peace on earth and if they do not hinder the teaching and worship of the one true God, who is over all.

Therefore during her exile on earth the heavenly city uses the peace of earth, guarding and seeking the concord of men's wills in those matters which affect their mortal nature, so long as piety and religion are not harmed ; and the peace of earth she links up to the peace of Heaven, the only true peace of creatures endowed with reason ; indeed, it is a most perfect and harmonious fellowship for delight in God and through God in one another ; when we reach this peace our life will be no longer mortal, but ever renewed with fresh life, nor will the body be material, by its corruption burdening the soul, but a spiritual body which has no wants but is in all ways subject to the will. This peace, while our city is a pilgrim, she holds through faith, and by this faith she lives righteously, since to the attainment of that peace she refers every good action

done for God or fellow-man; for the life of the city is shared with others. . . .

Christ is the Founder of the Heavenly, eternal city, but she did not believe Him to be God because He founded her; she had to be founded because of the existence of belief in Him. Rome after she was built and established worshipped in a temple her founder as divine. . . . Has any nation ever worshipped Romulus among its own gods unless compelled by fear of the name of Rome? But who can number the multitude of those who have died cruel and savage deaths rather than say that Christ was not God? . . .

And the City of Christ, though still a pilgrim on the earth with a great band of citizens, did not fight against her wicked persecutors to win temporal safety; nay, rather, to win eternal safety she refrained from war. They were bound, they were imprisoned, they were flogged, they were tortured, they were burnt, they were torn asunder, they were massacred—and they increase. They would not fight for their own lives, they preferred to hold their lives cheap for Him who had given them life. . . . Indeed, the safety of the city can only be held or won by faith and through faith; no one who has lost faith can come to it. This thought has given strong, courageous hearts to all the noble band of martyrs; but no one was ever found or could be found to die for his faith in Romulus.

ITALIA
English Miles
0
50
100
GALLIA
LIGURIA
VENETIA
ISTRIA
ILLYRIA
DALMATIA
CISALPINA
TRANSPADANI
UMBRIA
PICENUM
SABINI
SAMNITES
LATIUM
CAMPANIA
APULIA
CALABRIA
ADRIATICUM MARE
TYRRHENUM MARE
CORSICA
Verbanus L.
Larius L.
Benacus L.
Salassi
Comum
Bergomum
Verona
Aquileia
Carni
Vercellae
Laevi and Marici
Insubres Cenomani
Cremona
Hadria
Atesis F.
Taurini
Clastidium
Placentia
Parma
Mutina
Bononia
Faventia
Ravenna
Vagienni
Ligauni
Genua
Vediantii
Intemelii
Antum
Luna
Pisae
Faesulae
Arretium
Arminum
Rubico F.
Metaurus F.
Sena Gallica
Ancona
Senonum
Volaterrae
Lyrsimenus L.
Perusia
Asculum
Aternus F.
Populonia
Clusium
Telamon
Sutrium
Falerii
Carseoli
Corfinium
Frentani
Peligni
Bovianum
Aesernia
Arpi
Daunia
Aufidus F.
Alalia
Ostia
Veliterae
Roma
Hernici
Aequi
Marsi
Marrucini
Paeligni
Vestini
Sabini
Picentini
Lucani
Brundisium
Tarentum
Potentia

SARDINIA
Olbia
Caralis
TYRRHENUM MARE
MARE INTERNUM
AFRICA
Carthago
SICILIA
Drepanum
Eryx
Panormus
Lilybaeum
Thermae
Selinus
Agrigentum
Ecnomus
Gela
Camarina
Leontini
Syracusae
Liparaeae I.
Mylae
Messana
Rhegium
Locri
Caulonia
Croton
Temesa
BRUTII
Thurii (Sybaris)
Laus
Pyxus
Velia
LUCANIA
Metapontum
Heraclea
Hydruntum
Tarentum
CALABRIA
Brundisium
Potentia
Paediculi
Venusia
Cannae
APULIA
Beneventum
Capua
Cumae
Neapolis
Vesuvius
Picenia
Paestum
CAMPANIA
Aurunci
Antium
Circeii
Tarracina
Liternum
Teanum
Aternus
Gaulos I
Melite I

List of Books for Further Reading on Rome

1. ENGLISH NOVELS, ETC.

Lytton.	*The Last Days of Pompeii.*
Sienkiewicz.	*Quo Vadis?*
Macaulay.	*The Lays of Ancient Rome.*
Shakespeare.	*Julius Caesar.*
	Coriolanus.

2. TRANSLATIONS NOT QUOTED IN THE TEXT OF THIS BOOK

The Aeneid of Virgil. Translated into English prose by J. W. Mackail (Macmillan).

Tacitus' Agricola, Germania, and Dialogue. Translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe (Oxford University Press).

Tacitus' Histories. Translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe (Oxford University Press).

The Annals of Tacitus. Translated by A. J. Church and W. J. Brodribb (Macmillan).

Plutarch's *Lives of Famous Greeks and Romans* (Dent, Everyman Library).

3. BOOKS ON ROMAN LIFE AND LITERATURE

Fowler, W. Warde.	*Rome* (Williams and Norgate, Home University Library).
Lanciani, R.	*Wanderings in the Roman Campagna* (Constable).
Mackail, J. W.	*Latin Literature* (John Murray).
Oman, C. W.	*Seven Roman Statesmen* (Edward Arnold).
Sellar, W. Y.	*Roman Poets of the Republic* (Oxford University Press).
Smith, W.	*A Smaller Classical Dictionary* (Dent Everyman Library).

FOR MORE ADVANCED READERS

Dill, S.	*Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius* (Macmillan).
	Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire (Macmillan).
Fowler, W. Warde.	*The City State of the Greeks and Romans* (Macmillan).
	Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero (Macmillan).
Sandys, Sir J. E.	*Companion to Latin Studies* (Cambridge University Press).
Sellar, W. Y.	*Virgil* (Oxford University Press).
	Horace and the Elegiac Poets (Oxford University Press).